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MEMOIRS

OF THE

REV. HUGH STOWELL, M.A.

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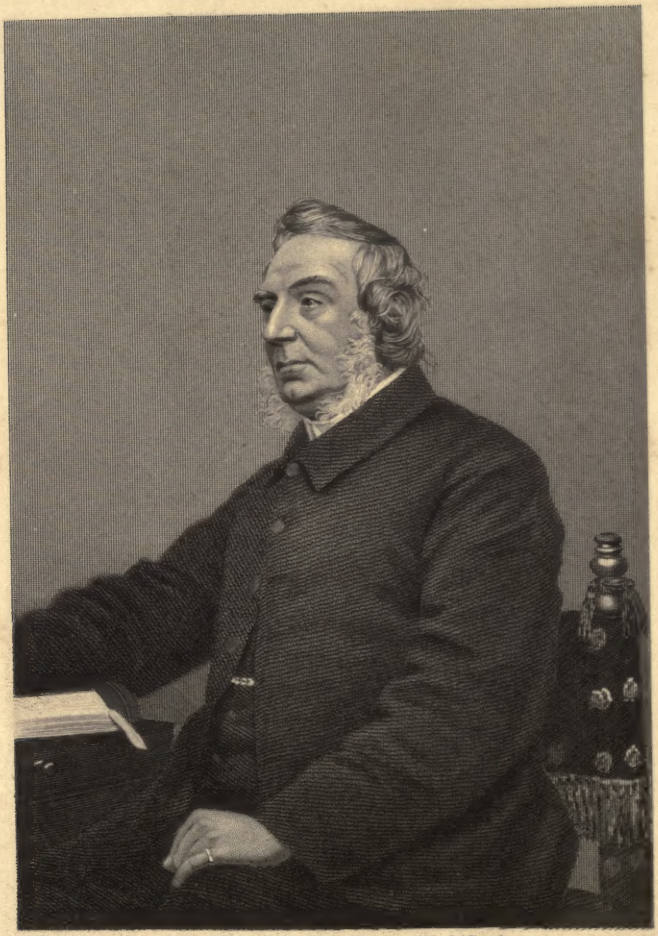

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Your very devoted
Brother
Henry Howell

LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS & Co PATERNOSTER ROW.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND LABOURS

OF THE

REV. HUGH STOWELL, M.A.,

RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, SALFORD;
HON. CANON OF CHESTER;
CHAPLAIN TO THE LORD BISHOP OF MANCHESTER, ETC.

BY THE

REV. J. B. MARSDEN, M.A.,

INCUMBENT OF ST. PETER'S, BIRMINGHAM; AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF THE EARLY AND LATER PURITANS, ETC. ETC.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE drawn up the following Memoir at the request of my dear friend Canon Stowell's family; to whom, as well as to many others, I am indebted for much valuable information, for which I take this opportunity of thanking them one and all. It would have been more congenial to my feelings—more simple, and more natural—not to have assumed the editorial disguise, but to have spoken directly to the reader. In fact, I began to write thus, in the first person, not in the third, but I soon found that so much of Canon Stowell's life in the earliest years of his ministry was known only to myself, that the frequent reappearance of what would soon have become an offensive egotism, became intolerable to me, and I was obliged to resort to the usual disguise of Editors.

I have written as information flowed in upon me; there are some repetitions, and perhaps a few statements, from different quarters, which jar with one another; but on the whole I have offered to the reader a memoir which, if imperfect, may at least claim to be a fair and candid one.

J. B. MARSDEN.

1*st January*, 1868.

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MEMOIR,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH OF HUGH STOWELL—EARLY LIFE—HIS FAMILY—THEIR ORIGIN—HIS FATHER WRITES THE LIFE OF BISHOP WILSON—THE EARLS OF DERBY, KINGS OF MAN—THEIR STATE AND SPLENDOUR—DEATH OF HUGH STOWELL'S MOTHER—HIS HOME EDUCATION—IS SENT TO MR. CAWOOD TO PREPARE FOR COLLEGE—LETTERS FROM BEWDLEY—FIRST APPEARANCE AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER—HIS MODESTY AND DEEP HUMILITY—GOES TO ST. EDMUND HALL—HIS FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF OXFORD—AFFECTIONATE LETTER TO HIS SISTER ON HIS ENTRANCE ON COLLEGE LIFE—LINES TO MR. CAWOOD—INTERESTING INFORMATION WITH REGARD TO HIS COLLEGE LIFE, FROM THE REV. THOMAS WATSON.

Hugh Stowell was born on the 3rd of December, 1799, at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, where his father, of the same name, was the incumbent of a small chapel-of-ease. But while he was yet a child, his father was presented to the vicarage of Kirk Lonan. Kirk Lonan stands upon the summit of a bleak hill, and looks down upon the rich valley and picturesque bay of Laxey. The valley was inhabited at that time only by a few cottagers, while the huts of brave and hardy Manx fishermen lined the sea coast. From such a scene it was that Hugh Stowell drew some of the

most beautiful of those illustrations with which his eloquence was so richly adorned; of which he never wearied, and with which, we may add, he never wearied others.

The family of Stowell had long been settled in the parish of Kirk Braddan. In its romantic churchyard many tomb-stones bear their name; yet they appear to have been of English origin. The name bears no resemblance to any surname of pure Manx descent; it is no doubt derived from one of two parishes so called, the one lying in Gloucestershire, the other in Somersetshire.

Hugh Stowell, whose Memoir we now write, was the elder of the two sons of a father eminent for his fervent piety and simple eloquence, nor less distinguished for the primitive simplicity of his life, the sweetness of his disposition, and the refinement and courtesy of his manners. This venerable man passed his life in his native island. When now an aged man, he came forth from his retirement to appear before the Church in England: and then it was, to plead on behalf of his island home. The churches in the island were simple structures of very ancient date, such as are still those of Kirk Malew, and Kirk Maughold. Many of them were sorely dilapidated, and others too small for the increasing population; while the glebe houses were, in general, cottages of a humble kind. The demands of the venerable stranger were moderate, and the plea of the poor Church in Mona was not unheeded by her wealthier

sister. Mr. Stowell went up and down preaching and speaking in most of our larger towns, meeting everywhere with a cordial welcome and a hearty response, so that he carried back with him more than a thousand pounds as the result of his mission. Nor was his pen idle; besides "The Life of Bishop Wilson" (first published in 1819), which went through several editions, it supplied to the press brief memoirs of his beloved wife; of his brother, the Rev. Joseph Stowell; of Francis de la Pryme Geneste, of William and Sophia Leece, and other Manx Christians; and several Tracts, two of which, "William Kelly, or the Happy Christian," and "The Pious Manx Peasant, or the Life of William Curphey," are upon the list of the Religious Tract Society. After his death, his son, Hugh Stowell, published two volumes of his Sermons; they show that he wrote in a pure style, and that he preached the doctrines of the Gospel with fidelity and earnest zeal. Bishop Wilson's Life had been twice written before; first by his own chaplain, soon after his decease; and then a second time, in a Life prefixed to his Works, in two volumes folio. He was truly an apostolic Bishop; born at Barton in Cheshire, in 1663, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he was ordained at Kildare in 1686, and soon afterwards became Tutor to the son of the Earl of Derby, at that time Lord of the Isle of Man.

The early history of the Island is obscure. Henry IV. granted it to Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland; and in 1403, in consequence of Henry Percy's attainder for

high treason, and the Isle of Man being forfeited, the King of England gave it, with the patronage of the Bishopric and of other ecclesiastical benefices, to William Stanley and his heirs, afterwards Earls of Derby, as a reward for his aid in putting down the formidable rebellion of Percy. Thomas Earl of Derby relinquished the title of King of Man, and took that of Lord. James I. made a new grant of the Island to William, sixth Earl of Derby, with additional privileges, which the Parliament confirmed. The revenues of the United Kingdom being injured, and justice frequently defeated, by the protection the Island afforded to debtors, outlaws, and smugglers, the British Government passed an Act in 1726, empowering, or rather directing, the Earl of Derby to sell his royalty and revenue. Various causes, however, prevented the completion of the sale till 1764, when the Duke of Athol, a descendant of the seventh Earl of Derby, and then Lord of the Island, sold his sovereign rights for £70,000, with his civil patronage and the two castles of Peel and Rushen. The Duke however still retained the title of Lord of Man, enjoyed all its ecclesiastical patronage, with mines, minerals, treasure trove, and other privileges. After repeated applications to the Government, he obtained a perpetual grant of a fourth of the net customs-revenue of the Island, as Governor General. By a subsequent arrangement made between the Duke and the Government, Great Britain now enjoys all the sovereign rights and privileges of the Island. While

the Derby family were Kings of Man, they seem to have maintained a truly royal state; they built in Liverpool a princely tower, washed by the waves of the Mersey on one side, and well-defended from assault or siege upon the other. It was the only ancient palatial residence of which Liverpool could boast, and continued a venerable monument of antiquity until a period within the memory of the present generation. It has been swept away, however, and few memorials of it remain, except in the name of an adjoining street, still called "Tower Garden."

When Bishop Wilson lived, the Earls of Derby were Lords of the Island; and in 1697 he was almost compelled to accept the Bishopric of Man, which had lain vacant four years.

The whole of his life, from this period, seems to have been one of holy self-denial and apostolic zeal. He declined a valuable preferment in England, as inconsistent with his principles, which led him, when the practice was universal, to look upon non-residence as a shameful violation of a solemn trust. The annual income of the See did not exceed £300, and yet out of that small stipend his charities were numerous. In 1703 he obtained an Act of Settlement for the Island, and framed ecclesiastical constitutions, which were approved of by the lay proprietors, and passed into law. He declined the offer of an English bishopric, which was urged upon him; and died in 1755, in the 93rd year of his age, and the 58th of his apostolic episcopate.

He translated the Scriptures into Manx, in whole or in part; and it is not a little painful to remark that the leaders of the English clergy of that day entertained the prejudice which lingered a hundred years afterwards in such men as Dr. Marsh, Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and Bishop of Peterborough, and a host of other men of the same school. They were afraid of the man who had been so rash as to publish a Manx Bible, without at the same time rendering it safe to Manx readers by printing with it a Manx Prayer-book. This, his love for the Bible, no doubt, was one great cause of Mr. Stowell's admiration of his character.

We are indebted to Mr. Howard, Mr. Stowell's successor in the Rectory of Kirk Lonan, for a very interesting account of the Stowell family during the period when Hugh was a child, and until the time when his education for college began. "I remember," says this gentleman, writing to the sons of Hugh Stowell, "your dear father from the time he was between five and six years old. He was a sweet little boy, very social and friendly, and quite at home with every body." (Beyond this, says his sister, Mrs. Gill, there was nothing remarkable in the boy.) "In a letter I received from his father, dated the 13th December, 1805, he says, 'Let me beg that you will never pass the Vicarage of Kirk Lonan without giving us a call.' I was truly glad to avail myself of this kind invitation, as I was at that time preparing for Ordination, and I regarded it as a great privilege

to have the counsel of such a friend and so excellent a Clergyman in directing my studies for the holy ministry. And I have reason to be truly thankful to God for blessing me with such a friend, for I owe much to his pious conversation, and to his holy example. Afterwards I scarcely ever passed the Vicarage of Lonan without spending a little time there, and sometimes a few days together."

Hugh, who was at home with everybody, was allowed to pay frequent visits to this gentleman. "One day," he says, "I had lifted little Hugh, who was then about six years old, on my pony for a short ride; and the animal coming to a piece of water at the roadside, stooped down to drink, and pulled the little fellow over his head into the water." However, no harm followed, and his father seems to have been rather amused with the adventure of his hopeful son; he writes thus:—"I was extremely sorry that you had so much trouble with the young horseman. He was not in the least hurt, but seems ashamed of his awkwardness. I feel much obliged to you for your tender attention to him on the occasion."

When Hugh was about twelve years of age, he had outgrown his strength, and looked so delicate that consumption was feared. Change of air being thought desirable, he spent some weeks at the vicarage of Kirk Braddan, with his father's friend. They took long rides together in the parish, and, says Mr. Howard, "very pleasant rides they were. His natural, friendly manner made him a great favourite amongst

the people, and after he left us there were many kind inquiries concerning him. He took great pleasure in these parochial excursions of ours. Sometimes in the evenings, when we were a good way from home, in the Baldwin glens, they used to insist, at the farm-houses, on our having tea, and very much we both enjoyed their simple hospitality."

This short visit was of great benefit to his health; his cough left him, and he returned home almost quite well.

It must have been to this period of his life that the following anecdote, which we had from his own lips, refers:—"When I was a boy," he said, "I was fond of the simple Manx eloquence, and sometimes strayed, something I fear to my dear father's displeasure, into the Manx chapels, to listen to their own preachers in the native language. Once I remember, the preacher, inviting the flock to the Gospel feast, exclaimed, 'Come, for all things are now ready; there you will *find mountains of thick porridge, and rivers of new milk!*'"

Amidst these tranquil scenes young Stowell was being prepared for loftier service, and for his Master's work. When he was about thirteen years old there was a young cottager residing in his father's parish, who was suffering from a tedious illness, which ended in his death. Hugh took a great interest in this young man, and lent to him religious books, and taught him to read; and great was the joy of the poor sufferer when he could read a little in his Bible; and his eye used to brighten, it is said, when, from

the little window of his bedroom, he saw his youthful instructor coming to the house. In his last interview with him, the dying youth, feeling that he was drawing near to his end, exclaimed to him in Manx, with looks of joy, "Glory and praise to God; I am going home, I am going home." Hugh Stowell's father wrote a touching little account of the last days of this young man.

"Never," says Mr. Howard, "have I beheld a more beautiful picture of domestic happiness than the little Vicarage of Lonan presented. It was indeed the abode of harmony, peace, and love. Mr. and Mrs. Stowell were of one heart and mind, and what was known to be the wish of one became immediately the will of the other. Their religion was brought into every part of their daily conduct. Mrs. Stowell was a very superior person, and had remembered her Creator from the days of her youth. She was a lovely looking woman. There was a striking feminine delicacy in her appearance, and her manner was gentle, cheerful, and kind. But along with this there was great firmness and decision in her character, in doing what she believed to be the will of God. She was one of the tenderest and best of mothers, but at the same time required from her children strict obedience to the commands of their parents. It was the great desire of both her and her dear husband to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and to train them up for heaven."

Young Stowell was only about fourteen years of

age when the first and heaviest affliction of his life fell upon him: he lost his mother. Never afterwards did he know a sorrow greater than this. Indeed, he seemed to be a stranger to those afflictions which in general fall heavily upon those who are called to eminent service in the Church of Christ. There was something that almost smote upon the heart of many of his dearest friends, when they saw playing upon his features the smile of constant happiness, such as an infant has while it lies basking in the full sunshine of a mother's love; and yet, if any grief were unburthened to him, none sympathised more deeply than he. He seemed, without difficulty, to make the sorrows of the sick and dying all his own. He could not only rejoice with them that do rejoice, he could weep with them that weep; and his power of throwing himself, as it were, into another's mind, and especially into their sorrows, was something which must have been seen in order to be appreciated.

Only two days before his excellent mother's death she wrote as follows to her eldest sister, Mrs. Geneste; it was the last letter she ever wrote:—"I have been very ill since I wrote to you last, but, thank God, am now greatly better. My dear sister, I am very happy. I have the best of husbands, an attentive and affectionate daughter, and, above all, a tender Heavenly Father. All I want is more love to Him, and likeness to my precious Saviour." Her sorrowing and bereaved husband has left on record, in his journal,

the following affecting and eloquent tribute to her memory, which few can read without emotion :—

"Wednesday, 26th January, 1814.

"The most afflictive event in my life has occasioned a considerable interruption in my journal. It has pleased God to deprive me of the partner of my life—the desire of my eyes—the most faithful of friends, and the most delightful of companions. She breathed her last about four o'clock on Sunday evening, January 9th. On Saturday evening she said to me, that if she had the power of expressing her feelings at the last hour, she would bless me with her dying breath for all the marks of tenderness and affection I had shown her, with more to this effect, which it is now consolatory to me to remember. She spoke of the children, and expressed her confidence that they would be taken care of. She then talked calmly and serenely of her departure, and seemed to have a strong anticipation of what followed. Her sufferings during the last night of her continuance on earth were extremely acute; but her patience and resignation were unshaken. Her strength gradually declined, and her pulse every hour moved slower—the shades of death began to thicken around her—her ruby lip turned pale, her sparkling eye lost its brightness; a cold sweat overspread her lovely countenance, and a solemn change began to appear in every feature. To the last I had entertained hopes that my merciful God would restore her; but infinite wisdom saw fit

to remove her to a better world—to better friends and to higher employments. All medical aid was in vain. The lamp of life was expiring, and no human power could prolong her continuance on earth. I bless God I was enabled to stand by her to the last, which seemed to afford her no small consolation. Her mind was kept in a perfectly resigned and tranquil state during the whole of her illness. At one time she said to me, 'Mercies encompass me on every side;' at another time,

'When troubles compass me around
The Lord does give me rest.'

And not many hours before her departure, when apparently in extreme pain, she said in the most impressive and solemn manner, 'The preparation of the longest life is little enough to prepare us for such a time as this.'

"While I was seated at her bedside, watching every change of countenance, she looked in a manner no pen can describe—she looked unutterable things. Never shall I forget this parting look—it was full of tenderness—it spoke love, and peace, and heaven—and as such I felt it. Then it was she whispered in my ear, 'I cannot speak much, but God is all in all.' A few moments before she breathed her last, I asked if she knew me? She answered, 'Distinctly'; and when I was earnestly commending her to the Lord Jesus, she softly resigned her soul into His gracious hands, and slept, to wake no more in this world."

Very striking was the devout resignation of her

husband on this the most trying occasion of his life. The words he uttered again and again, while tears were streaming from his eyes, were, "God is Love; Father, not my will, but Thine be done." "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

At the wish of his dear friend Mr. Stowell, Mr. Howard preached at Kirk Lonan Church on the following Sunday, from Rev. xiv. 13. Mr. Howard had spent the greater part of the previous week with him; and remembers that upon the evening of the following Sunday, at the time of Family Prayer, Hugh proposed to his father that a hymn should be sung, as was then their custom. His father replied, "My dear child, the Apostle says, 'Is any among you afflicted? let him pray.'" Very beautiful it must have been to behold the affection which subsisted between the father and the son—the tender regard of the one, and the reverential love of the other. Soon after this time the family removed to Ballaugh, in the north of the Island, of which his father became the Rector.

Mr. Stowell had established a Sunday school at Kirk Lonan in 1808. It was one of the first Sunday schools that were formed in the Isle of Man; and Hugh, and his eldest sister Ann, were immediately enlisted as teachers of the junior classes. No doubt, in after years, his memory went back to those early days when they used to accompany their saintly

mother to that Sunday school. The schoolmistress of Kirk Lonan, a woman of singular excellence and primitive piety, beloved by her scholars and greatly esteemed by his parents, was often visited by young Stowell. It was a great delight to her to receive his visits, and they were often renewed. William Kelly, too, whose life was written by Hugh's father, was another friend of his. Kelly loved young people, and in consequence young people loved him. He used to be invited by Mr. and Mrs. Stowell to spend some time every summer at the vicarage.

Long instructed at home by his father, he was thence sent, for a short time, to the late Rev. John Cawood, the excellent incumbent of Bewdley; an able preacher, as his published sermons testify, and a good scholar. From Bewdley he proceeded to St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and went through his undergraduate course there under the tuition of the Rev. John Hill, afterwards Dr. Hill, Vice-Principal of St. Edmund's; who, after spending a long life of active usefulness in teaching and training some hundreds of young men for the sacred ministry of the Church, was in his old age presented by the Bishop of Winchester to the rectory of Wyke, near Weymouth, where he died in 1855, full of days and "in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection."

His own account of his first boyish oration cannot fail to amuse our readers. It reminds us strongly, however, of Mr. Canning's confessions to a friend,

after his first appearance as a speaker in Parliament:—

"Bewdley, August 8th, 1819.

"My very dear Sister,—Your last news-fraught letter has quite reconciled me to you again. I think you a very good girl, and in order to convince you of the truth of this assertion I now sit down to write you a long epistle in return. I cannot, however, promise that it will be as interesting as yours, since Bewdley is barren of extraordinary events, and I am but a poor hand at collecting information. The only remarkable occurrence which has taken place during the interval which has elapsed since you last heard from me, is the meeting of the Bewdley Missionary Society. The audience was numerous and respectable, and many able and animated speeches were delivered on the occasion. The speakers consisted principally of young men who had formerly resided with Mr. C., and who came for the purpose of being present. Three or four of the orators have not yet passed their *teens;* amongst this number your humble servant was honoured with a place, though rather against his inclination. It was in compliance with Mr. C.'s particular request that I was induced to appear in public. When the dreaded day arrived, I was in a sad state of trepidation, and almost repented of my engagement; but when I had coolly reflected on what I was about to do, and considered that I was going to perform what appeared to be my duty, and

might therefore rely on the Divine assistance, and after I had sought that assistance, I felt more composed and encouraged. Perhaps you will think I make a great fuss about nothing; but fancy that you see me elevated on a platform, rising up in a spacious room, surrounded by a crowded audience, the house lighted up with splendid lamps, a gallery extending round it filled with sparkling ladies, numbers of able Oxonians, some of them, too, *pieces* of critics, on the platform at each side of me,—take a peep at me in this situation, and I think you will feel for me. Though I was not a little agitated in rising, and though I once hesitated a good deal in my speech, I contrived to get through better than was expected. The meeting altogether went off in the first style; and (since the proof of the pudding is in the eating) I think I cannot give you a stronger proof of this than by informing you that the collection made at the door amounted to above £14. But perhaps I would better reserve information of this nature for my letter to M. Geneste, to whom I purpose writing next week, when I hope to have some *peculiarly* interesting particulars of this kind to communicate.

"Mr. Cawood has, within these few days, published a very excellent sermon, which he preached on the death of a clergyman, a pious friend of his, who died lately at Worcester. Mr. C. attended him during his last hours, of which he gives an account in his discourse; and the sermon was published at the request of the executors. If I knew how to convey it

I would like much to purchase a copy for the purpose of sending it to the Island. I am sure my father would be much pleased with it. But, by the by, this reminds me of Bishop Wilson. Pray has he yet made his appearance? I was quite proud the other day when I saw his Lordship's intended visit to the world announced in one of the provincial periodical publications."

Another, about the same date, places in a strong light young Stowell's humility.

"Have become acquainted with a few of the inhabitants of Bewdley; but for the most part live very solitarily, particularly at present, Mr. Palmer having left us for a short time. Mr. P. is a most excellent man, amiable in his manners and consistent in his character. I cant say that I have ever met with a *young* person who has made so great a progress in the Christian life. He appears to be quite an advanced Christian. His conduct is always uniform and exemplary. I cannot say that I have seen anything in his behaviour which could possibly be blamed, or which I would not wish to imitate. Nothing strikes me more in his character than his consistency. He is always the same; on every occasion he maintains the same seriousness of mind, and suavity of temper, and humility of deportment. Though he has many things of which another would be proud, there is nothing assuming or consequential about him. He is a great favourite with Mr. C., and with all the pious

men who know him. He is peculiarly modest and retired, and spends a great deal of his time in his closet. It humbles me very much, my dear sister, when I compare myself with Mr. P., and when I perceive the very very great difference between us; and still more so, when I reflect on the much greater advantages I have enjoyed,—he having been brought up from his childhood amidst the gaiety and dissipation of the army. May God enable me to become, in some measure at least, such as Mr. P."

The reader will not be displeased to see, from his own hand, his first impressions of an Oxford life. They will learn at the same time something of the warmth of his heart. The letter contains a specimen of his poetry. The simplicity of the whole disarms criticism; and we are not disposed to criticise.

"Oxford, Feb. 11th, 1820.

"My very dear Sister Anne,—Multiplicity of engagement has caused me, *apparently*, to neglect most of my correspondents. I do not, however, think that you have much reason to complain, as I have only lately received your letter;—indeed, many of my friends, in whose debt I am, have, in respect of time, a prior claim on my pen, but none in respect of affection. A letter from you, though always welcome, was rendered doubly so by being received the morning after I arrived at College, when, as was natural, I felt not a little lonely and dejected. You have requested

me to send you some of the effusions of my muse; but the poor creature is so sick, with all the Lecture, Greek and Latin pills, which Dr. Oxford has obliged her to swallow, that she is wholly incapacitated for the production of a stanza. The following lines are nevertheless at your ladyship's service, provided you will first notice that they were written in a terrible hurry.

"*Lines presented to Mr. Cawood, on parting, enclosed in a Copy of the Memoirs, which I reserved for the purpose of giving him as a last mark of esteem.*

"Though small the token I bestow,
Yet in my breast what feelings glow!
Yes,—love and reverence combine
To swell this grateful heart of mine.
I cannot leave a spot so dear,
Without the tribute of a tear.

"Farewell, ye lovely scenes!—No more
Your sweet retirements I explore;
Nor at the ev'ning's peaceful close,
When all the sky with radiance glows;
Nor when night, pouring from her tomb,
Wraps nature in her robe of gloom:—
No more I rest beneath yon shade,
Or on this flow'ry greensward laid,
Whilst o'er my mind soft musings roll,
And contemplation soothes my soul:—
No more, disdainful of the plain,
I rush the rising-ground to gain,
Eager to view the landscape's scene,
The wood-clad hills, the forests green,
The fertile plains, the grazing herds,
The waving corn, the sportive birds,
And Severn's full, majestic stream,
Illumin'd by the noon-day's beam,

And dusky rocks, and verdant glades,
And, where the boundless prospect fades,
The cloud-capp'd mountain's lofty height;—
Oh, how transporting is the sight!

"Cawood, farewell!—perhaps no more
I hear those lips instruction pour;—
Thy precepts, still with wisdom fraught,
Have formed my mind;—from thee I caught
Bold Emulation's ardent flame,—
A thirst for knowledge, not for fame,—
A wish all learning to explore;—
But still you bade devote the store
To the high object I pursue,—
This, this alone, to hold in view.
Oh that I had enough improved
The means of grace, which yet I loved,—
The Sabbath banquet for the mind,
Where truth in native glory shined,
Intrepid, faithful, fervent, plain,
Refreshing as the summer's rain.

"Farewell, Instructor, Pastor, Friend!
All these sweet names you sweetly blend:
May faith and hope within you bloom
In pleasure's beam and sorrow's gloom.
Charg'd with the embassage of peace,
May you be bless'd with vast increase,
And many a signal conquest win
O'er the dark powers of hell and sin!"

"I do not wish to boast, but I daresay it will afford pleasure to my dear father and you all to hear that the first theme I produced here gained me no small degree of (what is here called) χυδος. My composition was pronounced the best, and I was publicly thanked for it by the Vice-Principal. The next subject we had was highly interesting,—the King's

death. Being an extraordinary topic, it was left to the option of the men whether to write in English or Latin, in prose or verse. I presumptuously chose verse, in which I had but one competitor. Being very busy, I could only devote two nights to it. The last night I sat up till three o'clock, and succeeded in completing above sixty lines. I again carried off the palm, notwithstanding there were many able prose productions. But enough of this. My lines shall speak for themselves, as I intend inserting them in a letter I am about writing to M. Geneste. We are required to recite our compositions from a rostrum, before the whole Hall. I do not altogether like a College life; there is so much dress and stiffness and folly. I feel a lively interest about your present situation;—that everything may turn out as will be most conducive both to your temporal and eternal happiness, is the sincere desire of your brother,

"H. S."

Conversing with Dr. Hill some years afterwards, we expressed our surprise that a diligent student of Mr. Stowell's abilities—one, too, then eminent in the Church—should not have obtained a high class at Oxford. Dr. Hill, who no doubt felt, as college tutors naturally feel, vexed at the undistinguished career of such a pupil, deplored Mr. Stowell's preference of a wide circle of study, hewn out for himself, to a strict adherence to the proper studies of the University. Mr. Stowell's course is not one which

we can recommend for imitation; and yet, in his case, it probably was more conducive to his future usefulness than a strict adherence either to classical reading or to the logic of Aristotle. We chanced one day to express our regret to Hugh Stowell that we at Cambridge were deprived of the advantage of a good course of logic, such as was read at Oxford. He took up the remark warmly, and replied, that he had gained nothing from his logic, but now and then an illustration; but he added, "What I feel my want of is a good course of mathematics; it is just the training which my mind required." These, we think, were his own words. We may add, that for classics he seemed to have no taste whatever. We doubt if he was ever heard to make a classical allusion in the pulpit or on the platform. The scenes of his boyhood dwelt upon his mind and formed his taste. It must not be inferred that he was wanting in affection to his own university, to which he sent his two sons. He set a high value upon Hebrew, and had a fair acquaintance with the Greek Testament; but the fictions of classical writers were not to his taste. And we think the childlike purity of his mind revolted against the impurities of heathen literature; for never did there exist a man who more thoroughly displayed the character which, we may suppose, the Apostle had in view when he wrote—"Be ye simple concerning that which is evil."

We are much indebted to the Rev. Thomas Watson, now the vicar of East Farleigh, in Kent,

Mr. Stowell's earliest and warmest friend, for much interesting information with regard to his College days. "In College," he says, "in the hours of relaxation, we were seldom long parted; our feelings were much in common; our pastimes, and pleasures, and rural excursions were generally so planned that we might be together; and these were joyous seasons, and full of little incidents, which I try in vain to recall. Stowell has been bound up with me in the ties of tenderest affection from the time we first met each other to the last hour of his life."

What follows, from the same hand, will no doubt appear to many of our readers too flattering a sketch; to us it does not seem so. Those who knew Hugh Stowell in after-life will see here the germ of that noble character which he always displayed, and on which we shall have frequent occasion to comment.

"The College life of our beloved friend did not present that prominence or those strange and varied features which render the lives of many undergraduates so conspicuous afterwards. When the grace of God takes possession of their hearts, their former inconsistencies, erratic movements, or something worse, as contrasted with their present gracious state, are easily and sharply defined; the change from what they were to what they are, stands out in bold relief. Not so in regard to Stowell; from the beginning of his College career to the end of it he pursued 'the even tenor of his way.' His daily walk was not that of a traveller

passing along over hill and dale; his tread was on even ground. He never lost sight of the fact, that he had a grand object before him; and, in Divine strength, he went straight to it. His was no devious course; it was characterized with a beautiful uniformity throughout; and yet it was anything but monotonous. Naturally he was blessed with great buoyancy of spirits, and no one enjoyed more than himself sallies of wit and humour on occasions which gave rise to innocent mirth. He had not a particle of asceticism in his composition. All approaches to that kind of levity which the Scriptures condemn, he seemed always to have an instinctive dread of. Judging by what I observed in him, I should say that 'he feared God from his youth.' I cannot recollect a single instance, in our long intercourse, when he appeared to cast aside a filial, reverential, wholesome fear of God. The words of the Psalmist, in his case, were, if I may so express myself, stereotyped: they were engraven on his heart,—'blessed is the man that feareth always;' and this salutary fear was accompanied with no morbid sensibility, slavish dread, or any depression whatever; on the contrary, it was a well-spring of joy which, day by day, overflowed this cheerful, happy soul.

"Stowell was born a poet: his early productions, 'The Pleasures of Religion,' and some other pieces, especially in Psalmody, deservedly place his name in a high rank; his taste was exquisite, and some of his extemporary effusions in College were touching and beautiful; I know not whether any of them

outlived the fleeting moments which gave rise to them.

"He was naturally a keen observer of all that was passing around him, and seldom erred much in the opinion he expressed concerning men and things. And he possessed the happy talent, even then, of laying hold of and working up almost anything that came across his path, and turning it to some good account. This trait in his character became more and more conspicuous as years rolled on." And in a sermon preached by the same gentleman, on the death of Canon Stowell, he thus expressed himself:—"Our Christian brotherhood dates from our University career. There was a mutual drawing towards each other the very first day we met; from that time to this, no cloud has intercepted our intercourse, or overshadowed our Christian love. There never has been any distance, or coldness, or distrust. It was brotherly love in its purity; it was friendship in all its large-heartedness; and whatever events in after-life of a more private nature came across our path, pleasing or painful, we sought each other's advice; and when it was given, we seemed to want no other and no more. In Christian fellowship and love, it may be truly said of him, 'Once a friend, a friend for ever.' The sun of prosperity might set over you, and the cold winds of adversity beat on you bitterly and keenly in the lapse of time, yet you might always rely upon his fidelity and upon his faithfulness, unlike those men whose feelings, once ardently expressed, but

only, like the summer's brook, fed by no perpetual spring, their friendship and their feelings are soon dried up. He was ever ready to stretch out the warm hand of friendship, and the grasp of his hand was the interpreter of his heart."

CHAPTER II.

MR. STOWELL'S WARM DOMESTIC AFFECTION—LETTER TO HIS SISTER—HIS PURSUITS AT COLLEGE, AND THE PREVAILING CAST OF HIS MIND—HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER AT THE OXFORD DEBATING SOCIETY—TAKES HIS B.A. DEGREE—HIS ORDINATION BY BISHOP RYDER TO THE CURACY OF SHEPSCOMBE—RESOLVES AT ONCE TO BE AN EXTEMPORARY PREACHER—REMOVAL TO HUDDERSFIELD—AFFECTIONATE LETTER TO HIS SISTER—IS INVITED TO MANCHESTER, AND UNDERTAKES THE SOLE CHARGE OF ST. STEPHEN'S, SALFORD, AS CURATE—VISITS LIVERPOOL—HIS WELCOME RECEPTION THERE—HIS CHARACTERISTICS AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER—HIS POLITICAL INFLUENCE IN MANCHESTER—CHRIST CHURCH, SALFORD, ERECTED FOR HIM UNDER THE PROVISIONS OF A NEW ACT OF PARLIAMENT, AND HERE HE LABOURS TILL HIS DEATH—HIS FATHER'S FAREWELL VISIT TO HIM—PREACHES THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY SERMON BEFORE THE CHURCH PASTORAL AID SOCIETY.

Mr. Stowell's affections lingered about his home with a warmth and tenderness which nothing but his own language can describe. We feel that we are trespassing on the sacred enclosure of private life, when we venture to throw open to the world the hallowed scene depicted in the following letter. It may be thought almost weak by those who do not read it with the manly character of Hugh Stowell firmly settled in their minds.

"December 7th, 1821.

"My dearest Sister,— . . . . . Imagine not that I have forgotten Rock Mount,—forgotten the delicate

tenderness, the disinterested generosity, the smiling comfort, or the attractive cordiality which I experienced there. Of all the hours that I passed in Mona, there are few the retrospect of which gives me less of pain or more of pleasure, than those which I passed in your peaceful abode. Sweet are the feelings with which I recur to our social excursions, and our domestic enjoyments,—to the moonlight return from Peel, to the birthday's sportive festivities, and to the flow of harmless hilarity which was ofttimes wont to diffuse its harmonious influence over the fireside circle. Innocent indulgences are the only indulgences which please in review. . . . . May you long enjoy that pure felicity which a *religious* union can alone afford, happy in each other because happy in your God. . . . .

"Stop, though! I shall not have room for the lines which I intend sending you:—

ON LEAVING HOME.

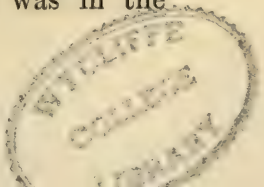
"Cold is that heart which never knew
A throb of joy for home in view;
And colder still the heart that ne'er
Finds aught of bliss or beauty there.
But oh! how cold his ice-bound heart
Who can emotionless depart,
Bid all those friends and scenes adieu
'Mid which his childhood peaceful grew,
His youth matured,—and yet not find
A pang convulsive rend his mind,
And wild tumultuous feelings flow,
Whose ebb is pensiveness of woe,
As torrent foaming down some steep,
Then lull'd in waveless lake to sleep.

No! for a throne I would not be
So listless, loveless, lorn as he.

"E'en, Mona, though thy charms were o'er,
And friends, and home, and hope no more,—
Though I might roam thy shores alone,
Unloved, unheeded, and unknown,—
Yet would thy ev'ry spot be dear,
For home was there, and friends were here.
How could I cease to love the scene
Where such endearments once had been?"

When at College, he had been assiduously cultivating those powers of imagination and of eloquence which were afterwards so admirably employed in his Master's service. Mr. Watson supplies us with some interesting facts on this subject. "I seldom, if ever," he remarks, "met any one who was more alive to the beauties of nature. An opening flower, or a patch of fine scenery, was enough to fill his eye with delight. On a calm summer's day occasionally we used to ply an oar to Godstow, or some other well-known place. We returned after nightfall, when all was stillness and quietude,—the starry heaven above, and the hum and bustle of earth hushed beneath. At such seasons I can conceive, far better than I can express, his vivid imagination. It was to him an intellectual treat. The magnitude and grandeur of God's creation, which is an open book to all, he made *particular;* he applied it, and what he read in it. He would speak of it as if it were all written out only for himself.

"As at present, so in our day, there was in the



University a debating society. It consisted of but few members, from different Colleges. I well remember one of his first efforts at 'speechification.' The subject, I think, was the place the Bible ought to occupy among all classes of Christians and in every relation of life. After some rather abortive attempts by others, he stood up, and, with a commanding air and a figure as erect as a dart, without other preface or introduction, he exclaimed in his deep-toned voice, 'What, I would ask, would be this our world *without a sun?*' You can imagine the rest. He rushed onward like an impetuous torrent in a full flow of eloquence; and the outbursts of feeling, when he threw the reins on the neck of his inward emotions, I can only compare to a burning volcano struggling with its hidden fires. At such times it was hardly possible to gaze on his finely chiselled Saxon countenance,—his noble features, his lustrous eye, his lofty brow, his well-formed, massive frame,—and not admire the man. This *debut* on the platform was a presage of his future almost unrivalled powers as a public speaker."

Mr. Stowell took his B.A. degree in 1822, and was ordained in 1823, by Dr. Ryder, (then Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol,) to the curacy of Shepscombe, a chapelry in the parish of Painswick, amid the beautiful scenery of the Cotswold Hills.

Amongst the stories which travelled the round of his friends at this time we remember one. On the morning on which he preached his first sermon, he read it from a manuscript, and had the usual portion

of drowsy hearers. He felt that he was not made for a scholastic preacher. In the afternoon he laid his notes aside, and preached an extemporary sermon. The effect was just what it continued to be through his life. All were interested, and he had no sleepers. From that day he continued to be what, for want of a better term, is called an extemporary preacher. The ease with which a well-prepared extemporary sermon is delivered leads many a novice to conclude that it costs no labour, and that it would be an easy thing to preach extempore. We could recount some ludicrous attempts of the ambitious endeavours of young preachers in this respect, and of their almost ludicrous failures. They should remember the story of the young nobleman, who, watching a great painter when he proceeded easily with his work, exclaimed, "It is an easy thing to be a painter." The great artist felt that he gave him a sufficient rebuke, when, putting the pencil into his hand, he employed but one word, "Try."

Shepscombe was an interesting field of labour, and elicited from him his first literary venture, a modest volume entitled "The Peaceful Valley, or the Influence of Religion: A narrative of facts, by a Clergyman of the Church of England;" in which he dwells upon the beauties of his charge, and describes the spiritual garden which had been created there, out of a moral wilderness, by the Spirit of God working through the faithful preaching of the Gospel. This sphere of labour, however, soon proved too narrow for

his ardent spirit; and great as was the mutual regard and esteem subsisting between his incumbent, the late Rev. Neville Rolfe, (in whom he had found an old friend of his family,) and himself, he relinquished his curacy the following year, to undertake that of Trinity Church, Huddersfield.

We are favoured with some private letters to his sister, Mrs. Gill, dated from Huddersfield. The first of them is dated 28th of January, 1824. We need say nothing of the exuberant affection, nor of the unaffected modesty, of the young curate, "whom Methodists, Independents, and Dissenters of every description flocked to hear."

"Huddersfield, January 8, 1824.

"My very dear Anne,—So you begin to think that I have forgotten you. For shame! to entertain so unworthy an idea of your brother. The 'footstool of mercy' can testify that I do not forget you. Nor have I given you sufficient reason to imagine it otherwise. But no more of this. Here is a long letter to convince you your fears were unfounded. It delights me to learn that the young flower of your love is so blooming and beauteous. I have a 'mising' to take it under my fostering care; so you must keep her to be my sweet god-child. I won't be put off with second-hand articles; the lovely Amelia must be mine. And then, you know, when I shall be an old bachelor, my fair niece will be her god-father's housekeeper. If we are all spared, the period is not distant

when I hope to be amongst you again. Mr. M. and I have covenanted that in spring I shall be allowed a respectable furlough. The idea of preaching before the friends of my childhood is, as you may imagine, a formidable idea. This shall not, however, deter me from visiting you. And should the Lord make me in any measure instrumental in rousing my fellow-countrymen from their spiritual lethargy, what gratification would it give me! I feel an increasing solicitude about the eternal interests of my native land. Certainly few places are so destitute of the *power* of religion. How much it behoves its ministers to 'lift up their voices like a trumpet, to cry aloud and spare not.'

"I know you will be pleased to hear that the Lord continues to increase my acceptance, and I trust my usefulness, here. Methodists, Independents, and Dissenters of every description, flock to hear me. May the servant be kept humble, and the Master alone be exalted. You must imprint, *for me*, one of your very sweetest kisses on the rosy lips of your little jewel. And now it is time I should have a page of chat with '*Barathie*' here. I shall enclose in the parcel a report for you, though it has no other merit than being the production of, dear Anne, your loving brother,

"H. Stowell."

From a postscript on the same sheet, addressed to her husband, we quote the following, which shows that Mr. Stowell at that time entertained no idea of quitting Huddersfield:—

"Do you think you have had any instance of conversion under your ministry at St. John's? Oh that there were more *positive* fruits of the labours of you all in the sea-girt vineyard! I send for your acceptance a copy of the oration pronounced by my excellent Incumbent, at the laying of the foundation-stone of the church to which there is a strong likelihood of my succeeding. Affixed there is a view of the church itself. Accept it as a token of the unalterable affection of your loving brother,

"H. Stowell."

But his fame spread, and he was soon afterwards invited to Manchester to undertake the sole charge as Curate of St. Stephen's, Salford. While there he was invited to Liverpool as a representative of one of our great Evangelical Societies, and filled the pulpit of the Rev. J. Jones, Incumbent of St. Andrew's, now Archdeacon of Liverpool. We can recall to mind his appearance on one of these visits. We heard him expound in private families; which he did with ease, grace, and unction, so that all were charmed into a quiet, sober admiration of the man. At the Annual Meeting, in the old Music Hall in Bold Street, he was expected to be amongst the chief speakers; but the time was occupied by those who wanted the modesty to be silent, and the power to compress what they had to say within reasonable limits. Hugh Stowell stood up when the shades of a Midsummer evening were settling on the hall; he leaned upon a tall music-stand before him, and in deep and measured

tones, said that, as it was too late to speak, he might perhaps be permitted to conclude with prayer: he then, in a solemn voice, repeated the Collect for Good Friday, in which we pray for the conversion of Jews, Turks, Infidels, and heretics. No speech could have sent that crowded audience away under a better influence than this short petition suggested. It was felt by all that this young clergyman was no ordinary man.

During this visit the impression he had made was such that it was seriously proposed to erect a church, of which he should become the Minister; but the zeal and liberality of his Manchester friends outran that of those who had learned to appreciate his worth in Liverpool. He returned to Manchester, where he lived and died. The Liverpool church was completed several years afterwards, and Dr. Tattershall, who had laboured in the town, became its minister. From this time the Editor of this volume dates his acquaintance with Mr. Stowell: it soon ripened into friendship, and was never interrupted. We seldom met, except on some missionary tour, to which for many years each of us devoted a few weeks of our active lives, returning home in general for our Sunday duties, and taking in this way—at least I can answer for myself—all the holiday we enjoyed.

Mr. Stowell knew no noviciate; he was never spoken of as a young man of promise; no hint was ever dropped as to the possibility of his failure in future life; he came before the Church, not as a candidate

for its favour, but as one who had already established his position, and was never likely to be displaced. Without the slightest presumption he seated himself by the side of tried men by many years his seniors, and became one of them. His eloquence was of so peculiar a character, that we doubt whether any description of it will convey to those who never heard him any just idea of its nature.

He began with a tumultuous rush of words, under which it might be almost feared that thought would soon be obscured,—there seemed to be no selection made: it was as if, being determined to secure the right word, he gave utterance to a score, out of which the hearer might select for himself; but in an instant you perceived that this was not verbosity; instead of wearying attention, it chained it fast. This was no ordinary speaker, but his manner was strange and original, and every one waited to see what would come of it. In a few minutes his course became simple and direct: the fountain which had boiled up had deposited its froth and foam, and ran down the mountain side clear as crystal. As he proceeded, his language was remarkable for its purity and elegance; he used no vulgarisms; the most captious hearer could not say of him that his shibboleths betrayed him, though the sentiments he uttered, and which he was never at the slightest pains to conceal, always showed that he meant to impress upon his hearers what he held to be the grand Evangelical doctrines—the doctrines of the Bible, of our Church, and of our

Prayer-book. His noble spirit seemed to be fired as he went along; his animation roused his audience very often into raptures of enthusiasm, and he sat down amidst the tears, or transports, of his hearers.

One grand secret of his success was, that he seldom stood on the defensive. Too honest to plead warmly for that which he did not earnestly believe, he did not care to use merely defensive weapons; those who had been bold enough to attack his principles, felt, before he sat down, that they ought to have come well prepared to defend their own. Without the slightest loss of temper,—a great vice in a public speaker, but one with which he was never charged,—he carried the war at once, often by an easy banter, sometimes by a serious argument, into the very strongholds of his enemies' position; and those who had previously been amongst his opponents not unfrequently became his admirers, if not his personal friends; of this some remarkable instances will appear in the course of our Memoir.

At that time Evangelical principles were held by but a small minority of the Clergy in the vast parish of Manchester, of which Salford was but a chapelry. It was our happiness to be acquainted with most of them; excellent men they were, inferior to none of their successors. Truly they bore the burthen and heat of the day: they laboured, and other men have entered into their labours. But they were not gifted with that rhetorical power—that rare gift of com-

manding rather than soliciting the wrapt attention of vast crowds,—which was granted to Mr. Stowell. Political dissent was violent, and Church laymen were apathetic. A Wesleyan lay-gentleman, long resident in Manchester, assured us some years before Mr. Stowell's decease, that he believed that the Church of England owed its very existence in Manchester to the exertions of Hugh Stowell. We did not agree with him at that time, nor do we now; and we relate the conversation just as it occurred, that the reader may in some measure appreciate the effect which really followed Mr. Stowell's exertions.

He certainly possessed one advantage over most of his friends: he was an enthusiast, almost an optimist, in his views of the Church of England. He could see no infirmities, he could allow of no faults in her, except such as arose from the want of fidelity in those to whom her interests were entrusted; for which they, and not the Church, were responsible: nor in the Prayer-book, except that a few of its terms were obsolete, and thus afforded a handle to men who did not really understand its principles.

To anything like a revision of the Prayer-book he was utterly averse. It must be admitted that at the present moment revision would be a much more dangerous experiment than it would have been at that time, when a majority of men of all parties were agreed in demanding the excision of a few words, or the alteration of a few sentences. Witness the fact, that four thousand of the clergy, of all parties, peti-

tioned the Archbishop to release them from the necessity of repeating every word in our sublime service to be read at the grave's mouth over all those we commit "ashes to ashes, and dust to dust."

It is a curious and painful illustration of the state of feeling which then prevailed, that the late Dr. Blomfield, then Bishop of Chester, hesitated, at first, about licensing one who had been represented to him as "an extemporaneous firebrand." In a personal interview with the good Bishop, who always had the manliness to think and act for himself, this preliminary difficulty was readily overcome, and the Curate of St. Stephen's entered upon the charge which he may be said never to have given up in life; for so acceptable did his ministrations prove, and so speedily did he win his way to the hearts of the hearers, who thronged to the church from far beyond the conventional bounds of his parish, that they, knowing how uncertain a Curate's position is, and fearing lest he might be induced to accept an incumbency elsewhere, determined to build a church, by subscription, for him, a little further out from the heart of Manchester, but still within the bounds of his overgrown parish. Here, however, a formidable obstacle presented itself to the accomplishment of their purpose. The patronage of all churches in the parish of Manchester was at that time claimed by the Wardens and Fellows of its ancient collegiate church, and, constituted as that body then was, there was no probability of their presenting a clergyman of Mr. Stowell's decided principles to the

new church. In this dilemma his friends applied to Parliament, and obtained the Act commonly known as "The Trustees Church-building Act," whereby the patronage of a church built by voluntary contributions is vested for ever in trustees, to be elected by all subscribers of £50 and upwards. Some temporary difficulties in procuring a site having been surmounted, Christ Church, Salford, was consecrated in November, 1831, the first of many hundreds of churches since erected under the provisions of that most seasonable and salutary enactment. A new Bishop now presided over the populous see of Chester, not yet divided; and between Bishop Sumner and the Incumbent of Christ Church the most cordial relations subsisted from the first, ripening afterwards into mutual affection and intimate friendship, which outlasted the mere connection of diocese, and ended only with the death of the venerable archbishop in 1862. Before his new church was yet consecrated, Mr. Stowell's father paid him what proved to be a farewell visit.

The venerable old man delighted all who were invited to meet him. He was quite aware of the dangers to which young men in general are exposed from early popularity, and did not live to see how thoroughly proof against them was, in this respect, his highly-favoured son. When congratulated on the estimation in which Hugh Stowell was held, "Ah," said he, "they are administering poison to my son out of a golden dish."

It was at the close of this visit that the following

scene occurred: it is related by Mr. Howard, who was the friend of the past and has lived to be that of the present family of the Stowells:—"I recollect your grandfather saying to me, on his return from this visit to his son, 'I never was more unmanned in my life than when Hugh took leave of me the morning I was returning to the Isle of Man. It was early in the morning; he came into my room, carrying my breakfast to me, and as I was bidding him good bye, he threw his arms round my neck, and, kissing me, wept as a child.'"

Long before this time his reputation was well established as a public man of character and great ability. Of this, perhaps, no more striking instance could be given than that he was invited to preach its first anniversary sermon before the Church Pastoral Aid Society, in the year 1836. He took as his text Luke xiv. 23, —"And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." And from this he showed the lamentable destitution of our countrymen, and the absolute want of all the means of grace; and urged, with great feeling and effect, the duty of all men to assist in the home-work which this Society had just undertaken. He never pleaded for an abuse, or sought to conceal one. It is evident the preacher felt that there was much to be remedied in the unequal, and indeed unjust, distribution of church property, which then prevailed; though he said but little upon the subject. He could hardly foresee at that time the

wonderful success which would attend upon the evangelical exertions of that noble Society; the *object* of which was declared to be the "salvation of souls, with a single eye to the glory of God, and in humble dependence on His blessing, by granting aid toward maintaining faithful and devoted men to assist the incumbents of parishes in their pastoral charge;"—*its principles*, "That in a Christian land a Church establishment should adequately provide for the spiritual instruction of all the people; and that it is part of the duty of a Christian Legislature to furnish the Church with means to this end; but that if the Legislature should fail of this duty, then, rather than souls should perish, Christians must join together to supply the deficiency, and make the Church as effective as it is in their power to do."

He continued through life to be one of its warmest advocates, and, in critical times, one of its many wise advisers. The speech delivered by him in Manchester, in the early days of the Society, will tell the reader, in his own words, the ground on which he undertook its defence. He tells us, in explanation of certain passages, that, shortly before the meeting began, several Manchester gentlemen had refused to subscribe to the Society, on the alleged ground that, by supplying the spiritual exigencies of the population from voluntary sources, it favoured the perpetuation of abuses in the administration of Church property,—abuses which only needed to be rectified in order that the Church might, from her existing resources, meet the wants of

the people. Hence Mr. Stowell's observations; and to this point they were confined. We make the following extracts from the speech itself:—

"But the Pastoral Aid Society felt bound to see that the men she supported were honest Protestants of the Church of England, neither diverging to latitudinarianism on the one hand, or on the other hand to Romanism: men who by their lips and lives would endeavour to set forth the glorious truths of the Gospel as they were simply enunciated in the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, and as they were contained in her own beautiful service. This Society had laid down the principle, that the appointment of a man to the charge of souls was a most solemn and responsible one. The mere ordination by a bishop, and the appointment by an incumbent, were not a sufficient guarantee. He would give nothing to multiply mere ministers and lay agents, unless they were men of deep piety, men who knew nothing but Christ among their fellows, and men who held the good old principles that our martyred forefathers sealed with their blood. We had at the present moment in the Church of England—and no man could blink the fact—on the one hand a party that would explain away the glorious atonement, that would take out of Christianity all its mysteries, and by taking out all its mysteries would take out of it all its power, all its glory, all its salvation; and we had, on the other hand, a party of men who were labouring with too great success to sap and undermine the Protestantism

of our Church, and by sensuous worship, by gorgeous ritual, and by crafty manœuvre, keeping in reserve vital dogmas, and putting forward subordinate points, were largely contributing to warp our Church, and to diverge towards the Church of Rome. This Society would do a deep injury to the Church of England if she were to multiply Curates under men such as the Rector of St. George's-in-the-East, London, who was exposing the Church of England to the scorn of her enemies, and betraying her to Rome as fast and as hard as he could. Though the violence of the people was to be deprecated, it was unfair in the public prints to censure the people, and not to blame the clergy ten times more, who were the real causes of the disturbances. To a certain extent he rejoiced in the spirit the people showed, for it evinced their determination that the good old Church of England should not be betrayed to Rome. He looked largely to the righteous Protestant laity of England to stand between the Church of England and those who would betray her, whether they were within or without; and he believed that if the clergy as a body were to secede to Rome, the laity as a body would stand firm. The Church Pastoral Aid Society, then, did well to hold fast by her ancient principles. He rejoiced to know that the Society carried on her wise and judicious plan without coming athwart the path of the ecclesiastical authorities."

Canon Stowell then drew a glowing picture of the freedom enjoyed by England, and deprecated any at-

tempt to violently alter her constitution. The people, he urged, would not be brought back to the Church by boasting of her apostolical succession, or her antiquity, pristine grandeur, and matchless services; but it would be by filling those matchless services with life and love and power and energy, and by humbly ministering to the people as the apostles did of old.

CHAPTER III.

MR. STOWELL AT CHRIST CHURCH, SALFORD—HIS ROUTINE OF PAROCHIAL LABOUR—HIS INFLUENCE WITH THE WORKING CLASSES—CAUSES OF IT—REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF CONVERSION UNDER HIS MINISTRY—HIS PLEASURE IN THE WORK—HIS MARRIAGE—ACTION BY A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST AGAINST MR. STOWELL: DAMAGES 40s.—SYMPATHY OF HIS FRIENDS—LETTERS FROM IRELAND GIVING FULL CONFIRMATION OF THE ALLEGATIONS MADE BY MR. STOWELL AT THE ANTI-MAYNOOTH MEETING—MANX BISHOPRIC IN DANGER, BUT SAVED CHIEFLY BY MR. STOWELL'S EFFORTS.

Mr. Stowell had no sooner entered on his work at his new church in Salford, than he commenced a routine of labour which, with singular perseverance, he continued, with little alteration, to the end of his life. Large tracts of time float by unmarked by events which a biographer can notice, but full of the deepest interest to the Minister of Christ himself. He is about his Father's business, and his absence is not missed by the busy crowd; but now it is that what will prove at the last great day to have been his highest achievement, was probably accomplished; and besides, it was from wisdom and experience thus gained that the man who has a public work to do, is qualified for it. We are indebted to his son, the Rev. Hugh A. Stowell, Rector of Breadsall, for the following sketch:—

"Various, indeed, were the means by which he sought to promote the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of the

people entrusted to his charge. With the aid of two curates, five services were held every Sunday in the parish; three in the church, and two elsewhere; Mr. Stowell himself always preaching morning and evening, and once a month publicly catechising in the church in the afternoon. On Wednesday evenings there was service, followed by an expository lecture; each of the Gospels and Epistles being in turn plainly and practically explained. Schoolroom and cottage lectures were frequent during the week. On the Saturday evening, previous to the monthly celebration of the Lord's Supper, there was a preparatory service in the church. Lent and Passion Week also brought their special services. The poor were sought out in their own houses by a large staff of volunteer district-visitors, each with their special mission. The schools, Day and Sunday, were on a very large scale, and in a high state of efficiency. A striking feature in the latter was the number of grown-up persons, often married men and women, who regularly took their places among the scholars. Then there was an Adult Sunday School, in which some of the pupils were past the three score years and ten, Ragged Schools, and a Refuge for the fallen. The teachers of these schools, and the district visitors, met their pastor once a month for counsel and advice; while every Saturday evening Rector and Curates met for prayer and reading the word. There were Libraries too, and a Mutual Improvement Society, and Clothing Clubs, and other minor institutions of a like sort; and all these required

and received his continual supervision. The preparation of young persons as candidates for Confirmation was a work upon which Mr. Stowell bestowed much time and pains, meeting them in classes weekly for many months previously, and afterwards having a private interview with each of the candidates, often numbering nearly two hundred. Amply, however, was he repaid; and in later years he looked upon those Confirmation classes as one of the most fruitful agencies for spiritual blessings that he had made trial of in the course of his long and varied experience in pastoral work."

Afterwards Mr. Stowell added to these a monthly address to his large adult class. He threw it into the form of a catechetical lecture. It was a singular instance of the influence he then gained over the working classes. Few men would succeed in such an attempt; and in most men it would not be wise to attempt it. One cause of his success was that he sincerely respected the working man: he never seemed to *condescend* to them, never affected to patronize them. Another was, that he was always bright, always cheerful. He never assumed a solemn voice for the sake of making an impression; he was never trifling, never a jester, but, on the other hand, he was never dull. At a crowded public meeting in London, we heard him speak with the utmost contempt of the proud parson "who could not cordially take the horny fist of the labouring man into his hand, and give it a hearty shake." There was a becoming dignity about

him, so that he felt he could do this, and that none would for an instant take advantage of the kindness to which they were thus invited. Never do our clergy or gentry make a more fatal mistake than when they allow working men to discover that their kindness is that of condescension; or that they make no distinction between the labouring mechanic, who supports his wife and children by his own industry, and the really poor man who is indebted to public charity, in one form or other, for his means of subsistence.

Tract distributors would do well to take a hint from these remarks. A small present in the shape of a biography, neatly bound, and offered as a gift, would often be well accepted, where the mere tract is received with impatience or rejected with disdain.

Remarkable conversions often followed. On one occasion, as Mr. Stowell was leaving Christ Church, Salford, at the close of a service, he was asked by a female, if he would kindly see privately a young woman, who was in a very great distress of mind, and had a desire to make known her trouble to him and have his counsel. He fixed the following morning, at 10 o'clock, for the interview.

At that hour a young woman was shown into his study. For a short time she appeared very much agitated, and unable to speak. When able to do so, she gave the following account of herself. She had been a servant in a family, living in the Crescent, Salford, which she left on her marriage with a stonemason. Their married life was only of brief duration,

her husband dying of consumption. Her grief at his death was very great; but she was much comforted in having her child left to her, upon which her affections were now more set than ever. Her mother now undertook the charge of the babe, and she again obtained a situation as a servant. Scarce was the grief passed away caused by the loss of her husband, when her child died; and this, added to her former grief, almost deprived her of her reason. Loud and bitter were her complaints to God for thus dealing, as she said, unmercifully with her. Her sorrow became unbearable, and she resolved to put an end to her trouble by drowning herself. For that purpose she went, on a Sunday evening, to a large pool which at that time stood near to Christ Church. After a while, finding that she was unperceived, she unloosed the strings of her bonnet, and removed the pin which fastened her shawl, prior to jumping into the water. No sooner had she done this, than the bell of Christ Church began to toll for evening service. Its sound startled her, and for a time she stood motionless, hesitating between drowning herself or going into the church, thinking that the tolling of the bell at that moment was meant as an invitation to her to enter. At length she resolved to obey the summons of the church bell, made her way to the church, and entered a pew in the gallery, where she supposed no one would see her.

That night Mr. Stowell was preaching a funeral sermon upon the death of the son of a member of his congregation, and took for his text a part of the 26th

verse of chapter iv. of 2nd book of Kings,—"Is it well with the child?" The reading of the text caused her much surprise; she felt certain that some one must have reported the circumstances of her grief to him, and therefore the sermon was directed to her. The sermon was much blessed to her, subduing the spirit of rebellion which she had displayed towards the providence of God, and directing her to Him who alone can comfort those that mourn.

She had desired the interview to tell him this, and to seek from him further comfort and pastoral counsel. For years afterwards she was a regular attendant at Christ Church, became a communicant, and gave in her life unmistakeable evidence of having passed from death unto life.

Again; we have the following statement from his own hand:—"John ——— is a dyer; and, mingling with men of bad character, he had become a drunkard, a blasphemer, a cruel husband, a noted boxer, a practical infidel. As is usual in such cases, his house was the home of wretchedness, unfurnished and deserted; his wife was in rags, his cupboard empty, and debt and shame were his constant companions. About three years ago, through the efforts of an assistant of mine, his wife was induced to open her house for a cottage lecture; and the husband, after a time, began to steal into the back part of the dwelling during the little services, and to lend a half-unwilling ear to what was going on. It pleased Him who 'leads the blind by a way that they know not,' to reach his

conscience in this manner. He became very uneasy, and, in spite of his mean clothes, began to attend church. For a time his anguish of mind was greater than can be told. But at last that Saviour who came 'to bind up the broken-hearted,' and who died on the cross to save sinners, manifested Himself to him as He doth not to the world, giving him 'beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.' The calm morning after a stormy night is not a greater change than that which followed in the life and lot of happy John. All things became new. His house was made tidy, and one piece of furniture after another was purchased, till the whole face of his cottage was changed. His wife and himself, decently dressed, were in their places at church whenever the Sabbath-speaking bell bade them to the house of prayer, and ere long they were seen side by side at the table of the Lord. A light thus put on a candlestick could not be hid. So striking a change in one who had been so notorious, called forth much notice. He became a wonder to many. Some admired, others mocked, and many persecuted him. His former infidel companions were more especially mad against him. They jeered him, reproached him, enticed him, swore at him, and did all in their power to draw or drive him from his Saviour. But deeply sensible of his own utter helplessness, he clung to the strength of God; and thus, 'out of weakness being made strong,' his enemies only served to prove his faith, exercise his patience, and increase his watch-

fulness. The blast of temptation, which lays in the dust the plant which our heavenly Father hath not planted, only roots the deeper every 'tree of righteousness' which He has planted in the garden of His grace. John had most to bear at his daily labour in the dye-house. It was his hard lot to work among a band of low infidels, and they had it nearly all their own way. For a time, indeed, two men timidly took the Christian's part; but after a while, even those, worn out by annoyance and ashamed of the Cross, deserted both him and their profession of religion, becoming apostates, the vilest of the vile. The humble confessor was thus left alone, like a sheep in the midst of wolves; but he was not alone, for 'the Lord stood by him.' He was enabled to walk blamelessly and unrebukably before them. Sometimes he reasoned with them, at other times he entreated them; but most commonly he did as his Master had done when beset by his accusers, 'he answered not a word.' His meekness was the more lovely, because he had been aforetime a terror to his companions, nor was there one of them who would have dared to provoke him. But now the gentleness of the lamb restrained the strength of the lion. The quiet influence of John's consistent walk could not fail to be felt. His life was harder to answer than his tongue. A beautiful proof of this occurred one day, and shall form the point of my little narrative. His fellow workmen had been nearly an hour decrying Christianity as the source of all crime and wretchedness; while they boasted what their system would do if fairly

tried—what peace and purity would reign in their 'new moral world.' John held his peace for a long time, till at last 'the fire kindled,' and lifting up his voice he turned upon them, and said feelingly, but firmly, 'Well, I am a plain dealing man, and I like to judge of the tree by the fruit it bears. Come, then, let us look at what your principles do. I suppose they will do in a little way what they would do in a great. Now there,' said he, pointing at the two apostates, 'are Tom and Jem, on whom you have tried your system. What then has it done for *them?* When they professed to be Christians, they were civil, sober, good-tempered; kind husbands, and fond fathers. They were cheerful, hard-working, and ready to oblige. What are they now? What have you made them? Look at them. How changed they are: but not for the better. They seem downcast and surly; cannot give one a civil word; their mouths are full of cursing and filthiness; they are drunk every week; their children are nearly naked; their wives broken-hearted, and their houses desolate. *There* is what your principles have done. This is the "new moral world" they have made. Now, I have tried Christianity; and what has it done for me? I need not tell you what I was before; you all too well know. There was not one of you that could drink so deeply, or swear so desperately, or fight so fiercely; I was always out of humour, discontented, and unhappy. My wife was starved and ill-used; I had no money, nor could I get anything upon trust. I was hateful and hating. What am I now? What has reli-

gion made me? Thank God, I am not afraid to put it to you. He has helped me to walk carefully among you. Am I not a happier man than I was? Can you deny that I am a better servant to my master, and a kinder companion to you? Would I once have put up with what I daily bear from you? I could beat any of you as easily as ever: why dont I do it? Do you hear a foul word come out of my mouth? Do you ever catch me in a public-house? Is there any one that has got a score against me? Go and ask my neighbours if I am not altered for the better. Go and ask my wife; she can tell you. Go and see my house; let that bear witness. God be praised for it, *here* is what Christianity has done for me: *there* is what Infidelity has done for Tom and Jem.' He stopped. The appeal was not to be withstood. For that time, at least, the scoffers had not a word to answer. They were overpowered by the eloquence of example. My brethren of the working-class, follow this beautiful pattern: 'With well-doing put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.' 'Be not afraid of their terror.' 'Witness a good confession.' Stand fast, like Daniel, before the den of lions; or Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego before the burning fiery furnace. If you cannot argue, you can *act*. If you cannot reason down, you can *live* down, the artful infidel. There is a logic of which, through grace, you may be masters—a logic so simple that a child can understand it, so conclusive that a philosopher cannot disprove it; it is the logic John made use of."

Mr. Stowell one day met the Author of "The New Moral World" in a stage coach, before railways were common. He never missed an opportunity of bringing such men to the test. He tried Robert Owen, just as the Manchester convert tried his fellow-workmen; he asked him whether his home was a happy one? whether he enjoyed the peace which his pious wife possessed, when she lay upon her death-bed? Owen proudly shook the tear from his eye, and said that he should not allow himself to be overcome by an appeal to his feelings. He wished to shake hands when parting. Mr. Stowell told him that as a fellow man he should not refuse this parting courtesy, but it must not be construed into an admission that he looked upon him as anything less than a man of most dangerous principles.

We make no apology for the introduction of these anecdotes, so far are we from regarding conversions such as these as of unusual occurrence; but we regard them as by no means unfrequent. We have heard Mr. Stowell speak of others quite as striking. And we believe that few faithful ministers of Christ, of some experience, are left without similar tokens that God is with them of a truth, when they boldly preach His word; but of these things they do not boast. They are better left to sleep in silence, unless God himself should, in the order of His providence, force them into light.

In the year 1828 Mr. Stowell married Anne Susannah, the eldest daughter of R. Ashworth, Esq.,

barrister, of Strawberry Hill, Pendleton. A large family of nine children was the fruit of this happy union. Of these, some "have gone before;" but others remain. Two sons are clergymen: the Rev. S. Alfred Stowell, succeeds his father at Christ Church, Salford; the other, the Rev. Hugh A. Stowell, is Rector of Breadsall, Derby; a third died in infancy. Besides these, he had six daughters, most of whom survive.

The affections of Mr. Stowell, warm everywhere, clung most tenderly to his own home. The following letter, written just before his marriage, is well worth preserving; it shows the warmth of his disposition, and the tenderness of his heart:—

"Manchester, Feb. 5th, 1827.

"My ever Dear Sister,—The tidings of your serious indisposition distressed me very acutely, and determined me to write to you without further delay. I know that little attentions are never so grateful as in seasons of weakness or of woe. Should a line from your brother beguile one sensation of pain, or awake one emotion of joy, he will think himself happy. Your life is but a checquered one. Your husband has never been so remiss as to allow you to forget that it is frail. Many an admonition have you, that you are but a pilgrim below. I believe, however, that you can say, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' From the 'bitter bud' of Sorrow you have gathered the sweet flower of Holiness. Christ is represented in Scripture as sitting like 'a Refiner.' Refiners tell us that they are not satisfied with the

effects of the furnace, till they can see their own image reflected in the liquid ore. Thus the Great Refiner heats the furnace of affliction for His people till He can see His own image reflected on their souls. You are tried, then, 'that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, may be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.'

"Mr. Gaskin's friends are not a little alarmed for him. They particularly wish that, for the present at least, his books should, whether by fair means or by foul, be put out of his reach. Remember me very kindly to him, and say that, with the exception of common colds, his relatives are all in health. To Mr. Roberts you must give my kind regards, and tell him I suppose by this time Virgil and Homer are to him as the Horn-book or the Primer. How flourishes my redoubted god-son? I hope the measles have not ravaged his plump proportions. Can he yet walk without waddling? You must bring him with you when you come in the spring (all well) to see 'uckle.' My best love to brother, and to all at the Rectory. I hope to launch my large letter for our revered father next week. To every inmate of your peaceful dwelling let me be remembered. My father will be satisfied to hear that his parcel and letter were forwarded, without the slightest delay, to Miss Hope. The receipt of both she long since acknowledged in a very beautiful note to me. She

did not, I suppose, think it necessary to acknowledge them again. I have just been writing a letter to decline the offer of a very eligible living in a neighbouring town. There is a beautiful parsonage, garden, and glebe, with an income of £160 per annum. As I was allowed only three days to consider the proposal, I could not consult my faithful counsellor at Ballaugh; but I felt persuaded that he would agree with me in judging that, under the circumstances, I ought not to leave my present situation. My usefulness appears unwaveringly to advance, and the affection of my flock is unbounded; but the other day a few of them presented me with a superb sarcenet gown, sash, and cassock—the most splendid I ever saw. It is too fine—so would my father say—we both of us agree in liking plain things. Don't be surprised if you should hear of *a Mrs. Stowell* being forthcoming! You mustn't be curious. God bless you, my dear sister; in mind, body, and estate may He bless you.—So prays your faithful brother,

"H. Stowell."

None can appreciate the self-denial which he underwent in being so often absent, but those who knew how dearly he loved what was left behind. He felt, however, that he had been especially called to this peculiar work. His friend Mr. Watson says of him,—"It was difficult, sometimes, to find out in what part of the country he was doing good. His love for the Saviour, and love for perishing souls, was too large to be bounded by geographical lines. The

world itself seemed to lie before him; and, at the call of humanity, to no parish or diocese would he confine his exertions. Everywhere, as the Lord gave him opportunity, he was ready to lend such help as he was enabled to give."

He was ever a fearless Protestant; and now, three hundred years after the Reformation, he found that he had to "count the cost." He advocated the principles which he maintained through life, at a time when to do so was to endanger even personal safety. On more than one occasion, when he had been advocating the Protestant cause, serious disturbances of a violent nature arose, organized by those who entertained opposite opinions. It is almost needless to observe that Mr. Stowell was for many years a staunch opponent of the Maynooth Grant. And in the year 1840 an action was brought against him, by a Roman Catholic priest, for a statement which he had made at a public meeting, convened for the purpose of petitioning Parliament upon this very subject. At this meeting he read a statement, witnessed or subscribed to by three policemen. The statement was to the effect that a poor Roman Catholic had been doing penance in Smedley Lane, Manchester, by crawling on his hands and knees over the roughest part of the pavement for four hours a day, because his priest would not administer the sacrament to him until he had done it. The priest alluded to, Mr. Hearne, brought an action for libel against Mr. Stowell.

The action was tried before Baron Rolfe, at the Liverpool Assizes, and a verdict was found for the Plaintiff. This case, and the proceedings, created a vast amount of interest throughout the United Kingdom—especially in Ireland, where such penances were then common; and it became the subject of leading articles in the *Times*, and local and general press. We are indebted to Mr. Stowell's Solicitor for valuable information on this subject. It is of so much importance, especially when viewed in connection with the state of political and religious parties, that we cannot pass it by without a notice in some degree proportioned to its importance. The time seems to be coming round again when the Case of "Hearne v. Stowell" may once more be cited in our Courts of Law to protect some fearless Protestant from the daring assaults of over-bearing Popery.

NISI PRIUS COURT—SATURDAY, AUG., 1840.

(Before Mr. BARON ROLFE and a Special Jury.)

HEARNE, CLERK, *v.* STOWELL, CLERK.

The trial of this case excited intense interest among all classes of Protestants and Catholics. Every part of the Court was crowded for some time before the proceedings commenced, and many were compelled to retire unable to obtain the slightest chance of admission.

Counsel for the Plaintiff—Messrs. Dundas, Q.C., Wightman, Hoggins, and Murphy. Solicitor, Mr. Gibson, Manchester.

Counsel for the Defendant—Messrs. Cresswell, Q.C., Alexander, Q.C., and Watson. Solicitor, Mr. Goulden, Manchester.

Mr. MURPHY opened the pleadings. In this case the Rev. Daniel Hearne, of Manchester, was the plaintiff, and the Rev. Hugh Stowell, also of Manchester, was the defendant. The first

count of the declaration set forth that the plaintiff had been and still was a clergyman and priest of the Roman Catholic religion; and that the defendant, intending to injure him in that character, had published of him a false, scandalous, malicious, and defamatory libel. The second count of the declaration stated that the defendant had spoken of him certain words for the purpose of bringing him into disrepute, and injuring him in his profession. To these allegations the plaintiff pleaded Not guilty; and thereupon issue was joined.

Mr. DUNDAS then rose to address the Court and Jury. He spoke nearly as follows:—May it please your Lordship—Gentlemen of the Jury:—I have the honour to attend you as plaintiff in this action; and, upon rising to address you on his behalf, I do most unfeignedly bespeak your earnest attention whilst I am stating to you the circumstances of the case, whilst I am showing to you the grounds upon which, and why it is that my client, the plaintiff, is compelled to come into this court of justice to demand it, and to ask at your hands redress for injuries inflicted upon him by the defendant. Gentlemen, I dare say you caught from my learned friend who sits by me (Mr. Murphy) what is the nature of the issues you have to try. It is defamation of a clergyman, defamation of a clergyman in his office, defamation of such a sort that, if it were true, Mr. Hearne, the plaintiff, would be lowered in that society of which he is now an ornament, he would be degraded as a gentleman among the persons who are his acquaintance, he would be dishonoured in his calling as a minister of the Gospel, and the bishops, or those with whom the authority belongs, would be justified in suspending—nay they would be bound to suspend him, and deprive him of his benefice. Very serious matter this, therefore, gentlemen, you perceive, into which you are to inquire; very necessary, therefore, I should entreat your earnest attention, in order that between the parties justice may fairly be done. For my own part, in the name of my client, Mr. Hearne, I have no manner of doubt, any more than I have of the fact of my own existence, that justice will be done him if he has a right to it at your hands—and that, according to the injury which such violence as has been offered to his character requires compensation—for compensation at your hands will my client undoubtedly

receive. Gentlemen, before I proceed to state to you the details of the libel and the slander which we lay at the door of the defendant Mr. Stowell, bear with me for a while, whilst I lay before you some facts incidental to the question you have to inquire into, but, as I think, necessary to the proper understanding of the issues you have to try. I will tell you, then, what you probably know much better than I do—but I state it for the sake of convenience—that in the town of Manchester there are thousands upon thousands of our Roman Catholic brethren. I believe that I speak within bounds, and at a moderate average, if I say there are not less than from between 70,000 to 80,000 human souls in Manchester of that persuasion; and right, meet, and fit and necessary it should be, surely, that this vast number of persons should have the due administration of the sacraments according to the services of their church,—that they should have religious instruction and spiritual edification, being responsible beings as we all of us are, travelling through this world to another. Therefore, I say, the Roman Catholics have done what I hope is reasonable service in your eyes. Besides providing for those who are in the Infirmary of their own people, they wait in the gaols. Besides allowing the sick to be visited there, and the persons who are in prison to be come unto, they have provided, for a flock so large as I have described, places of worship, chapels, four in number, I think, in the town. They have provided these chapels with suitable ministers, for the due celebration of the services of their Church, and for carrying on, in the manner belonging to their communion, Divine service, to the benefit of the Christian public. There may be in Manchester and elsewhere persons who think all this very wrong, or very vain, and of no effect whatsoever; there may be persons who think that, after all, this is but the blind leading the blind; there may be persons—I hope none of us here are such—who think that within the pale of that ancient Church salvation is not to be found, and that if you speak of a Roman Catholic who is living in piety and faith, and good works within him, you are speaking only of one who lives in the midst of darkness, and who does not see his way at all. Gentlemen, such things might be thought at Manchester, such things might be said at Manchester, and they might be said and thought elsewhere too; but the persons

of that persuasion, they who attended on the ministry, the ministers of religion themselves, nevertheless proceeded with their work of duty, going through what is theirs to perform for the edification of their flock: and I believe, gentlemen, you will find Mr. Hearne, who is one of those clergymen, has carried on as a clergyman the duty of several chapels, in piety towards God, and in usefulness towards men. Mr. Hearne, the plaintiff in this action, is, as I have already told you, one of those clergymen. He is a gentleman who was educated at the College of Maynooth for the Roman Catholic ministry. He came over out of that country to Garstang, in your county, where he served as Roman Catholic clergyman for a considerable time, with credit to himself and with usefulness to the people. He removed from Garstang, many years ago, to Manchester, and he was appointed one of the junior priests of St. Mary's Chapel in that town. After some years of labour there, he was removed from that to a higher position—that which he now holds at St. Patrick's, one of the other chapels of the town. Since the year 1831 Mr. Hearne had officiated as one of the clergymen of that chapel, esteemed by all who knew him, and living in good reputation both with the clergy and laity of his community. Gentlemen, such is the plaintiff with whom you have to do in this action. I will now turn to the defendant, the Rev. Mr. Hugh Stowell, who is here to answer to Mr. Hearne for the injury he has done to Mr. Hearne. Mr. Hugh Stowell, as I understand, is a clergyman of the Established Church of England, himself residing in Manchester too—a person in cure of souls in that town, being the Incumbent of Christ Church, one of the churches or chapels of the place—a gentleman, as I am informed, of great attainments—a person who is a most popular preacher—a man who has a great name and following in the Church—a most eloquent man, and a man accustomed to public speaking. Gentlemen, it is that gift of eloquence which has brought him into his present position; for if the reverend defendant had but governed his tongue; if he had but, upon the occasion I am going to look to, kept in order that unruly member; if he had only remembered that, though it is a very little member, and boasteth great things, yet behold what mighty matter a little fire kindleth; if he had but remembered, that if he had said what he was able to

say well for the subject he had in hand—which he had a right to have in hand—and kept off that which he had no right to take in hand, but which when he did take in hand he slandered and abused—you should not have this case to try to-day, nor he to stand in the unfortunate condition for any clergyman of any Church in Christendom to stand in—as a person who has to answer the impeachment of evil speaking and slandering. Gentlemen, I think I told you that the plaintiff, Mr. Hearne, was educated at Maynooth. It is necessary for the right understanding of the inquiry we are engaged in that I should say a word in passing upon the nature of that establishment. You know it is historically true, that Maynooth is an institution in Ireland for the purpose of educating Roman Catholic youth who are destined for holy orders in that church. Before the union of Ireland and this country it was an institution founded, and existing, and supported by the State. It was a foundation laid in the wisdom—I care not whether persons differ from that or not—I am not here to defend the wisdom any more than to deprecate their wisdom who deny that wisdom—I am not here for any such purpose; but I am here to say it was a foundation laid in the wisdom of Mr. Pitt, who at that time was the government of the country, and it has ever since that time, now nearly 50 years ago, gone on supported by parliamentary grants annually and specifically given—and this not only since the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, but before the Roman Catholic Relief Bill passed at all, when men's minds were not favourable in the least degree to Roman Catholic claims—but still it was thought that the faith of the country was pledged in some way or other to the support of that establishment. Whigs and Tories, one government after another, people in power and out of it, with but very few and those not very remarkable exceptions, have always continued and combined up to the very year in which I have the honour to stand before you, in giving by parliamentary grants so many thousands a year for the support and maintenance of that institution. Now, gentlemen, as I said before, whether that foundation was prudently laid I shall not discuss. I believe it was laid from such notion as this, that if you educated the Roman Catholic priesthood at home, instead of sending them abroad, as upon their travels elsewhere to find education,

you could not only ensure the making of them into quite as sound scholars and divines, but you could ensure the making of them into better subjects, because they would not be so likely to feel attached to other interests, and their foreign attachments would be made likely to cease and be forgotten. Whether that notion was a right one, whether the scheme has succeeded, whether it has failed, and whether it ought to be abandoned, these are all general questions fitting for the proper time and occasion to be discussed. This, however, is not the place, nor is it the occasion, to enter upon that subject. It is out of a discussion respecting Maynooth that the question which you have to decide entirely arose. Now, gentlemen, as I have just told you, although the question arises out of some such discussion, perhaps this is the proper time for me to lay before you, distinctly, such views as I have upon the subject of how far every free man, in a free country like ours, has a right to discuss questions of public policy. It is our privilege and our birthright, as Englishmen, that every man has a right freely to discuss all matters and institutions, men and things, which as a subject of the realm he has a right to consider, and that both things temporal and things ecclesiastical. If any man in this country really and truly believes that the foundation of the College of Maynooth is wrong; if any man really and truly believes that it is improper to have it for the support of Roman Catholics and of the Roman Catholic religion; if any man really and truly believes that such an establishment, so supported, is a disparagement to the Christian religion, which belongs to this land; if he really and truly believes that the support of such an institution as Maynooth does, in some way or other, compromise the safety, the honour, and the Christian principles of the Protestant establishment of this land—that man is justified in doing his very best to make Parliament, by reasonable measures, to withdraw its annual support. He may, to be sure, hold doctrines in private which he would not hold in public respecting it; but if he discuss the question fairly like a man, if he use no violent or vituperative terms at which common sense revolts, why should he not, if he acts in fairness and simplicity of mind, endeavour to mend the constitution of the land if he thinks it wants to be reformed, remodelled, or reconstructed—for all that is lawful and possible—in order to give the greater

energy, strength, and vital principle to the institutions of the glorious land in which it is our blessing and our privilege to live. That is our mind; that is all freemen's mind. I therefore believe and think that they ought not to be judged too narrowly, who, in discussions of that kind, honestly and fairly undertaken, make a slip here and there, provided that the real purpose of their mind be truly and faithfully honest. But, gentlemen, such being the true principle, and being, as I believe, the practice—I hope it will never cease to be the practice—there are reasonable restraints to be laid even upon a liberty like this. No man may use this liberty as a cloak for maliciousness. You must not go to a public meeting, and then bear down and destroy private character, under the guise and mask of some political disputation. You must not go to some such meeting with any such purpose. The law will not permit it. You must answer for it if you do. You must not, at some such public meeting or public discussion, say what is false of a man which, if it were true, would go to the disinheriting of him from the way in which he makes his bread, to degrade him in the estimation of society, to put him out of those friendships and acquaintances he loves, and to lower him in the condition of life to which he belongs. You must not do that. I must not, for instance, go to a discussion on Maynooth, either about the giving or the withdrawal of the grant, and, whilst I am aiming a blow at Maynooth in the distance, stab Mr. Hearne in Manchester, behind his back. If that is the law of the land, it is consistent with common sense and with justice; and, gentlemen, it is the law of the land as far as I understand it. And, neither if I go to a place for the purpose of discussing some public matter, and speak in the way of an instance of some private person whose name or station will help my argument, to stir up the malignant passions, or rouse up any other passion, in the audience —as I shall show the defendant did—to swell the gale and carry all along with me, I must not say, "I have what I am saying upon authority." I must not say a thing of a person, and then add, "I do not know myself that it is true, but I pledge myself that it is, because I have some person who tells me so, and I will bring him before you publicly, if you think what I have said is false." And why? Because the repetition of slander is just as bad a thing as the origination of slander—nay, the person who

repeats slander afterwards is often worse than he who originated it, because it is done with more deliberation, with more malice, as we call it, and he may do a great deal more mischief by it. I beg you to carry these remarks with you when we enter upon the question which we are about to try; but as I have found, in one of the books in our learning, a very exact passage in point, stating more correctly than I can what is the law upon the subject, with your leave I will read it to you, and you shall see what it is.

[The learned gentleman here quoted two passages from a case which he did not specify, in which two Judges of the Court of King's Bench ruled that the circulation of a calumny was much worse than the invention, as the author might be insane or intoxicated, or a man of bad character; and the repeater of it might give it the weight of great character, of sound mind, and of reputation for judgment; the bare statement by such a person that such an imputation had been made, might circulate it more widely and more prejudicially than it could be even by the author.] That, the learned counsel continued, is the law. It is founded on plain understanding and common sense, and I think that every man who hears me will allow it is founded on absolute justice. You have followed me, gentlemen, thus far in these preliminary remarks. I am very sorry to have detained you so long; but now I will enter upon the immediate subject before you. In the month of April last, on the 28th of the month, in the evening, at Manchester, there was called a great public meeting to consider the question of Maynooth; or rather, to correct myself, it was not a case where there was to be discussion, which might be very proper—they were to meet rather to shew their own strength and their own feeling upon the subject, which was also very proper. It was a meeting to petition Parliament to withdraw the Maynooth grant. As I said before, that may be, and no doubt is, a very legitimate object. Had the meeting conducted itself in all respects properly, no person could have blamed them for assembling on such a subject. They might have said a bitter thing here, or an acrimonious thing there, but all offence would have gone by like the idle wind; no persons against whom attack was directed would have troubled their heads about the matter. The meeting was attended by many persons—by between two and three thousand, as I understand. It soon was full of men and of ladies

—who are excellent audiences, all eyes and all ears, when not allowed to speak themselves. They attended—most diligently attended, as did all the audience—to the speakers. Mr. Hugh Stowell, the defendant, was appointed chairman of the meeting. His taking the chair was the signal for loud acclamations from all present; a fact which I notice to shew what an immense power for good or for evil he had upon this occasion, and that if this highly-gifted and truly eloquent man was to choose the better side always, and never the worse, how much real good might be done by that glorious gift. He took the chair, and was the first to address the meeting. He spoke, as I understand, in a very animated strain for some half-hour. As the question before them was the withdrawal of the grant from Maynooth, you may expect that Maynooth was the principal object of his animadversion. I shall say nothing about what he said, except that he breathed out his threatenings against the institution; he said a great deal against Popery; and then he came to the part in question, to which I call your serious attention. Of course a very likely topic to be argued was the education of the persons who were to become future priests, at the college of Maynooth. He began, therefore, by first speaking upon that subject, and then he said he should give them an instance. Then he gave that instance from a document which he then held in his hand, and which he said had been given to him by certain persons whose names he would not disclose upon that occasion; but that if the Papists afterwards required him to give his authority, that authority should be forthcoming. Now mark who was the man about to give this instance. He was a person well known to that vast audience; he was a man followed by cheers and admiration up to that time, as I dare say he had all his life before; he was a man who had not only the power of saying in words what he thought, but of making his words well understood by the manner and tone in which he uttered them: he was likely, therefore, with his character, with his attainments, and with his office, to command a willing audience. Judge ye whether or not upon that occasion he had not full authority. Gentlemen, he said:—

"I will just give you a specimen of what these priests, indoctrinated at Maynooth, teach these poor creatures in reference to

the way of salvation; how they grind them down, and debase them almost as low as the beast that perisheth."

Hard words these, gentlemen, from a minister of peace! Hard words these from one who might have learned—I am sure he knows where it is written—that "the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy!" Hard words these from the Rev. Mr. Stowell! They were hard words, too, from one who ought to have remembered what is the meaning of charity and love towards his brother—that charity is kind and speaketh no evil. However, he spoke in generals up to this time. He merely said these things to the disadvantage of Maynooth, but he was drawing the eye of the audience to that particular point of his instance which pointed at Mr. Hearne as the party upon whom the execration of the meeting should fall, in proportion as they believed Mr. Stowell was right in denouncing him. Accordingly I shall read every word of the passage; but I shall first give you what he said. He gave the authority of some nondescript persons, of people without a name, whom he affected to be able to bring forward upon some occasion when the Papists should call for them; and then he charged upon Mr. Hearne a story that Mr. Hearne, the clergyman of St. Patrick's chapel—for there is no doubt about the name, there is no doubt about the office—that he, upon some occasion, about a fortnight before, adjudged a penance upon some poor creature, some poor Roman Catholic brother. It turned out to be a story about some factory man of so revolting, so abominable, so incredible, and so disgraceful a character, that if it were true, there being no authority in the Church for a priest to inflict any such penance, he would not only be, as I said before, lost in the esteem of every person who loved and esteemed him before, but he would be degraded and deprived of his benefice by his Bishop. The story goes on to say that Mr. Hearne told the man that the penance must be fully satisfied or else he should not allow him to come to the Sacraments; again charging upon the plaintiff, a clerk in holy orders in the Catholic Church, an offence which, if it were true, would entitle the Bishop to deprive him of his benefice. But I will read to you, almost without comment, what fell from Mr. Stowell upon that occasion:—

"The circumstance which I am going to narrate did not occur

in Ireland, in the darkness of Popery there; but here in Manchester, in the midst of all our daylight. (Hear, hear.)"

I am reading now from the report which was published in the paper; but I shall give you exactly the same statement from the short-hand notes of the reporter, whom I will call to give evidence. At the end of this sentence there occurred the words "hear, hear," which you know is an expression of admiration or applause usual in public meetings. Then there came the following:—

"You will perhaps not believe it; but the witnesses are prepared to come forward and prove the fact, or I would not give it to you."

Was there ever ushered in a story more likely to lead the audience to believe he had authority for it? And remember the man who is telling the story. He proceeds:—

"I will not mention their names, lest it should expose them to persecution; but if the Papists choose to come forward and demand the evidence, that evidence is forthcoming. I bear in my hand, then, a document subscribed by three of the police of Manchester; one is not a policeman at the present moment, but he was at the time that he furnished this document."

You see he came prepared with something ready cut and dried in his hand. The law will say that is a presumption of premeditated malice, much more than if the speaker had been carried away by the excitement of the moment. Mr. Stowell, however, came prepared with this document, and it was out of that document he was to convict Mr. Hearne. He proceeds:—

"He states, that he was a policeman then, in Smedley-lane, and that, one morning, a fortnight from that period"—

Then he gives this statement—

"'A dyer, going to his work, asked me if I had seen a man walking on his hands and knees the last two nights. I said that I had not, but that I had seen him doing it the last two mornings, and that I at first thought he was making his escape, or concealing himself from some pursuers, but that I subsequently took him for a cripple.'"

Then says Mr. Stowell, "Who was this mysterious person?" still keeping up the attention of his audience. He then goes on from the document:—

"'In about ten minutes after this, the dupe (these are the witness's own words) made his appearance, crawling with his hands and knees, on the roughest part of the pavement.'"

Certainly a very degrading condition for any poor creature to be in. You will see how it came, according to the author, that he was there, and that alone:—

"'I then resolved to satisfy himself, when I elicited the following answers from him:—I asked him, 'What are you doing all that about?' 'It is penance for my sins.'"

Then the audience say "Hear, hear," and there is a laugh. Mr. Stowell took occasion from that circumstance to bring the audience back again; for he said:—

"I am more disposed to weep than to laugh, my dear friends; for allow me to say, I lament that a man should think he was saving his soul, and suffering the work of the Lamb of God, by thus degrading himself under the ban of a Popish priest."

Hard words again, I say, gentlemen. What think you of it? Still, you see, no name is mentioned. "I say, I deeply lament it," adds Mr. Stowell. Hard words again. But to proceed:—

"'Could you not atone for your sins without doing that?' 'No.' 'Why?' 'Because the priest will not administer the sacrament to me till I have done it.' 'How long have you done it?' 'Four days.' 'How many more days will it take before you finish?' 'I cannot tell.' 'But when will you go to your priest to know?' 'When I have done it nine days more I shall go.' 'How many hours do you do it each day?' 'Four hours.' 'At one time?' 'No: two in the morning, and two at night.' 'Do you work at anything?' 'I work in a factory.'"

Then Mr. Stowell breaks off again, and comes in with this observation:—

"Poor fellow! working in a factory for twelve hours a-day, and then dragging on his hands and knees over the rough stones for four hours a-day more! The priest should have taken his place, and done it for him (loud cheers)."

You see the influence he had with his audience—that they shouted as far as the story had gone, although no name was yet mentioned, no person or any particular place pointed out; they submitted to be told all this by Mr. Stowell, who roused them to such a degree of indignation against the priest, that they gave

him loud applause for saying the priest should have done that penance himself. Then the document goes on :—

"'Who is your priest?' 'Mr. Hearne.' (Hear, hear, and cries of 'Shame!')"

Now, I dare say, gentlemen, you have sometimes attended public meetings, and that you know what sort of a thing what is called an honest burst of execration is; and I have no doubt you will be satisfied, when you have heard the evidence, of the way in which Mr. Hearne's name was received when he was pointed out as the priest who had enjoined this abominable, degrading, and disgraceful penance which Mr. Stowell told them of. I have not the least doubt, I say, that the audience thought as ill of Mr. Hearne as it was possible for them to do :—

"'Who is your priest?' 'Mr. Hearne.' 'What chapel do you go to?' 'St. Patrick's.' 'What is your name?' 'John O'Hara.' 'You had better come on the path, or go into that field, where it will be softer, and easy for you.' 'Oh, no; that will not be doing penance.' We now looked at his knees, which were much lacerated. We expostulated with him, but it was of no avail. He said he was a great sinner. We insisted on his desisting, but he resisted violently; took the sergeant's stick from him, and laid on us with it furiously. It was with great difficulty that we succeeded in subduing him, when I deprived him of his beads, his crucifix, and 'The Garden of the Soul,' which are now at the police station. The undersigned police constables are ready to give testimony of this.'"

That, gentlemen—that document, so read upon that occasion by Mr. Stowell, is the libel of which Mr. Hearne, the plaintiff, complains; and your province it is to judge of the effect of that which was then attributed to Mr. Hearne, the clergyman of St. Patrick's Chapel, by name—I mean that sort of penance which is degrading a rational being into something like the beast that perisheth, if it were true. But it is absolutely and entirely false that Mr. Hearne ever enjoined any such penance; it is absolutely and entirely false that he could, by any will or authority of his office, enjoin such penance; it is absolutely and entirely false that he did, by reason of any such penance not being performed, interdict the sacraments from John O'Hara or any other person. He never did so in his life; he had no authority to do

so from the discipline of the Church; and if he had done either the one or the other, he would have been declared unfit for his office, and have been deprived of it by his superiors. Is that libel, therefore, upon him to be borne? The document being ended, I shall only trouble you with one or two words which come in by way of end, and then I have done with what is the libel and slander complained of. Says Mr. Stowell—

"Now, my friends, is that an education which a Protestant British Government is authorized in supporting for a free-born people like the English people? (Applause.) Are we warranted in paying our money to educate priests thus to grind down into the dust their fellow-subjects? Did you ever hear of a Protestant minister thus lording it over God's heritage, and debasing and degrading his flock?"

And there is something more not set out in the declaration, and with which, therefore, I need not trouble you. But, however, what has Mr. Stowell acknowledged by asking this question? When he asks who ever heard of a Protestant minister thus lording it over God's heritage, I will tell him that no man in his senses ever heard of a Protestant minister in any country, or of any man, not full of the darkest suspicions of the Roman Catholic clergy, and of Mr. Hearne in particular, venturing to to believe such a miserable fabrication of such a story as that of Mr. Hearne or any Roman Catholic priest. I have the privilege, to be sure, of being a Protestant in this land; if I had been asked such a question, I should have laughed, and said, No, I never heard of such a charge against a Protestant priest; but I will tell you what I have heard: I have heard of charges as monstrous and as false not long ago made against persons who are not Christians—I mean the Jews—a most incredible story about their having mingled Christian blood with their bread. Though we should disbelieve it, it is historically true that Jews have been prosecuted even to death for such things, because some persons have been found who persuaded their own minds that such things were possible. If any man were to allege of the Jewish rabbi, that he mixed Christian blood with the bread of the passover, I appeal to you whether such a falsehood would not be injurious to the reputation of the chief priest of the Jewish religion? I say such a charge is injurious to the repu-

tation of any person, in any charge, to whom it is attributable; and I say if it be false, as this is, it is calculated to lower the man in the opinion of all who heard it at the time. And when you know the way in which reports in the newspapers carry and spread abroad intelligence, that hundreds of thousands of persons in a few hours would be led to believe the same statement made by Mr. Stowell, and thus by the foolish iniquity of a man's mouth for the moment, by his giving this instance about Mr. Hearne and this unhappy person, you find Mr. Hearne's good fame, his name, and his credit destroyed and lowered among all his friends and acquaintances, till he set himself to work to show the statement was entirely untrue. Then Mr. Hearne does set himself straight again in society; then he does, by coming into a court of justice, call upon his traducer to make good his word, to show what he had been telling is true, and if he cannot do so to take the consequences. Mr. Hearne was not present when this attack was made upon him. We cannot expect he should be. I believe the persons at the meeting were all of one way of thinking; they went there rather to support their opinion than to have it discussed. Mr. Hearne was in Ireland at the time attending his father, who was ill; but the moment he heard of it, that instant he took steps to clear his character and to have this thing put right before the public. The meeting was on the 28th April. On the 6th of May, Mr. Hearne being at that time in Ireland, instructed Mr. Gibson, his attorney, to take immediate steps to refute this base calumny. Mr. Gibson accordingly wrote a letter—to whom should he write?—to Mr. Stowell himself, the gentleman who had said, only the week before, that at the proper time and place he was ready to come forward with evidence in support of his charge. Mr. Hearne could not sit down under the imputation. He a clergyman, to be attacked and prejudiced by a clergyman of high name and station in the Church of England, like Mr. Stowell, he could not brook it, and he took immediate steps therefore to vindicate his honour and to clear his character. Mr. Gibson accordingly wrote to Mr. Stowell the following letter:—

[This letter was put in, and will be found in the evidence.]

A very proper step to take on behalf of his client, in order to be certain whether or no this monstrous thing had been cor-

rectly stated. It appeared that at that time Mr. Stowell was absent from Manchester; but Mr. Gibson, not knowing that, wrote a second letter, in which he repeated the first with a little addition :—

[This letter was also put in.]

No answer came from Mr. Stowell to either of these two letters. The second was not answered at all; but probably there might be some mistake about it, because Mr. Stowell was not in Manchester. On the 12th, however, there came an answer to the letter of the 6th; it was from Mr. Goulden, the attorney for Mr. Stowell. Mr. Goulden says :—

"Manchester, May 12, 1840.

"Sir,—The Rev. Hugh Stowell has forwarded to me your letter to him of the 6th inst., which he received in London on Friday. In answer to the question therein contained, he instructs me to say, that the report in the *Manchester Courier* to which you allude is, as usually happens from the rapidity with which he speaks, far from being correct."

Now mind, the question put to him was this—"What you said of Mr. Hearne, is that correct?" His answer is in general that, from the rapidity with which he speaks, the report is as usual far from being correct—no answer to the question whether the document relating to John O'Hara was read at the meeting by him. We shall probably have that document to-day, for we have given the defendant notice to produce it, and you will see whether it is a true document that we set up against him.

Mr. Cresswell.—I shall produce it.

Mr. Dundas.—I am sure my learned friend will do every thing that is candid, and every thing to promote the progress of the cause. Mr. Goulden's letter concluded thus :—

"I am satisfied that, from the absence of Mr. Stowell, he has not had any opportunity of comparing the document in the paper with the original, therefore any further communication upon the subject you will please address to me as his attorney.—I am, &c.

"W. W. Goulden."

"Chas. Gibson, Esq., Manchester."

This was very unsatisfactory. Of course, Mr. Hearne, or the gentleman who acted for him, would never be satisfied with that. One would have thought that Mr. Stowell would have

been glad to have come at least half way to meet Mr. Hearne, if Mr. Hearne conceived he had been libelled, and have afforded the earliest explanation. This was not a definite answer; and Mr. Gibson accordingly wrote another letter, on the next day, to Mr. Goulden, in which he said :—

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of yours of yesterday's date; and I shall be glad to know whether I am to deem it a final reply to mine of the 6th instant, addressed to Mr. Stowell, and whether Mr. Stowell is prepared to point out in what particulars the report is not correct?"

No answer came to this letter of the 13th till the 17th; and then there came this reply from Mr. Goulden, to which I call particular attention. At this time there could be no manner of doubt that Mr. Stowell must be perfectly sure Mr. Hearne was in earnest about setting his character straight. I should say so from these letters which I have read, should you not? In point of fact, although at that time the defendant did not know it, my client had issued out the writ in this action, namely, on the 15th, although it was not served till some days afterwards. Upon the 17th there came this letter from Mr. Goulden, Mr. Stowell's attorney, to Mr. Gibson, Mr. Hearne's attorney :—

"In answer to your letter of the 13th, I have now to state that Mr. Stowell is quite willing to enter into any explanation of any statement made by him in public, and, upon sufficient evidence that he had been betrayed into any mistake, at once and frankly to acknowledge it. But in the present instance, an application has been made to him through a solicitor——."

I should not have thought that extraordinary, seeing that the plaintiff was in Ireland.

"Without any previous communication with Mr. Stowell upon the part of your client, and questions have been put to him by such solicitor; any more explicit answer might lead to admissions capable of being turned to improper purposes, and not merely affecting the merits of the case."

You see, gentlemen, that Mr. Stowell had been taking right good advice from his lawyer: he found he had got into one scrape, and he was not going to fall into any more; but then was added this passage :—

"At the same time Mr. Stowell entertains the strongest con-

viction that your client is perfectly conscious of the substantial truth of the allegations used by Mr. Stowell at the meeting of the 28th."

This was written on the 17th, a month, or twenty days, after the meeting, and still he puts it to Mr. Hearne that Mr. Hearne is guilty of this thing, and that he knows he is guilty. Does not that show a degree of malice you should not have expected to find in Mr. Stowell? Does not that show he was the man to have spoken premeditatingly on the 28th, when twenty days afterwards he maintains the same ground and the same opinion; and upon what evidence did he speak? Upon the evidence of that document—we cannot tell whose it was—he reiterated this miserable story, a story as false, from the first to the last of it, as any that can be which has no truth whatever. Mr. Goulden went on—

"Under these circumstances I must, on the part of Mr. Stowell, decline for the present any other answer to your letter of the 13th inst. Mr. Stowell, however, will hold himself prepared to prove, before any legal tribunal to which your client may be pleased to summon him, the general truth of the statement read by him at that meeting."

Gentlemen, he cannot prove the truth of that statement respecting Mr. Hearne. He ought to have put upon the record it was true, if he would prove it now. He has put upon the record that he did not speak the words imputed to him, or that they were not spoken of the plaintiff in his office. The letter went on, "Your letter of the 13th instant to myself conveyed the first intimation to him of your letter dated the 8th inst. Mr. Stowell also wishes me to add, that he had not, and has not, the slightest particle of ill personal feeling against your client."

Really this is too bad. If I who do not know Mr. Stowell at all, who never had the pleasure to see or hear that gentleman—which, I believe, would be a great pleasure and instruction—if I were to-night to pick up in the street some story against him, which would vilify him, bring him into great contempt, and place his benefice in jeopardy—if I were to state upon my authority in the place where I spoke, that I had a document which I would bring forward at the proper time (when he dared to call for the proof), could I say I had no personal ill will against Mr.

Stowell if I tell a falsehood of him? What is the meaning of words and acts? If I fire a pistol into a mob, strike some person whom I never saw before and kill him, will it do to say I had no ill will against that man? If a man traduce another, has no grounds for taking away his good name, and has not truth upon his side to back him, I say he has in point of law ill will against that man. His tongue gave vent to his angry passions whilst he ought to have kept himself in order; he ought not to have allowed his zeal to outrun his discretion. Gentlemen, I will now call evidence before you to prove, in the first place, what passed at that meeting with regard to the libel. In the next place, I shall put into the box some grave and learned authorities of the Romish Church, in order to give proof before you that according to the discipline of that Church, in all modern times for a certainty, that there never was such a penance imposed as is stated in that document, so read upon that occasion, to be enjoined by Mr. Hearne upon O'Hara, is beyond the authority of any priest in the Church, and that it is all vanity and nonsense. I shall also show from the mouths of these learned persons, that if any priest of the Roman Catholic persuasion were to interdict the sacraments to any man, because he had not performed such penance as that, he would be suspended for it, and be deprived of his benefice by his superior. I shall call before you clergy and laity well acquainted with Mr. Hearne, who will tell you there is not the slightest doubt in their minds that the application of the charge is to him; indeed no rational being could have a doubt about it. Then it will be for the other side to make their defence. I will not speculate upon what sort of a defence will be set up. Surely it will not be said—it cannot be listened to for a moment if it is, I should think, by plain men of common sense—that this was fair discussion—that to single out a man and hold him up to public execration in reference to some part of his conduct which is manifestly false, is justifiable by the rules of fair discussion, or by the law of the land. I hope you will not hear such a proposition as that; because, if it were allowed, no man would be safe. You have only to call a public meeting to place every man's character in jeopardy. I need not say a word to you upon the value of character to any man whatever. To a priest of any persuasion it is valuable

beyond all count and estimation; and it is therefore that my client comes into this place for you to judge upon him—and as he would trust his life in your hands, so does he place his character. He tells you that in this hall of justice, where high and low, rich and poor, Catholic and Protestant—here at least both one and the other meet upon common ground—here he knows he shall have justice. He asks of you, if you think he has been thus grossly, unjustifiably, and unwarrantably injured, as gentlemen, to give him that for his character, by way of reparation, which, as a gentleman, he has a right to look for at the hands of an English jury; and in the name of the plaintiff I demand it. The learned counsel then resumed his seat.

John Davison, examined by Mr. WIGHTMAN.—Are you reporter to the *Manchester Courier?*—I am.

Was there a meeting called on the 28th April last, to consider the propriety of petitioning against the Parliamentary grant to the College of Maynooth?—Yes.

Was it to petition Parliament against the grant?—So it was stated in the advertisement.

It was called by public advertisement?—By handbill, I believe.

Was it held in Bywater's Rooms?—It was.

Are those rooms in Manchester, where public meetings are sometimes held?—Yes.

Did you attend the meeting there on the 28th April, as a reporter for the newspaper?—I did.

Was the meeting numerously attended?—I think by about 1500, as near as I can tell.

Who took the chair?—Mr. Stowell.

Did he address the meeting upon the object of it?—He did.

Did you take notes of what he said?—Yes.

Were they in shorthand?—Yes.

During the course of his speech, had Mr. Stowell a paper in his hand from which he read?—He said so; but as I was busy writing, I never saw it. He seemed to have one.

Have you your notes here?—Yes.

Just turn to them:—begin with these words—"I will just give you a specimen of what these priests, indoctrinated at Maynooth," &c. Did you report that in the *Manchester Courier?*—Yes.

Mr. CRESSWELL called upon the witness to read the whole of the speech from his notes.

Mr. DUNDAS.—Let the newspaper be put in, and read from. It is difficult to make out shorthand notes after such a length of time.

Mr. CRESSWELL.—We will take from the newspaper all that is oral, but we will require the document which constitutes the libel to be read from the shorthand notes.

The CLERK of the COURT then read the report from the newspaper, and when he came to the words "cheers and applause," Mr. CRESSWELL objected that they should be read, as they were not words used by Mr. Stowell.

Mr. WIGHTMAN.—Yes, leave out "applause," for it is likely it did not begin till the libel was read (laughter).

Mr. CRESSWELL.—Well then, read all, the "applause and cheers."

The Clerk then continued to read the report, until he came to the portion of it where the speakers read from the document alluded to.

Mr. WIGHTMAN.—Mr. Cresswell said he would produce the original; let him do so now.

Mr. CRESSWELL.—Here it is, recollect you have called for it; let it be put in and read.

Mr. WIGHTMAN (upon looking at it).—I don't think we will use this at all.

Mr. CRESSWELL contended that his learned friend was highly irregular. He had first called for a paper, and when it was produced he would not put it in. He apprehended his learned friend was bound to put it in.

Mr. WIGHTMAN withdrew the objection, and the document was read by the officer of the Court. It was the same as that set forth in the libel, with the exception that it was signed by a sergeant of police at Manchester, and three others, who purported to be able to give testimony to the truth of it.

The reading of the speech was then concluded, and Mr. Davison retired from the witness box.

The Rev. James Crook was next called and examined by Mr. HOGGINS, as follows:—

Are you a Catholic clergyman?—I am a Catholic clergyman.

Do you belong to any Catholic chapel in Manchester?—Yes, I am senior priest of St. Augustine's Chapel in Manchester.

Do you know the plaintiff?—Yes, I know him well.

Is he senior clergyman and priest of the chapel of St. Patrick?—He is.

Can you inform me how many years he has been so?—More than fourteen years.

How many years have you held an appointment at your chapel?—More than fifteen years.

Have you heard that statement read which alleges a penance commanded by Mr. Hearne?—I have heard it read.

The JUDGE.—We will call that the original paper.

Mr. HOGGINS.—According to the discipline and practice of Roman Catholic worship, has any individual priest authority to impose that penalty upon any sinner?—He had no such power.

Does that statement which has been read refer to the plaintiff, the Rev. Daniel Hearne?—I believe that it does.

In your judgment, sir, would that statement be calculated to bring into disparagement Mr. Hearne with his brethren of the Roman Catholic persuasion?

Mr. CRESSWELL objected to this question. He apprehended that this was no question for his learned friend to put to the witness. The issue was, whether the letter naturally tended to that effect, and whether the person who published it must have known it. He submitted, therefore, that the question was not admissible.

Mr. HOGGINS said the question was, what was the natural tendency of the libel as published by Mr. Stowell; therefore it was that he asked the witness what was the effect of the libel among the Roman Catholic priesthood.

The JUDGE thought the question could not be put in that form. They had shewn that the original paper represented the plaintiff as having done something which, according to the constitution of the Roman Catholic church, he had no right to do. He did not think it was a question of evidence whether the plaintiff had exceeded his duty, and was thereby brought into disrepute, but a subject of inference.

Mr. HOGGINS.—Very well, my Lord. If a Catholic priest [to the witness] had imposed that penance, would it have led to the interference of the bishop?—Most decidedly it would.

If a Roman Catholic clergyman imposed that penance, would the bishop have power to deprive him, if he thought proper, of his office or appointment?—Most unquestionably he would.

Cross-examined by Mr. CRESSWELL.—I observe that one question put to you was, whether an individual priest had any power to impose such penance: is there any power in your church to impose such a penalty?—I believe there is no power to impose such penance as is represented there to have been imposed.

Is there no power in your church to impose a penance by crawling upon the ground?—There is no power which would authorize an individual priest to impose it.

That is not my question; that has been answered already. My question is, is there any power in your church, in any of the functionaries of your church, to impose penance by crawling upon the ground?—I know of none.

Then am I to take your evidence as being, that there is no authority in the Church of Rome to impose penance by crawling upon the ground?—Similar to the one represented there, there is none.

I did not ask that question. My question is, is there no power in the Church of Rome to impose a penance by crawling upon the ground?—None which would degrade him before the public or in his own eyes.

I did not ask that question. My question is this—is there no power in the Church of Rome to impose a penance by crawling upon the ground?—I know of none.

Then why did you give me, a short time since, the more limited answer to my question, and why are you now prepared to give me a general answer that there is no power in the Church of Rome to impose penance by crawling upon the ground?—Because it is not always easy to foresee the questions that may arise on the different constructions that men place upon them.

You thought it very easy to see at the time the meaning of my question. Are not, in point of fact, penances frequently performed by members of the Romish Church (I do not mean by clergymen) by crawling upon the ground?—I never saw anything of that nature. I know nothing of any authority that could enjoin them, and of my own personal knowledge I know nothing of any such.

Of your own personal knowledge? I do mean to apply myself, sir, to such a penance as this—I mean you distinctly to understand, that I put it as a general question—are there any penances in the Romish Church by crawling upon the ground?—I know of none.

Do you mean to represent to me, as your evidence, that there is no such authority in the Church of Rome?—I mean to say I know of none.

Have you ever resided in Ireland?—I have never resided in Ireland. I have only been there two or three days.

Have you ever been at Rome?—I have not been at Rome.

Is it an article in the Creed of the Church of Rome that penances are to be imposed by the priests?—Penances may be imposed.

As a satisfaction for sin?—Partly medicinal, and partly as satisfaction as united with the merits of Christ; but of themselves of no value if not united with the merits of Christ.

Is it not part of the Creed of the Church of Rome that priests by adjudging small penances to heinous crimes become partakers of other men's transgressions?—That may be.

I ask if it is not so?—I think it is the opinion of some divines, but I am not bound by that.

I did not ask you that question: are different divines in the Church of Rome bound by different creeds?—Certainly they are not, but we are allowed to entertain our own opinions. We do not give up our opinions.

Do you recognize the authority of the Council of Trent?—The Council of Trent, in doctrinal matters, is recognized.

Is it not part of the doctrine of the Council of Trent that priests, by adjudging small penalties to heinous sins, become partakers of other men's transgressions?—That is matter of opinion, with regard to which I am at liberty to entertain an opinion according to my own views; we are not all of us bound by it.

Are the canons promulgated by the Council of Trent received in your Church?—In doctrinal matters they are.

Is it one of the doctrines of the Council of Trent that any person, affirming that penance as used in the Catholic Church is not truly and properly a sacrament is accursed?—That is one of the canons.

Is it one of the canons, if any person shall affirm that we can by no means make satisfaction to God for our sins through the merits of Christ, as far as temporal penalty is concerned, either by punishment inflicted upon us by him, and patiently borne, or adjudged by the priest, is not held accursed?—I must object to receive your translation or interpretation of the Council.

You may object, sir, if you please; but nevertheless I will thank you for a plain answer to my question.—That question I am not obliged to answer.

Mr. Cresswell.—Yes, but you are.

The Judge.—What is the question?

Mr. Cresswell.—I was asking him, my Lord, whether any person who affirms that we can by no means make satisfaction to God for our sins through the merits of Christ, as far as temporal punishment is concerned, either by punishments inflicted upon us by him and patiently borne, or adjudged by the priest, or by works done of our own accord, such as fasting, prayers, alms-giving—I ask whether such a person is not held by their church to be accursed?

The Judge.—It is a subject for discussion, but I hardly think it is for evidence.

Mr. Dundas.—It is a very long and difficult question, my Lord.

Witness.—It would require long investigation, and a very long collation of different passages, to ascertain whether this is a correct translation of the Council of Trent.

Mr. Cresswell.—I did not ask you that.

Witness.—Were I to admit that, I should not have an opportunity of ascertaining here whether that is a correct translation of the Council of Trent.

The Judge.—The question is not whether this is a correct translation; and I say you are bound to answer that question. The question is—whether, according to the doctrines of your church, he is held accursed to whom that question applies?

Mr. Cresswell.—Now, Mr. Crook, is it a doctrine of your church that the priest has absolute power of absolution?—He has the power of forgiving sin, under the words of Christ. That is part of our doctrine.

Is it part of your doctrine that any person who denies that power is accursed?—Certainly it is.

The JUDGE.—Really, I think, Mr. Cresswell, you are going upon dangerous ground, to sift into a clergyman's views in this way. I don't see how you will make it bear on the case.

Mr. CRESSWELL.—It is no part of my desire, my Lord, to enter into controversial doctrines, or to take upon myself an office for which I am by no means fit. I hope, my Lord, I may take credit with your Lordship for so much discretion in the management of the case, as not to take any course that may offend the most fastidious.

The JUDGE.—All my difficulty upon the subject you know. If this cause was pursued with any other object, I should think it my duty to interpose. Though I think there is no other object in view; yet, not being able to see myself how it bears upon this case, I am afraid of suffering it, lest, in the progress of the case, something may occur which persons not in your position may take advantage of. I confess I do not see at this moment how any evidence given by a priest of the Roman Catholic religion, as to the peculiar doctrines of that religion, should bear upon the present case.

Mr. CRESSWELL.—I hope by-and-by, my Lord, I shall be able to satisfy your Lordship's mind.

The JUDGE.—I think I have only done my duty.

Mr. DUNDAS.—We understand, my Lord, that my learned friend is examining this witness in order to show it is no libel in point of law, or no slander to say these things of Mr. Hearne.

Mr. CRESSWELL.—My friend really has no right to make these observations. Any question which his Lordship may think proper to put, I shall be happy to answer.

The JUDGE.—If you do not object to the question.

Mr. DUNDAS.—I have no doubt my learned friend is asking these questions with a view to raise the point of law.

The JUDGE.—Well, what is the answer of the witness? I will take it.

Mr. CRESSWELL.—The witness says, my Lord, that any person who denies the power of the priest to absolve from sin is accursed.

Mr. WIGHTMAN.—Will your Lordship allow me to make one observation. As far as my learned friend had proceeded down to these matters of doctrine there was no objection, the point being whether or not, according to the doctrines of the Roman

Catholic Church, such penances were legitimate or not; but a general inquiry into certain doctrines is, I apprehend, totally irrelevant.

The JUDGE overruled the objection.

Mr. CRESSWELL then resumed his cross-examination of the witness. Is it, the learned counsel asked, within the province of a priest of the Roman Catholic Church to prescribe to a number of his flock penances for his sins?—It is within his province.

Are there certain penances prescribed for certain sins, or is that matter left to the discretion of the priest?—More or less to the discretion of the priest.

Is there any defined limit to that discretion?—It is difficult to define that limit, just in the same way as you see a parent has dominion over a child and has power to correct it. The exact limits of correction it is difficult to define.

Are there many instances in which persons—many of them, I presume, have been canonized in your church—who have inflicted severe penances upon themselves, are held up as objects of admiration to the members of your congregations?—These are matters of ecclesiastical history about which each individual is allowed to entertain what opinion he likes.

I did not put the question, sir, as a matter of faith upon which every gentleman might entertain his own opinion, but simply as a question of fact—whether many persons who have inflicted severe penances upon themselves are not held up as objects of admiration to the members of your congregations?—Those are matters of ecclesiastical history about which every one may have his own opinion.

I ask you not as matters of fact, because you cannot have knowledge of them?—I know of no present instance.

I do not ask about present instances; we will take past instances if you please, those who have been canonized centuries ago. Are not those who have inflicted severe penances upon themselves held up to the admiration of your flocks?—These are matters of history.

Do not Roman Catholic clergymen hold up such persons to admiration?—What may be their opinions are not matters of rule to me.

I do not wish to deal with their opinions; I wish to deal with generals and not with particulars: is it not a fact that in your

church such persons are held up as objects of admiration to your flocks?

Mr. WIGHTMAN.—The witness can only speak of his own knowledge?—Of my own knowledge I am not acquainted with those things; they are matters of ecclesiastical history.

Mr. CRESSWELL.—Do you not attend sometimes the preaching of other ministers of your church?—Occasionally I do.

Has it never occurred to you to know that the clergymen of your church hold up such persons as objects of admiration?—I have no perfect or distinct recollection of any particular instance.

I do not ask you for such particular instance: have you not a general recollection that such a practice is common in your church?—Things of that sort may happen.

I am afraid that is not a legal answer: I must take the liberty of pressing it a little further. Do not such things take place?——

The JUDGE.—Which you have known of your own knowledge?—I do not recollect, my Lord; I cannot charge my memory with any particular name.

Mr. CRESSWELL.—Does it not accord with your experience?

Mr. HOGGINS.—Is it within your own knowledge?

Mr. CRESSWELL.—Mr. Hoggins! Mr. Hoggins! I beg my friend will leave his leader to object.

The JUDGE.—Are you able to say, from attending the services of your own church, that persons are held up to admiration by reason of having inflicted severe penalties upon themselves?—Not merely in consequence of those extraordinary things, but as individuals who have put them in practice; not merely on account of those extraordinary things imposed upon them, but which they might either practise or not.

Is the power of suspension or deprivation discretionary in the bishop?—Discretionary.

Re-examined by Mr. DUNDAS.—You said it was the province of the priest to enjoin penance?—I did.

Is it the province of the priest in any circumstances, or of any dignitary of any kind, in your church, by the authority of the Council of Trent or otherwise, to enjoin such penance as is described in this document, should he be enjoined by the priest?—In none.

You say the penance is discretionary with the priest, according

to the sin of the man—is that as to private penance ?—No private priest has the power to impose public penance—no priest, I should say.

Do you mean such a priest as Mr. Hearne is at St. Patrick's ? —Yes.

May I ask you, if you please, what are the private penances usually enjoined ?—Prayer, fasting, and alms-deeds, with the practice of self-denial.

The JUDGE.—Did I take this answer down correctly—" There is no power of imposing such a penance as is mentioned in that paper in any priest ?"—In no priest, my Lord.

Dr. Hanlan, examined by Mr. MURPHY.—What is your Christian name, Dr. Hanlan ?—John Hanlan.

Dr. Hanlan, I understand you are professor of theology in the college of Maynooth ?—I am.

How long have you held that situation ?—I think I may have held it for twelve years.

Is it your duty, in that capacity, to teach the highest class there of students in divinity ?—It is—students in their last year of divinity.

I presume you are acquainted with the discipline of the Catholic Church upon matters of enjoining penance ?—Yes, I think I am.

Have you heard from the libel read to-day the penance there stated to have been imposed by the Rev. Daniel Hearne upon John O'Hara ?—I have.

Is it consistent with your knowledge of the discipline of the Roman Catholic Church, that Mr. Hearne had any authority to impose such a penance ?—I am convinced he had no such authority.

Is it consistent with that discipline ?—It is quite opposed to the discipline of the Catholic Church.

Would the imposition of such a penance by the priest, in your judgment, lead to the interference of the bishop ?—I think it would.

Would the bishop so interfering have power to suspend a priest from the exercise of his functions for the excess of his authority ?—I think he would most grossly violate his duty if he did not.

Do you think he would have power to deprive him, for a term, of his benefice in the Roman Catholic Church ?—Yes.

Do you know, in the Catholic Church, of any power the priest has to suspend the giving of absolution to the penitent till after the time of penance has been fulfilled?—Until after the penance has been fulfilled, in some instances the priest can withhold absolution, in some he cannot. He can when he thinks the party is not properly disposed; or where the party has uniformly neglected private penance, the priest can require he should observe private penance before he gives absolution; but if the party has been faithful in the period of penance, and is otherwise well disposed, the priest cannot, according to the present discipline of the Church, withhold absolution.

The JUDGE.—Let me take that answer more generally: the priest has no power to withhold absolution except where the penance has been neglected before, or the party is not well disposed?—Yes, my lord.

Mr. MURPHY.—Will you explain what you mean by the words "well disposed?"—I mean not sufficient sorrow for sins past, or sufficient promise of amendment for the future.

Cross-examined by Mr. CRESSWELL.—Dr. Hanlan, are not penances sometimes performed by crawling upon the ground?—I never heard of any; I never heard of a penance by crawling upon the ground.

Penance performed by kneeling bare-kneed upon the ground?—I do not know anything, from personal knowledge, of such penance having been performed.

Have you had much personal knowledge of the manner in which penances are commonly performed?—I have had the knowledge of twelve years' experience; I am a priest myself.

In the college?—In the college, and sometimes upon the mission. Generally speaking, I act in my college; but in the vacation I follow my profession, and of course I have derived some experience from that.

Have you never seen penances performed by penitents on their knees?—Never in my life.

Do you know, by personal experience, of persons setting out upon pilgrimages to different places of holy repute in Ireland?—Do I know of persons setting off?

Yes, of your own knowledge?—I do not know of my own knowledge of any individuals. I have, of course, heard of such persons. I suppose you mean Lord ——'s?

You have never been there when parties have come?—No; I have never been there.

Do you know that there are a number of priests who set off for Loch Darrig, for the purpose of assisting penitents there?—I can answer that; but I speak from heresay. There are.

Is it a part of the discipline of the Roman Catholic Church that there should be priests stationed there?—It is certainly no part of the discipline of the Church that there should be priests there; but the bishop may have power to appoint them. I do not know they are there of my own knowledge.

Dr. Murdoch, examined by Mr. DUNDAS.—What is your Christian name, sir?—John.

Are you a bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland?—I am.

Have you heard of the penance which is mentioned in the document read to-day?—I have.

Has a priest of the Roman Catholic Church any authority to enjoin such a penance as that?—He has none.

Crawling upon his hands and knees in the road?—He has none.

For two hours in the morning and one at night?—He has not for one minute.

As you are a bishop, I will ask you this question—If a priest were to enjoin such a penance, and if it were brought to your notice, should you consider it your duty to interfere?—I should consider it my duty at once.

Would it subject a priest, so misbehaving himself, to ecclesiastical censure?—Undoubtedly: I should consider it my duty to suspend him, and probably for ever, because I should think such a want of common sense and conduct would render him incapable of filling the office again.

Cross-examined by Mr. CRESSWELL.—You would think he had not exhibited such a quantity of sense as would prohibit you from interposing?—Yes, I should.

Have you ever been at Rome?—I have never been at Rome.

Nor at Loch Darrig?—I have heard of the name, but I have never been there.

Have you been principally resident in Scotland?—Sometimes I have resided out of it, but I am principally resident in the

Glasgow district. I have not performed permanent duty elsewhere.

The following letters were then put in, and read by the CLERK of the COURT:—

"St. James's Square, Manchester, 6th May, 1840.

"Sir,—The Rev. Daniel Hearne, of St. Patrick's Chapel, in this town, who is at present in Ireland, attending upon the deathbed of his father, has sent me instructions to take the necessary steps to refute the libel upon his character, published in the *Manchester Courier*, in the report of a speech delivered by you respecting the Government grant to Maynooth College. I have to request you, therefore, to inform me whether the report in that paper is a correct report of what you said upon the occasion, and whether the document copied into that paper, relating to John O'Hara, was read by you at the meeting. An immediate reply will oblige, &c. "CHAS. GIBSON."

"The Rev. Hugh Stowell."

"St. James's Square, Manchester, May 8th, 1840.

"Sir,—Not having received an answer to my letter dated the 6th instant, respecting the libel upon the Rev. Daniel Hearne's character, I beg to send you a copy of that letter lest the original may have miscarried. You are reported to have said that if the Papists chose to come forward to demand the evidence of your charge, that evidence was forthcoming. I have now, upon the part of the Rev. Daniel Hearne, to request you to furnish me with a copy of the document referred to in my letter of the 6th instant, together with the names of the parties by whom it is signed, and their addresses. You will also oblige by appointing a time and place, at your earliest convenience, when the original may be inspected.—I am, Sir, "CHARLES GIBSON."

"The Rev. H. Stowell."

"Manchester, 13th May, 1840.

"Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of yours of yesterday's date, and I shall be glad to know whether I am to deem it a final reply to mine of the 6th instant, addressed to the Rev. H. Stowell, or whether Mr. Stowell is prepared to prove, and in what particulars, the report of his speech in the *Manchester Courier* is incorrect. With regard to my second letter to Mr. Stowell, dated the 8th instant, requesting to be furnished with a

copy of the document read by him, together with the names and addresses of the parties who are said to have signed it, and for the appointment of a day to inspect the original, I must beg to know whether that request is to be complied with.—I am, &c.,

"CHARLES GIBSON."

"W. W. Goulden, Esq.,
54, King Street, Manchester."

"Manchester, 17th May, 1840.

"Sir,—In answer to your letter of the 13th instant, I have now to state, that Mr. Stowell is quite willing to enter into an explanation of any statement made by him in public; and upon sufficient evidence that he has been betrayed into any mistake, at once and frankly to acknowledge it. But in the present instance an application has been made to him through a solicitor, without any previous communication with Mr. Stowell upon the part of your client; and questions having been proposed to him by such solicitor, any more explicit answer might lead to admissions capable of being turned to improper purposes, and not really affecting the merits of the case. At the same time Mr. Stowell entertains the strongest conviction that your client is perfectly conscious of the substantial truth of the allegations read by Mr. Stowell at the meeting on the 28th. Under these circumstances I must, on the part of Mr. Stowell, decline for the present any other answer to your letter of the 13th instant. Mr. Stowell, however, will hold himself prepared to prove, before any legal tribunal to which your client may be pleased to summon him, the general truth of the statement read by him at that meeting, and to convince the public of its accuracy. I may add, that your letter of the 13th instant, to myself, conveyed the first intimation to him of your letter dated the 8th instant. Mr. Stowell wishes me to say that he had not, and has not, the slightest particle of personal feeling against your client.—I am, &c.,

"W. W. GOULDEN."

"Charles Gibson, Esq.,
St. James's Square, Manchester."

Mr. DUNDAS—That is the case for the plaintiff, my lord.

Mr. CRESSWELL then rose to address the court and jury on the part of the reverend defendant. He spoke to the following effect:—May it please your lordship, and gentlemen of the jury,—My learned friend, in opening this case before you, was pleased

to state that he felt under a considerable weight of anxiety and embarrassment, on account of the very grave and important duty which he had this day to discharge. Gentlemen, if that was the case with him, I shall show you, in a very few words, that my situation is much more deserving of—I might almost say compassionate feeling; for I do indeed consider the task which I have to grapple with of such intense, of such momentous importance, that I dare not enter upon it without bespeaking your most favourable and your most indulgent verdict. Believe me, gentlemen, I trust that all who have known me for years will believe that I am very far above affecting a feeling by which I am not oppressed,—that I am very far above the miserable affectation of trying to appear alarmed and anxious, when in truth no such difficulties stand in my way. And indeed, gentlemen, I have been too long practised in the ways of courts of justice to feel oppressed at any case which involves merely a trifling amount of money upon one side or the other, which in truth is a matter of very trivial importance. But in this case a much more weighty responsibility rests upon the advocate who has to defend this action against the vigour, the learning, the labour, the talent, and the tact of my learned friend. For, gentlemen, at the outset, it is plain I have to defend my client, the Rev. Mr. Stowell, not against a demand of money, not against any attempt upon his pocket, but against an attempt upon that which he values more than money, aye, more than life itself—an attempt upon his character. It was not, proceeded the learned counsel, because Mr. Stowell had libelled Mr. Hearne, that this action was brought. His learned friend's speech, on the contrary, which was the speech of his client, was a libel,—a slander of the deepest dye and character upon the defendant, Mr. Stowell. His learned friend was not content, in opening his case, to say, as he had at the outset, that Mr. Stowell had allowed his zeal to outrun his discretion; that he had suffered himself to be imposed upon without considering who he was about to attack, and without inquiring whether what he said was with or without foundation, and that, therefore, he was responsible to the law for what he had stated. His learned friend was not content with allowing the legal interference of malice in that publication, but he imputed to the reverend defendant that, in

coming forward as an advocate for the Protestant Church, of which he was a member and a minister,—that, in coming forward to enlighten his hearers in Manchester, in seeking to advocate and urge the cause of the Protestant Church, which he (the learned counsel) hoped would ever triumph, he used it as a cloak for maliciousness, imputing to him the base and malicious design of not intending to advance the Protestant cause,—of not intending to enlighten the people upon the errors of the Romish Church,—but the gratification of a base, malignant feeling he had imbibed against the plaintiff. Such was the attack upon Mr. Stowell. He (Mr. Cresswell) did not impute, upon the other hand, that this was an attack on Mr. Stowell from malice against him; he did not impute to those who instructed his learned friend, that they were desirous of injuring Mr. Stowell individually and particularly: no, but he said they were desirous, by means of this attack upon him, of putting down free discussion on matters of religion. He declared that; and when his learned friend talked about the rights of Englishmen, and the value he put upon those rights, and that he would claim for all the right of free discussion, it was mere pretence on the part of his client; for the object of this action was not to vindicate Mr. Hearne's character, but that the Roman Catholic Church might frighten the advocates of the Protestant Church from coming forward again to petition Parliament to withdraw the annual grant from Maynooth. If, therefore, his learned friend had an anxiety to press the defendant, it must only have been as the advocate for Mr. Hearne, because he could feel no sympathy with the large motives of his client. He must only feel as an advocate for the character of the man whose cause was in question. He (Mr. Cresswell), upon the other hand, had the character of Mr. Stowell to protect against this charge of wilful malice. He had the sacred right of Englishmen to protect; and he trusted that the jury, by their verdict in this case, would protect that right, the right of exposing the doctrines which they might deem erroneous, and to bring the professors of such doctrines to a rational faith. Let them not imagine he was about to enter into a theological discussion. Far be it from him to presume upon a flight so far above that which belonged to his province. His learned friend

and himself were not educated for such things; it was no part of their daily contemplations to prepare to argue such questions. He would avoid theological discussion. He thought he had ample materials before him to show that Mr. Stowell had acted as every Englishman had a right to act, and as every conscientious clergyman must feel himself bound to act, in making the attempt which he did at this public meeting to prevent any future grant to a college which he and many others thought was the means of diffusing erroneous and dangerous maxims. The right which he was now claiming on his behalf was a right which his learned friend might well call sacred; but it was somewhat extraordinary that he should this day, appearing on behalf of his client, insist that that right should not be invaded. How was that right won? It was won by the perseverance and by the courage of those who exposed themselves to and endured hardships in prison, tyranny from the governors of the state, and death upon the scaffold at the hands of the civil power, death at the stake by fires lighted by bigotry and intolerance. And should we lightly forego such a right? Should a Christian clergyman and a member of the Protestant Church, if he could prevent it, allow that spiritual darkness again to pervade the land which was attended with such disastrous consequences before, and out of which state of darkness we could only be lighted by those fires which were the means of destroying the martyrs before? His learned friend had given them the history of the College of Maynooth; he had informed them, that for many years past it had been the yearly practice of the House of Commons of the united empire to vote a certain sum of money for the maintenance of students in that college to be educated in the Roman Catholic faith, for the purpose of their afterwards teaching the people. He had put two or three questions to a clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church to-day, not for the purpose of entering into theological discussion, but for the purpose of pointing out that there were matters in the creed of that Church which might well be supposed to shock and alarm a clergyman of the Protestant Church of England—to make him feel it his duty to come forward whenever he could and prevent the spread of those doctrines. Such was the feeling of the reverend defendant upon the occasion of the meeting in question. The

period of the year was approaching when Parliament, according to its wonted custom, might be expected to make the usual grant to Maynooth. What was Mr. Stowell to do? He having these views in common with many, many others, and deeming this grant a national sin,—for the effect of the grant was to diffuse religious opinions which, in his view, were erroneous, calculated to mislead those who were instructed in them, and not to lead them to salvation,—Mr. Stowell, having these views, went to that meeting. Who would quarrel with him for attempting to controvert errors of so grave a nature? Who could blame him for entertaining the opinion, or for propagating it, that to support such doctrines was a national sin? It was admitted, that parties who felt interested in any questions before Parliament had a right to petition Parliament, either for or against them. Would it be said, that, upon a question of this description, Mr. Stowell had no right to address an assembly of the people in that town in which his church and congregation were? It might be said, he ought not to have introduced an argument of this description, but the meeting was public: it was for a perfectly legitimate object, and Mr. Stowell was justified in addressing it, provided he did so without malice against any individual,—if he did it to instruct the people on what he deemed the errors of the Church of Rome, to point out her errors and her dangers, and to excite them to petition Parliament against doing any thing that might assist them. As to the speech of the reverend defendant, it was addressed to one particular doctrine of the Church of Rome. He (Mr. Cresswell) had taken the liberty of inquiring a little what that doctrine was; and he found that the doctrine of penance, as enjoined by the Roman Catholic Church, acknowledged it was a sacrament, a duty imposed at the discretion of the priest as a satisfaction for sin, and, moreover, that those who denied the absolute power of the priests to remit sin upon such terms were to be held accursed. What was a Protestant clergyman to think of this? Was it not likely to alarm and shock him, that man should presume to set himself up as the judge between God and His creatures,—that he should pretend to say that he should assume the Almighty's province, and prescribe the satisfaction that was to be made to Him? If these doctrines were true, then of course Mr. Stowell would be

in error in thinking them erroneous; if they were false, how perilous must be the position of that man who had been instructed to rely upon such false doctrines,—who had no sounder ground for his hope of salvation prescribed by himself,—who went on to the last hour in the vain hope, that, so long as he had obtained absolution from his priest, all was safe? He disclaimed all intention of entering upon a discussion of this subject, and he merely pointed it out as the reason why Mr. Stowell felt it his duty, as a Protestant minister, to endeavour, by all the means in his power, to save, if it were but one individual, from the dangers into which such doctrine might unhappily plunge him. To that meeting, then, he went; and when he (Mr. Cresswell) reminded the jury of the speech he then delivered, let him ask them if they believed Mr. Stowell had any malice against any individual, —whether he had any malicious intention against any collection of individuals,—whether he had any design to injure them, or any other object but the single one which a Protestant clergyman ought always to find praise for, namely, the object of protecting the ignorant against the errors and the superstitions of the Popish Church? And he (Mr. Cresswell) now proclaimed the ground upon which he rested this case. If Mr. Stowell acted fairly,—if he discharged his duty faithfully—if he had no malice in his heart—if he had stated nothing but what he believed to be true,—then, in point of law, that was no libel, and the plaintiff could not maintain this action for it. His learned friend had introduced to them, in the course of his speech, a view of the law taken from a case which he quoted; but they would find that was applicable to a by-point only, and not to the true one which they would have to decide. Let him see what it was the reverend gentleman had said. It was admitted, on all hands, that the object of the meeting was to prevent the renewal of a grant which he deemed dangerous. He came to the discussion of the question thus:—"The great question of education, in all its bearings, is now before us: whether it be the education of Maynooth; or whether it be education according to the mongrel system of Ireland; or whether it be education according to the motley rubric in England, the offspring of the Privy Council committee." Did his learned friend mean to say, that the members of the Privy Council might have brought an action against Mr. Stowell for a

libel upon them? Then, the defendant went on to say, "We thought that a petition on such a subject could not but command the hearts and hands of all sound Protestants." The first object, therefore, that they petitioned for—for they petitioned for several things—against the Irish system of education and against the order of the privy council, which were carried, after long speeches and short majorities,—"The first object," proceeded the reverend defendant, "against which we protest, on the present occasion, is that long granted, but not therefore legalized and justified, grant to the Popish College of Maynooth." Then, he proceeded to discuss the errors of Popery, with great powers of eloquence. The learned counsel proceeded to analyze the entire speech and the letter, and to contend, that no malice could be inferred from them to exist in the mind of the defendant against the plaintiff. The first remark that struck him, with reference to the letter, was the fact, that it was never addressed to Mr. Stowell. It was not concocted and prepared by him for the purpose of display at that meeting; but it was addressed to Mr. Pratt, printer, Bridge-street, so late as February, 1840. His learned friend had not called John O'Hara, or produced any evidence that the penance was not performed, as described. He (Mr. Cresswell) did not mean to say, that his learned friend was bound to do that; but surely, when he was upon the point of malice—when he was to prove that the whole was an invention —when he was to prove, that Mr. Stowell knew it to be false, and that he produced it for the purpose of destroying Mr. Hearne's character, how important would it have been had John O'Hara shown he had never made such a statement to the policeman. That would have been legitimate evidence, which would have been extremely important; but he (Mr. Cresswell) did not impute to the plaintiff, that he shrunk from calling John O'Hara from an improper motive, because both he (Mr. Cresswell) and his learned friend knew perfectly well why John O'Hara could not be produced as a witness. He merely mentioned this in order that, if there should be any suggestion that the defendant might have called him, that the jury might know there was a reason why he could not be called. But did he put the defence upon that ground? No. He denied that there was malice; he denied that this was a libel, provided the jury, upon the face of

the letter, coupled with the reverend defendant's speech, were of opinion that Mr. Stowell was acting fairly and honestly in the spirit of a Christian clergyman. In that case there was no libel. He would draw their attention now to that of which the plaintiff complained. He put his own construction upon the alleged libel, and said, it was calculated to injure him in his office. The jury would observe, that he did not put truth as the ground which might bring the censures of the church upon him. Now, Mr. Stowell's motive was not a powerful one against Mr. Hearne, but merely to hold up the Roman Catholic doctrines as erroneous, which he was in duty bound to do, and therefore there was no libel. A word now upon the manner in which the alleged libel was stated. Was there any term of reproach; was there any manifest and glaring intention to injure the plaintiff as an individual? Was moral turpitude imputed to him? Was there any imputation upon him that he had violated his duty as a priest? No. The libel was, that he had done that which, as a priest, believing and teaching the doctrines of the Church of Rome, he was bound to do. The learned gentleman concluded his speech in these words:—Connected with this case, also, is the privilege of public speaking, the privilege of freely uttering our opinions without fear of consequences, without apprehensions of evil results, upon all subjects, whether civil or religious, and all questions of government, provided there be no malice. I say I believe that to be the true point in this case. The manner in which it was opened, the parade we have had of Roman Catholic clergymen, all evince it. It is to be the triumph of the Roman Catholic Church over the reverend defendant,—the triumph of the Roman Catholic Church over Protestantism in his person: it is the first step to put down free discussion, by means of which light first dawned upon this land. No object could be more sacred to the defendant than the propagation of the Protestant faith as established by law; but remember, that our freedom as men depends much upon our freedom in matters of religion. Once fetter the mind upon such subjects, and the body will soon learn to put on fetters too: civil and religious liberty must stand and fall together; they are the twin glories of our land, the protectors of our happiness here and the condition of our hopes of happiness hereafter. That liberty is now asked in

the person of my client. In his person I commit him to your charge, surrendering, with trembling anxiety, his interests that were committed to me, a too feeble advocate, to the enlightened, the dispassionate judgment of those who have always been the first and the firmest guardians of our happiness. The learned gentleman then sat down, his address having lasted exactly an hour.

The JUDGE then summed up. After some general remarks upon the importance of the case, he told the jury, that they must know no distinctions in point of right between the Roman Catholic religion, the religion of the State, or any form of tolerated dissent. All were equal in the eye of the law; and in the eye of the law all were equally entitled to redress for any injury they might have sustained. The plaintiff came before them as a priest of the Roman Catholic religion; and he sought compensation in damages at their hands for that which he characterised as a foul libel upon him, imputing to him practices derogatory to his character as a man, and calculated to injure him as a priest. The learned counsel for the defendant was wrong when he stated, that in the eye of the law this was not a libel. That Mr. Stowell read the paper in question, there was no manner of doubt. That was proved, and not denied. The defence suggested was matter of law. The law of the case the jury were bound to receive, and he had no doubt they would receive it, from him. He would state it as distinctly as he could, and if he made an error, the Court of Queen's Bench would set him right. In the discharge of his duty, therefore, he told them, that the law, as stated by the learned counsel for the defendant, was entirely wrong. There was no such principle known to our law as that a man might go to a public meeting and read documents to the disparagement of the character of another individual. God forbid that we should ever live in such a state of society as that. Referring to the evidence of the priest as to certain doctrines of the Roman Catholic religion, the learned Judge said there was one answer to which he felt bound to advert. He meant the answer to the question, whether it was part of the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church that a priest had power to forgive sins? He thought there ought not to go abroad upon one side or the other any prejudice about peculiar

tenets, because the witness might not have fully explained his answer. The witness said it was part of the Roman Catholic doctrines that the priest had power to forgive sins according to the words of Christ, and that any person denying such power was accursed. This was really beside the subject, but he must caution the jury against taking the answer of the witness literally. He was no advocate there for the Church of Rome—God forbid, if she wanted one, that she should have one so feeble, or so little inclined to her doctrines as himself, to advocate her tenets; but this much he must say, if the jury had asked that gentleman to interpret a little more minutely what he meant by saying the priest had power to forgive sins—he did not mean he would give the same interpretation to the words as a Protestant clergyman would, but that it would have approached much nearer to that than the phrase, taken literally, appeared to do. So would the words, that any person denying that power was held accursed. In reference to the subject of damages, his lordship said that when a libel was proved the law implied malice, but in assessing the amount of compensation, the whole circumstances of the case were to be taken into consideration. Heavy damages ought not to be given against a party who had libelled another without any intention of maliciously injuring his character. That the defendant had not gone to the meeting for the deliberate purpose of traducing the character of Mr. Hearne, might be inferred from various circumstances. All his remarks referred to Maynooth. The amount of damages would be a question for the jury; and he would conclude by reminding them that it did not appear that the defendant, at the time he uttered the libel, had any deliberate malice towards the plaintiff, or any intention of injuring his character.

The jury then consulted; and, in the course of a few minutes, they delivered a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 40s.

We must add an extract from a leading article of the *Liverpool Standard* of the same date:—

"The trial of Hearne *v.* Stowell, a lengthened report of which appears in our paper of to-day, is one of the greatest importance to a Protestant community, and pregnant with considerations of a peculiarly grave and affecting character. We therefore invite

an attentive perusal of the whole proceedings, convinced that they are calculated to throw considerable light, not only on the monstrous assumptions of the Romish priesthood, but also on the fatal tendencies of the insidious and semi-infidel principles of modern liberalism.

"The speech of Mr. Dundas, it will be seen, is pervaded throughout by that indiscriminate sort of charity which recognises no difference between truth and error, but which treats with the same complacent indulgence all sects and denominations, and every form of faith. We believe that Mr. Dundas is a Protestant—we presume that he is a member of the Church of England; but we cannot help expressing our opinion, after making every allowance for the license of counsel, that he even went so far as to sink the advocate in the partisan, in his efforts to disparage the conduct of those members of the Church of England, whose feelings in reference to the tyranny of the Popish priesthood are in unison with those of Mr. Stowell. He really appears as if he did not so much endeavour to vindicate the character of his client from the alleged slander on which the action was grounded, as to clear Popery from those general charges brought against that system of abominations by those who are zealously affected in the good cause of Protestantism. We grieve that we have to express ourselves in such terms in reference to a gentleman of such distinguished worth and talent.

"But to pass on. The examination of the Rev. Mr. Crook deserves an attentive consideration. The answers reluctantly given by this true son of the Church of Rome, in the course of his examination by Mr. Cresswell, afford a very true picture of the tyrannical assumptions of that apostate church. When he was asked whether it was a doctrine of the Church of Rome, that the priest has absolute power of absolution? his answer was, '*He has the power of forgiving sin, under the words of Christ. That is part of our doctrine.*' Again, when Mr. Cresswell asked, 'Is it part of your doctrine *that any person who denies that power is accursed?*' the answer was—'*Certainly it is.*' We wish particularly to draw the attention of our readers to these words. They plainly and unequivocally express the unlimited power of absolution vested in the priest, according to the doctrines of the Church of Rome. Mr. Crook does not contend for a merely *de-*

claratory power of absolution, such as the Church of England acknowledges in her ritual. Far from it. There can be no mistake about the matter. Mr. Crook's words are too explicit to give rise to any erroneous impression. Our reasons for insisting upon this will shortly appear.

"Passing over the remainder of the trial, we would next draw attention to the remarks which were volunteered by the learned judge, while addressing the jury. It is with extreme reluctance and diffidence that we advert to anything said by a judge in his judicial capacity; but when we find observations of a supererogatory character introduced into the address of even a judge of the land, the most rigid sense of reverence for the law and its administrators need not prevent us from criticising such observations. When we find Baron Rolfe telling the jury that 'they must know no distinctions in point of right between the Roman Catholic religion, the religion of the State, or any form of tolerated dissent,' and that 'all are equal in the eye of the law,' we cannot but say that there appears to be something contradictory in this mode of expression. The very terms 'religion of the State' imply an inequality. But this is of small moment. Of a far graver character are the remarks which fell from the Judge in reference to that part of the evidence of Mr. Crook which related to the assumed power of absolution on the part of the Romish Church. On this point he said—'There was one answer to which he felt bound to advert. He meant the answer to the question whether it was part of the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, that a priest had power to forgive sins. He thought there ought not to go abroad, on the one side or the other, *any prejudice* about *peculiar tenets*, because the witness might not have fully explained his answer. The witness said it was part of the Roman Catholic doctrines, that the priest "had power to forgive sins, according to the words of Christ," and that "any person denying such power was accursed." This was really beside the subject; but he must caution the jury *against taking the answer literally*. He (the learned Judge) was no advocate there for the Church of Rome. God forbid, if she wanted one, that she should have one so feeble, and so little inclined to her doctrines as himself, to advocate her tenets; but this much he would say, *if the jury had asked that gentleman to interpret a little*

more minutely what he meant by saying the priest had power to forgive sins—he did not mean he would give the same interpretation to the words as a Protestant clergyman would, *but that it would have approached much nearer to that than the phrase taken literally appeared to do. So would the words, that any person denying that power was accursed.*' In thus volunteering an exposition of Mr. Crook's language, Baron Rolfe has actually given rise to an erroneous impression where there was none previously existing. The doctrine of plenary absolution was distinctly set forth by Mr. Crook, as well as the penalty attached to its disbelief. Nothing could be plainer than the language in which his answers were couched. Is it not melancholy to find a judge upon the bench confounding this doctrine, so derogatory to the honour of the Almighty, with the doctrine held by the church to which he professedly belongs? But we need scarcely wonder when we hear such latitudinarian views expressed by one of the judges of the land, when we find so much laxity of principle, and such gross ignorance and perversion of Protestant truth, even from the lips of our Whig-created bishops. When we see these things, we cannot avoid exclaiming, "*Heu! pietas! Heu! prisca fides!*" When shall we again see the bench occupied by such men as good Matthew Hale?"

This report, though long, was too important to be omitted, or even thrown into an appendix, where few would read it. The trial had to a great extent the moulding of Mr. Stowell's future life.

The sympathy which Mr. Stowell received after the trial, must have been highly gratifying to his feelings, as well as a full confirmation of the truth and justice of his cause. A subscription, limited to small sums, was immediately set on foot towards the payment of his expenses; though some of his wealthy friends would very gladly have repaid the whole. But the communications he received, from those who were eye-witnesses of the scenes they describe were still

more important. Of these we give a few specimens:—

"Castlebar, Ireland, July 29, 1840.

"Sir,—I am glad the Romish Church is going before the British public in any shape. I cannot give much information on the subject of penance. The best modern statement of facts I know is 'The Holy Wells of Ireland,' by Philip Dixon Hardy. (Dublin: Second Edition, 1836.) It contains a summary of all the pilgrimages and penances in Ireland, with Maps and Prints, *ad captandum*—it is a small pamphlet.

"I was present in Ball, a village near this, in August 1838, and saw several poor Romanists performing penances on their knees. I saw a woman suffering apparently great pain from the torture of crawling bare-kneed along the gravel, and over the tomb stones of that place of pilgrimage and penance. I did not see the laceration, or hear from the penitent who sent her there. I saw the poor Romanists performing their penances on the top of Croagh Patrick, a mountain near Westport. I did not see any laceration, but great bodily labour and exertion in performing the station. This was about twelve years ago.

"I enclose a printed letter of the Rev. J. R. Page. He was at Ball, near Castlebar, in 1831; he is in England, in London or near it; he could give valuable evidence. I strongly recommend that he should be examined.

"There is a man just gone from this to Liverpool, named James Meredith, a Scripture Reader: he is

employed by the Rev. Joseph Baylee, at Woodside, near Liverpool. Meredith knows much of the workings of Popery in Ireland—he has in his possession a real *scapular*, and also the cord of St. Francis—a knotted whip-cord, which was worn by way of penance by some superstitious votary. You could easily get him from Woodside by writing to Mr. Baylee. As I wish to write by return of post, I will reserve any other proofs I can find or information to another day.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"WILLIAM B. STONEY."

"To Wm. W. Goulden, Esq."

"Castlebar, August 12th, 1840.

"SIR,—Since I wrote to you I have seen the gross and degrading superstition of crawling on the knees. In the village of Ball, about six miles from Castlebar, there is a celebrated place for pilgrims. Yesterday, the 11th of August, being the fair day, I went there. Two women (elderly) came into the grave-yard where I was: there was a man named John Foster with me; we saw the wretched devotees crawling on their bare knees along the yard, over tomb-stones or large flags, which almost entirely cover the burying place; these flags, or tomb-stones, are not cut or smoothed, but very rough and uneven, they are for the most part not raised, but laid in a rough way on the ground; the intervals between these misshapen and rugged flags were rough gravel and clay, calculated, together with the unevenness and edges of the flags, to inflict great torture

on the unhappy sufferer. It is impossible for the performer of the penance to escape without lacerated knees: these two women appeared to me to suffer severely. I noticed in the hand of one a string of blue beads, with which she appeared to be endeavouring to keep account of the prayers she was saying; this she held up before her; with the other hand she endeavoured to assist herself in crawling along over the uneven stones and clay; every step, or rather crawl, she took, one or other of the hands had to be employed keeping the clothes from getting under the bare knees, lest any mitigation of the penance should be felt, to support her body, to relieve the torture of the knees, to assist to crawl along, to uphold at the same time the string of beads in order to keep count; to keep the clothes from getting under the knees seemed altogether too much for the two hands, yet such was the wretched state of this poor unhappy votary of Popery. She must have suffered miserably; and though I did not see her knees, I have no doubt they were torn, lacerated, and bruised. I left the disgusting scene, shocked at the misery inflicted by the Mystery of Iniquity on my poor miserable fellow-creature.

"The man who was with me saw a great many going through the same torture earlier in the day. He spoke to some of them, and endeavoured to point out the evil of their self-inflicted tortures. None of them would tell that the priest sent them there.

"I purpose to go to Croagh Patrick, the Reek, next

Saturday. It is a great day for doing penance, being 'Lady-day in harvest.' There will be a vast concourse there. I will let you know the result, and will endeavour to question some as to who sent them there.

"If I can be of any use to Mr. Stowell at the trial, I could be in Liverpool Tuesday evening, or early Wednesday morning, with the result of my observations in both places, Ball and Croagh Patrick.

"If you write on Friday, I think your letter will reach me on Sunday, the 16th.

"I am, sir, your faithful servant,

"William B. Stoney."

"To W. W. Goulden, Esq."

"Castlebar, August 17th, 1840.

"Sir,—I write, not having heard from you yesterday, and desirous of giving all the information I can on the subject of penance. I ascended Croagh Patrick on Saturday. It is a task of great labour and toil; the day was very fine below, but the summit was enveloped in clouds and heavy wetting mist. It is an ascent of about two miles, part through soft mountain bog, part loose shifting stones and gravel, and the last or upper part, mounting to the cone or apex of the mountain, almost as steep as a step-ladder, but not so easy, from loose stones, rivulets, &c. About half way there is a rough heap of stones with a beaten track way around; here there were several men and women, some on their bare knees, some running round the heap barefooted. This is the first station.

From thence we ascended the difficult cone of the top of the mountain: and what a sight! All the top was enveloped in heavy wetting mist. A number of men and women were running round barelegged over rough stones; there were about thirty on the top of the mountain; in the rude walls of what seemed to be once a cabin were seated a dozen of them, two jars, bottles, &c., containing whiskey, from which occasionally a stimulus was administered to those who had not taken the temperance medal. Close at hand a sunk causeway of rough and sharp-cornered stones leads into what is called the chapel. Here I saw wretched beings crawling in on their bare knees, evidently suffering great torture. A man, respectably dressed, was crawling on his bare knees, the small clothes being carefully turned up; a walking stick held in one hand and leaned on, endeavoured to relieve the pressure of the knees on the lacerating stones. At length, with labour and suffering marking every feature, he reached what is called the altar, a rude heap of stones; here he threw himself forward, and seemed to wish to bury his anguish in the very stones, all the while muttering with his lips the 'Hail Mary,' &c. Several others followed on their bare knees, men and women, through the same scene of bodily torture. Many were kneeling around outside, old men and young girls. I walked round the circle or oval station along with my companion; we alone had our shoes on, all were running round bare footed; all endeavouring to save their feet as much as they could from the laceration

and bruises caused by the rough stones. I heard the sighing of the poor creatures as they passed; one remarked how the stones 'penetrated' the soles of the feet, and said, 'Ah, sir, if you were bare-footed like us you would go as easy as you could over them.' It may be about four hundred yards round this station on the very top of the mountain, they are obliged to go fifteen times round; they first say seven Hail Marys, seven Paters, and a Creed, on bare knees; then they take up fifteen pebbles, and commence the rounds bare-footed and without hat, the rain falling heavily all the while; they throw away a pebble every time they go round until the fifteen are expended; they then kneel down and say seven Hail Marys, seven Paters, and a Creed: but some, instead of walking or running round on their feet fifteen times, go round once on their bare knees! a dreadful feat of torture and almost self-immolation. One person did so on Saturday before I went up—about four hundred yards on the bare knees over sharp rocks and stones.

"I saw a very respectably dressed young woman sitting in the rude cabin after going through a part of the station; she could not put on her boots, her feet were so shockingly swollen; she tried, but in vain; they gave her a glass of wine or spirits, I don't know which. I heard she was a bride. All they could do she could not get on her boots and stockings; her feet must have suffered dreadfully.

"The Rev. Thomas O'Dowd is one of the priests of

that place; several of the people and also our guide told us he had been up the mountain on Wednesday, the 5th of August, and that he had himself set an example by going through the station. I asked, did the priest go on his bare knees along the stones? They said—'To be sure he did.' Thus a Roman Catholic priest himself set an example of self-torture and laceration of the person. They said he gave Mass on the mountain, and also went through the station, and that he would be there again on the 28th of this month. He is 'the Priest of the High Place,' a leader of the blind, a guide of idolatrous worship of dead men and women.

"There is another station performed on the other side going down the mountain, which the guide told us was still more severe, harassing, and torturing than all the rest put together. We did not go down by it, as the day was so far advanced.

"I am, sir, your faithful servant,

"William B. Stoney."

"To W. W. Goulden, Esq."

"High Hoyland, Wakefield,
7th Sept., 1840.

"To the Rev. Hugh Stowell, Manchester.

"Dear Sir,—I assure you that to-day, on perusing in the paper the proceedings of the trial with regard to the Popish Priest, I was filled with indignation against the Popish Priest, for when in the Convent of Valsainte, in Canton Fribourg, in the year 1819,

and when still within the pale of the Church of Rome, I was myself subjected to similar penances as you accused the Roman Catholics of! I was at that time a novice to the Order of Alphonso Maria Liguori, commonly called Congregatio Sanctissimi Redemtoris, and when at Vienna I witnessed similar penances performed by command of —— of the above Order. The monks of La Trappe are famous for such Hindoo kinds of penances. You are at perfect liberty to give all publicity to the letter you might think worthy of; and I am ready to appear as a witness at any time you please. I have now with me a Syrian bishop, whom I knew when in Mesopotamia.

"Pray favour me soon with an answer, and let me know whether I can be of any use in this respect.—I am always, my dear Mr. Stowell, yours very truly,

"Joseph Wolff,
"Curate of High Hoyland."

"10, Parker's Row, Gloucester;
September 11th, 1840.

"Reverend Sir,—Although an entire stranger to you, and a dissenter from the Church of which you are so efficient a member, I cannot refrain from expressing the feelings of admiration which I entertain towards you as an unflinching supporter of the Protestant cause. Believing that the time is now come when a final and decided stand must be made against the encroachments of Popery, I honour the men who have the ability and the inclination to place them-

selves in the front of the battle. It has proved, in a manner which nothing but the most determined party spirit can resist, that the genius of the Papacy is such that nothing short of superiority can satisfy it. Instead of peace and prosperity, strife and desolation have resulted from the concessions already made. The granting of one demand has only given birth to another more extensive in its requirements; forbearance has been met by insult, kindness by ingratitude. The events of each succeeding day demonstrate in the plainest manner that, to preserve the purity of our Protestant faith, with which is identified the simplicity of the Gospel, all concessions to the Papists must now cease, since they are contending not for equal civil rights, but for temporal and spiritual superiority.

"The late attempt of the Romish party to injure your character, will only excite in your favour the more ardent sympathies of all true Protestants. Such indeed has been the effect in many cases with which I am personally acquainted.

"In common with many of your admirers, I exceedingly regret the suppression of so much valuable evidence at the late trial, and we anxiously expect a new trial, when, I doubt not, your own character will be publicly declared unimpeachable, and the efforts of your enemies fall back with tenfold force upon themselves.

"Trusting that you will excuse the liberty I have taken in thus addressing you, and that your life may long be spared for the defence of 'the faith once de-

livered to the saints,' I have the honour to remain, your very obedient servant,

"WILLIAM WRIGHT."

"Rev. Hugh Stowell."

"P.S.—That you may have some little knowledge of the individual who has thus ventured to address you, I enclose the substance of a speech delivered about two years since."

"Castletown Rectory, Navan;
2nd October, 1840.

"Dear Sir,—I was two days ago examining some Irish Readers, in this neighbourhood, who had been Romanists, when the subject of your trial was brought forward.

"I asked them relative to their personal experience of penances, such as going on the knees, &c., being ordered by the Priests. Two or three of them at once replied that they had themselves, by direction of the Priests, and *as penances*, performed stations on their knees.

"I see a new trial is to be moved for, and I therefore just mention these circumstances, in case you might make use of them. The men might be depended upon. I send my address at the other side, and shall be, if you wish it, most happy to make more particular inquiries on the subject.—I remain, my dear Sir, your faithful brother in the Lord,

"EDWD. NIXEN."

Lord Grey, the Prime Minister, had already brought

the condition of the Irish Church before Parliament, with a view to the removal of existing abuses. An Act was passed (3 and 4 William IV., chap. 37) which bore heavily upon the Church of Ireland. The incomes of the Sees of Armagh and Derry were reduced; ten bishoprics were suppressed; and the Deanery of St. Patrick's was united with that of Christ Church, Dublin. The funds obtained from the suppressed bishoprics, as well as the annual tax, was applied to "the building and repairing of churches, the augmentation of small livings, and such other purposes as may conduce to the advancement of religion." For the management of these funds, and other purposes, an ecclesiastical commission for Ireland was appointed, with perpetual succession, to consist of the Lord Primate, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland and the Lord Chief Justice, the Archbishop of Dublin, with four Irish Archbishops or Bishops. Soon afterwards, when the See of Man was vacant, it was resolved to suppress it, and annex it to an English Diocese. Mr. Stowell took up the cause of the poor, and apparently helpless, island. He wrote, spoke, and protested, with all his accustomed fervour, against this contempt of the rights and spiritual privileges of his forefathers. He was ridiculed at first; but a man of high principle, with a good cause to back him up, is never disregarded. Mr. Stowell was at length heard with patience, then with acquiescence, and it was to him more than to any other living man that the Isle of Man was suffered to enjoy her ancient immunities, and that a

Bishop still sits upon the modest throne of the sainted Wilson.

Canon Stowell's love for his native island bordered upon the romantic; through life he was a Manxman. His speech betrayed his origin, and at the same time this peculiarity gave a certain richness and flavour to his eloquence. From a small piece of note-paper, which seems to have been carried in a pocket-book till its foldings are fairly worn through and the paper scarcely holds together, we copy the following lines. They are the first draft of what evidently awaited that correction which they never received. More polished they might have been made, but scarcely more touching:—

MONA.

Stranger, if thou lov'st to be
Midst the noise of revelry,—
If thou lov'st the festive bower,
Or the gorgeous forms of power,—
Lov'st them than retirement more,
Fly, oh fly, from Mona's shore!

If ambition fire thy soul,
Panting after glory's goal,—
If thine eye affect the stage,
Where commotions direful rage,
Or the battle drenched in gore,—
Fly, oh fly, from Mona's shore!

If thy heart be dark and drear,
Not a love-beam lingering there,—
If within thy savage breast
Pity never built her nest,
Virtue never 'graved her lore,—
Fly, oh fly, from Mona's shore!

Yes! but, Stranger, if thy mind
Pine some soft retreat to find,
Where to pillow all its woes
On the lap of sweet repose,
Bid thy longings now be o'er,—
Rest, oh rest, on Mona's shore!

Yes! and, Stranger, if to thee
Nature's mountain majesty,
Nature's wildest, simplest face,
Beam replete with brightest grace,
Here of charms how rich the store!
Rest, oh rest, on Mona's shore!

But we must return from this disgression, and resume the thread of our narrative, which brings us to the second trial before the Lord Chief Justice.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. STOWELL APPEALS FROM THE DECISION AT LIVERPOOL TO A HIGHER COURT—LORD DENMAN, THEN LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, REVERSES THE JUDGMENT OF THE COURT AT LIVERPOOL—PUBLIC OPINION ON THE TRIALS—SOCIALISM AT MANCHESTER—SERMON ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER—CRITICAL STATE OF THE EVANGELICAL BODY OF CHURCHMEN—IT OUTGREW ITS FORMER LEADERSHIP—SOME CONSIDERATIONS UPON THIS POINT—MR. STOWELL PREACHES THE ANNIVERSARY SERMON BEFORE THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN 1842—SUBJECT OF HIS DISCOURSE—EFFECT IT PRODUCED—METHOD IN WHICH THE SUBJECT WAS TREATED—VISITS TOOTING.

It was immediately felt by Mr. Stowell and his friends, that the action could not be permitted to rest here. It was at once determined to appeal to a higher court. The case came on for hearing before Lord Chief Justice Denman, in the Court of Queen's Bench, on the 27th of November, 1841, but the judgment itself was not delivered till the 2nd of December. We give his Lordship's judgment at large.

"Hearne *v.* Stowell.

"*Judgment.*

"Lord Denman, C. J.: Two motions were made in this case, founded upon the same defect in the record—that the declaration stated no libel; first, for a new trial, on the ground that the learned Baron ought to have directed a verdict for the defendant upon the plea of not guilty; and, secondly, for arresting the judgment.

"There is some doubt, whether, according to the fair meaning

of the libel, the plaintiff is thereby charged with doing anything, or whether more is stated than his penitent's apprehension of his displeasure as his priest; but we need not discuss that, for there is an independent objection, which we think must prevail. We are not informed by the declaration, and, of course, can take no judicial notice of the manner in which the plaintiff's reputation might suffer by the obloquy said to be cast upon him, being ignorant what conduct a Roman Catholic priest ought to pursue in similar circumstances. It is contended this defect was cured by the evidence produced on the trial that such conduct as is imputed to the plaintiff might be considered by his superiors to be highly indiscreet, and expose him to their censures, and even endanger his station in the Church. But to that it was properly answered that no evidence can cure such a defect as this appearing upon the record; and, indeed, that none was properly admissible upon that subject, as the issue joined had no relation to it.

"But the learned Counsel for the plaintiff further denied that there was, after verdict, any defect upon the record, urging that, as any words may be used in a defamatory sense, and as these are charged to be injurious to the plaintiff's character, and the jury have found that, we must now assume that they were so. A distinction was taken between libel and slander, all questions respecting the former being supposed to be expressly referred to the jury by the libel act.

"From this conclusion was deduced the argument, that the Court has no power to arrest the judgment in actions for libel, because they are all removed by that act from the cognizance of the Court, and exclusively submitted as matter of fact to the Jury.

"From these propositions we must express our dissent. It is not enough to entitle the plaintiff to judgment that he should charge a malicious motive and a calumnious tendency; he must also shew that there is a libel. The words composing it may naturally convey that meaning, and even the most innocent words may deserve that name, because they may have been used and understood with that intent, and in that sense; but in such case the facts and circumstances which give the sting to a publication apparently innocuous, ought to be brought to our notice, for we would not possibly direct judgment upon an indictment, as

in an action against a supposed libeller, without seeing that a libel had been published by him.

"The consequence of the contrary doctrine would be inevitably this—that any words whatever, whether sensible or not, whether conveying any kind of imputation or not, and stripped of all explanation, would support a charge of libel if only charged with a general intent to injure character. Several cases are opposed to this notion. We need not refer to more than the well-considered case of Goldstem *versus* Foss, as fully justifying the defendant's arguments upon this point. The judgment was arrested there for a similar defect.

"We were desirous of considering whether the defendant was entitled to a new trial, because the learned judge ought to have directed the jury to acquit on the plea of not guilty. If he had been pointedly told to do that, he might have declared his opinion upon the question of law now taken, or he might have reserved that point for the Court. If he had told the jury the paper proved was a libel when the Court was of opinion it was not, we should have been bound to set aside the verdict for misdirection; but the defendant at the trial chose to take a different course, and sought an acquittal from the charge of reading a libel upon the *bonâfideness* of the remarks made upon the Roman Catholic priesthood; and, indeed, insinuated that they were founded in fact; nor did the defendant's counsel object to the reception of evidence, which it is now truly observed applied to no fact that was put in issue. We do not think it is open to him, therefore, to move for a new trial upon that point. The rule must be made absolute for arresting the judgment."

Of the spirit in which the judgment was received our readers may learn from the following extract from "The Manchester Chronicle and Salford Standard."

"HEARNE *v.* STOWELL.—The judgment of Lord DENMAN in this case is before our readers. The Court intimated an opinion that no libel had been committed; but did not so *decide*, because the point was not raised for decision, the plaintiff not having ventured to plead that he was libelled.

"This defect in the plea was evidently wilful on the part of the

plaintiff; because, if he had so pleaded, the question of the authority of the Church would have been raised, which would have been inconvenient.

"But this defect was not taken advantage of by the defendant on the trial, because he had no wish to evade the question of libel or no libel; because it was his wish to raise the question of the authority of the Church; and because if that question had been fairly raised and fully examined, it would have appeared that the priest had not been charged with exceeding his authority, and that no libel therefore could have been perpetrated.

"Judgment was arrested on the ground of the evident defect on the face of the record. It neither was nor could have been arrested on the ground of the admission or non-admission of evidence.

"The defect which caused the arrest of judgment was no 'technical error,' but a premeditated omission, designed to avoid putting the real question in issue.

"On the second count, a verdict was returned for Mr. STOWELL, and on that account HEARNE pays *all* costs.

"This judgment was not necessary to confirm the universal opinion of those whose good opinion is valuable, that in this matter Mr. STOWELL acted like a faithful Minister of Christ, a high-minded English gentleman, and an intrepid defender of Protestant liberty and Evangelical truth."

We are indebted to a well-informed friend in Manchester for much of the information which it is in our power to give, upon the state of feeling and of parties, which at that time existed at Manchester. He says,—

"To understand rightly the animus imported into some of the so-called liberal organs of public opinion, we must look at the state of political and party feeling prevailing at the time. A large section of the press had, to a great extent, identified itself with the Romanists, as also with the Socialists, who were then putting forward their blasphemous and immoral sys-

tem vigorously, especially in Manchester. Mr. Stowell, with his usual singleness of heart and faithfulness, looked simply to his duty as a Christian minister, and took immediate action against both forms of error. They chose to consider him as actuated by political hostility, not feeling the spiritual importance of these subjects; and hence their opposition.

"Thus it may be well here to state, that, in the early part of 1840, the Socialists were making vast efforts in Manchester to establish and propagate their system; the better to accomplish which, they erected a large hall, which they called 'The Hall of Science.' A committee, some months before this, had been formed of clergy and laymen, for the purpose of counteracting the efforts of the Socialists, of which Mr. Stowell was chairman. I was a member of that committee. The Hall was to be opened on Whit-Sunday with great ceremony, Robert Owen, and all the leading Socialists, taking part; and the whole week was to be occupied in grand festivals, balls, concerts, &c. &c., and discussions; to the latter of which Mr. Stowell and the clergy were challenged."

But legal proceedings were taken by the friends of religion in Manchester, under the Act of 39th Geo. III. cap. 79, and a conviction obtained against Robert Owen. Other parties were also summoned; but to avoid the appearance of any vindictive feeling, they were not prosecuted. Thus the whole Socialistic affair turned out a miserable failure.

He had now become eminent as a preacher, and

well known as a public character. His sermons went directly to the heart; he affected no criticisms, nor profound arguments; he was, in the highest and best sense, what all faithful servants of Christ should strive to be—men who preached not themselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; men who, despising popularity, in the ordinary sense attached to the word, are still preachers of whom, as of their Lord, it will be said, "the common people heard him gladly."

In 1835 he preached a sermon on the death of his father, from Proverbs iv. 18, "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." He tells us, in a modest preface, that the sermon was preached extemporaneously, and reported defectively, but that it is a sketch, however imperfect, of one who, if he did not rank amongst the most distinguished, certainly ought to rank amongst the holiest, ministers of our Church. We cannot forbear to quote:—

"Let us now, my brethren, gather round his deathbed, and see how 'death is swallowed up in victory.' Till the period of his last illness, he was labouring energetically in his Master's service. Only four days preceding, he spoke, with more than his wonted animation, at a meeting of his Temperance Society—a society which had proved so useful in his parish, that he has repeatedly remarked that he would willingly die pleading in its behalf. At the Wednesday evening service he read the inimitable Liturgy of our Church, and on the Friday evening he was attacked

by an inflammatory disease which, after four days, terminated in death. On Saturday night, anticipating the result of his attack, he bade his youngest daughter (towards whom his tenderness was indescribable) draw her chair to his bedside, and said to her—'Let us speak about Heaven, my child: your father may soon be there.' 'You do not think there is danger?' she exclaimed. '*Danger!*' he replied, 'do not use the word, my dear—*there can be no danger to the Christian.*' When urged to send for medical aid, he answered, 'You may send for it if you wish, but do not trust in an arm of flesh; all will be as my heavenly Father pleases: I am willing to live, or willing to die, as seems Him good.' To the medical men he spoke as one speaking from the brink of eternity. He expressed to them his astonishment that persons of their profession, witnessing such scenes as they must witness, and living, as they might be said to do, in the chambers of death, should so often be sceptical or irreligious. He spoke of the wonders of the human frame, with which they must be so conversant, and observed that Young had said, 'An undevout astronomer is mad;' but he would say, 'An undevout anatomist is much more mad.' It was thus, amid the agonies of nature, he preached to those around him; and all who witnessed that impressive scene declare they never saw anything that could be compared with it—insomuch that, could it be described according to truth, it would scarcely be believed. Amongst other very striking observations, he remarked, 'When we look upon the coin of

any country, we have no hesitation in saying to what country it belongs, and who is the king of that country, for it bears the image of the king, and the name of the country; and so ought it to be with the servants of Christ—they should be known and read of all men, the image of their Sovereign and the name of their heavenly City should be stamped upon them, so that it might be known to whom they belong.'

"It was now that his extraordinary humility appeared most touchingly. 'I am,' said he, 'the vilest of the vile,—these are not words of course,—but Jesus died for me, and he is all my salvation and all my desire.' At another time he observed, 'Dear Amelia* said, when she was dying, "I am saved like the thief on the cross;" and so say I. So says your father, my children.' —Memorable words!—Memorable, indeed, from the lips of one who, for more than half a century, had led a life so blameless, that the very tongue of calumny must have said of him, as was said of Daniel, 'We can find no fault in him, except it be concerning the law of his God.' Let the self-righteous and the formalist, whose hopes are founded on their own deserts, hear, and stand abashed. The more entire, however, his self-renunciation, the more joyful his affiance in Christ. 'Without Christ,' said he, 'all would be gloom and blackness of darkness; but with Christ, all is light and joy and peace.' He looked upon the circumstances of his death as minutely arranged by God, and

* He alluded to a daughter whom he had resigned to God about two years before.

regarded that arrangement with the liveliest thankfulness. 'It has been my prayer,' said he, 'for the last eight months, that God would determine the place, the time, the manner, and all the circumstances of my departure, as should seem to Him best—and you see how graciously He has fulfilled my desire.' The sole wish of his heart ungratified was, that his only surviving son might have been with him. 'But,' said he, 'my best Friend is with me—my best Friend is with me—what can I want more?' Oh, how fervent were his intercessions for his family and his flock! One of the last wishes he expressed was, that his clerical friend, the Rev. Thomas Howard, who has since been appointed to the Rectory of Ballaugh (who sat at his bedside) should, if possible, succeed him in the charge of his parish; and when that friend expressed his disposition to comply with the request, it seemed to make the cup of his joy overflow. Nor were the lambs of his fold forgotten: a little while before his departure, he charged his youngest daughter, whilst she remained in that locality, to watch over his Sunday School.

"The last scene of his life was indescribably sublime. Let it not, however, for a moment be imagined, that it was tinged with enthusiasm: his medical men concur in declaring, that the absence of all excitement in his death-bed was as striking as the fulness of his joy. His departure had the *lustre* of the summer sunset combined with its *serenity*. Within a few minutes of his death, he waved his hand and exclaimed, 'More than conqueror! *More* than conqueror!'—Then, after

a pause, stretching forth both his arms, his countenance beaming with more than earthly brightness, he added, 'A world of glory breaks upon my view: I see angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim—I see all our dear departed relatives and friends that died in the Lord—I see God the Father sitting on the throne—I see God the Son standing at His right hand—I see the spirits of just men made perfect.' It seemed as if he had somewhat of the vision vouchsafed to the first martyr. The impression, indeed, was mental; but the effect was no less real. Almost immediately after, he expired without a struggle. 'So He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

About the time that Mr. Stowell may be said to have entered upon his public life, the Evangelical party, or Low Churchmen, as they were termed, unless it suited their opponents to distinguish them by more opprobrious terms, were passing through a critical change. Hitherto, when they were comparatively few, they had been guided by acknowledged leaders; now they had outgrown this state of pupilage, and were driven to think and act for themselves. There were not wanting those who deplored as a misfortune what they ought rather to have rejoiced in as a proof of adolescence and manhood. When boyhood and youth is at length exchanged for the independence of manhood, and is no longer "under tutors and governors," the first feeling is one of exultation; but this is soon checked by a sense of responsibility, which comes stealing over the mind with every difficulty that occurs, and makes the young man "sober-minded."

If the Evangelical party were in any sense sectarian,—if their intention was either furtively to introduce, or more openly to exclude, anything from the doctrine or ritual of the Church to which they professed allegiance,—leaders, no doubt, would be required; but if they simply retained, and recalled the attention of Churchmen to, the primitive doctrines of the Reformation, no such leadership was required, and the time should be hailed with satisfaction when it could safely be cast away. It is the festivity of the heir now come to the possession of his birthright.

We have mentioned already that Mr. Stowell, soon after his ordination, appeared in Liverpool as an advocate, in the pulpit and on the platform, for the Church Missionary Society. To the last hour of his life his interest in that great institution never flagged; nor was anything permitted to interfere with it, however numerous the subjects which required his labours. In 1842 he preached the anniversary sermon before the Church Missionary Society, at St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street. The church was crowded. We were amongst the congregation; and few who were present will have forgotten the impressions it produced. The preacher's text was Matthew xxviii. 20,—"And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen."

"The positions," said the speaker, "on which we shall enlarge, are—that the Church Missionary Society is a true and faithful child of the Church of England; that, as a dutiful daughter of our National Church,

she occupies a special vantage ground, and possesses peculiar immunities; but that this vantage ground and these immunities are of no worth, except they be held entirely subordinate to the maintenance of the truth of the Gospel, and the advancement of living Christianity.

"The occasion on which we are assembled is a solemn one. The juncture in the proceedings of our Institution is full of moment. The circumstances of our Church are confessedly critical. Lord of all power and might! vouchsafe to us Thy special presence, that we may be established in Thy truth, quickened in Thy service, enlarged in our love, and emboldened in our zeal!"

He proceeds to show, under his first head, that the Church Missionary Society is no sectarian movement, but the genuine offspring of the Church:—

"It originated exclusively with her sons, and chiefly with her clergy. Feeling keenly the responsibility pressing on her to discharge the high commission entrusted to her; perceiving that she could discharge that trust then—as, unhappily, she can do now—only through spontaneous combinations of her members; seeing that the combinations of her members, which at that time existed, were virtually if not actually restricted from extending their labours beyond our own colonial dependencies, while 'the field is the world'; witnessing, not with sentiments of unfriendliness, yet with godly jealousy for the fidelity and honour of their venerated mother, various associations of Dis-

senters girding themselves to the Missionary work; thus circumstanced, when they could refrain no longer, they prayerfully and discreetly framed the Institution which, 'having obtained help of God,' still steadily pursues her brightening course. . . . .

"It must be acknowledged that our Missionaries have not everywhere been so happy as to enjoy the wholesome sway and fatherly succour of Episcopacy. Wherefore? Because, of necessity, the Society has been compelled to stretch her line beyond the bounds to which the Episcopate has extended—of necessity, since in so doing she was but pursuing her high vocation. For, her special calling being to preach Christ to those to whom He had not been named, beyond the limits of our own immediate settlements, she could not reject openings, propitious and promising, presented to her by the great Shepherd and Bishop of the Universal Church, because, haply, episcopacy had not yet spread its wing over those distant regions. Had she awaited such an event, she would have inverted the natural order of the Church; for episcopacy ought not to anticipate, but to follow, evangelization. It is not the foundation-stone, but the top-stone, in the building. It is when a country or district has been evangelized that the episcopate comes in to crown and consummate the work. Like the goodly spire which crowns so many of our beautiful national temples, the architect did not first bid the spire soar aloft to the skies, but he reserved it to grace and consolidate the finished structure.

"And such we find to have been, in primitive and apostolic days, the model of evangelization exhibited to our view; so that it is most cheering to compare this aspect of modern Missionary labours with the aspect of primitive Missionary labours,—the Missionary labours of the Church of apostolic times and apostolic records, the only authoritative precedent to every Church in every age. As 'in water face answereth to face,' so, in this respect, does the economy of our present Missionary efforts correspond with that of primitive times, as imaged in the mirror of Revelation: for the apostles did not, in the outset, map out the heathen world into skeleton dioceses, and plant a bishop at Crete, at Ephesus, at Antioch;—no; but they themselves, first of all, 'went everywhere preaching the word,' and they sent forth chosen evangelists to proclaim 'the unsearchable riches of Christ:' and when the Lord had given 'testimony unto the word of His grace,' when multitudes had been gathered from among the heathen, when pastors had been set over the infant Churches thus gathered, and when those pastors themselves needed chief shepherds, then at length, when a fixed episcopacy was required, and when the apostles, thitherto the itinerating bishops of the Universal Church, were about to enter into their rest, they instituted and added diocesan episcopacy, to consolidate, perpetuate, and govern the Church; and so Timothy was appointed to Ephesus, Titus to Crete, and Ignatius to Antioch. Thus has it been in our modern Missionary progress. This Society did not

tarry—to instance a beautiful existing illustration of our meaning—till haply there might be a bishop set over the wild Western Isle of New Zealand; but she at once introduced, amidst the ferocious cannibals of that seemingly inaccessible land, the messengers of grace and peace and love; and they, preaching 'Christ crucified,' were, through grace, enabled so to subdue many a savage spirit, and soften many a stony heart, that numerous flocks were gathered from among the fell natives; pastors were multiplied over those flocks; the island began to wear a general aspect of Christianization; the episcopate was now called for, to give order and perpetuity to the work; and, lo! as the result of our labours, a Bishop has been consecrated to the fair Western See."

The Prelates of our Church had recently, with a single exception, consented to become Governors of the Society. Having referred to various unkind and injurious statements which at that time were constantly repeated, to the effect that the Church Missionary Society was but a sectarian movement, he proceeds:—

"The time would fail, were we to adduce all the evidences we might of the faithfulness of the Church Missionary Society to the Church whose name she bears. We must not, however, forget to remind you, that her Missionaries have been instrumental in translating into many tongues our matchless Prayer Book, and in bringing about its intelligent and fervent use by many new congregations of the saints. And is

not this an eloquent sign of filial affection and devotedness?

"Still it was said, notwithstanding all, that the fact, that this Institution enjoyed but the partial countenance of the supreme Rulers of our Church, was sufficient to brand her as an alien from the Church. That inference has often been proved unjust: arguments to prove its injustice might be multiplied; but, thank God, if ever they were needed, they are needed no longer. A special lustre is reflected on our commemoration this year, because it is the first since, through the good hand of our God upon us, we have had to thank Him for the accession of both our Archbishops, and of many other members of the Episcopal Bench, to the Presidency of our Society. It is an event to make our hearts leap for joy—an event for which the name of the Lord Jesus is to be devoutly magnified—an event which took place at a juncture, and was accomplished in a manner, which gave to it a peculiar grace. It occurred at a crisis, when many, from whatever motives, were unwisely and unfairly attempting, by the formation of unions of certain societies, designated by them exclusively Church Societies, to brand this Society as unworthy of that designation; and had our Ecclesiastical Rulers connived at—much more had they countenanced—such ungenerous proceedings, disastrous must have been the consequences, not so much to the aspersed Institution, as to our beloved Church herself. How opportune, then, and benign, at such a moment, the accession of the supreme Rulers of our

Church to the patronage of the excommunicated Society! Nor was the way in which they took the step less happy than the juncture at which they took it; for they required nothing more than a simple ecclesiastical arrangement—an arrangement not more fitting for them to demand than pleasing to the Society to make. Not one principle has been abandoned; not one plan relinquished; not one rule rescinded: insomuch that, virtually, if not actually, our Prelates have endorsed and authenticated the constitution and character of the Society, even from her birth.

"Who, then, is he, calling himself a Churchman, that will presume to excommunicate her? that will take it upon himself, while he theoretically idolizes, practically to trample upon, Episcopacy? But far be it from us to anticipate any such behaviour. We will rather trust, as we devoutly pray, that this auspicious event may prove the harbinger of more entire cordiality and union among us all; and that every 'root of bitterness' being removed, our strife—to borrow the illustration of a venerable Prelate of former days—shall no more be 'the strife between the aspen-tree and the poplar, whose leaves shall rustle most and make most noise, but the strife between the olive and the vine, which shall bear most fruit and yield most fatness.' The Lord grant it! 'the very God of peace' vouchsafe it to our Church!

"'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ' for the abundant proofs which we possess that our Institution is a duteous daughter of the Church."

Under his second head, Mr. Stowell considers the especial advantages which the Society enjoys from its connection with the Church of England:—

"First in place, if not in importance, is the legitimacy of the ministers and ministrations which we have the privilege to support. God forbid that we should lightly esteem this privilege! We are well persuaded that Christ has confided a twofold treasure to His Church—a succession of commission, in the order of her teachers—a succession of doctrine and ordinances, in their teaching. And while we hold, as we shall have occasion and opportunity subsequently to show, that the former is altogether subordinate to the latter, we do not on that account treat it with indifference. In our jealousy for the supremacy of the end, we do not set at nought the legitimacy of the means. In our zeal for the fruit, we do not tear away the foliage; for though the fruit is not for the sake of the foliage, but the foliage for the sake of the fruit, the fruit is not without the foliage; for, stripped of that shelter, it can neither safely set nor fully mature. We do not, therefore, undervalue the blessing of having a legitimate ministry employed in our Missionary fields of labour. For if the presence of Christ was specially promised to the Apostles, and to those whom the Apostles should appoint, and who should from them be successively appointed as ministers in the Church; if we have evidence of such successive appointment, from a variety of intimations in Scripture, as well as from the testimony of the earliest ecclesi-

astical history; and if we have satisfactory proof that the transmission and order of the ministry in our own Church are in accordance with apostolic institution; then may not the Missionaries in connexion with this Society, amid their toils and perils, their struggles and conflicts, the chill of disappointment and the fire of persecution, fall back with thankfulness, if they be found faithful to Him who called them, on the clearness of the external call they have enjoyed, as well as —if 'the Holy Ghost truly moved them to take upon them their office and ministry'—on the authenticity and distinctness of their internal call? And may not the Society confidently anticipate, that there shall be realized in their labours the glorious, living pledge, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world'?

"Akin to the privilege of a legitimate Ministry, as springing from our fellowship with our Apostolic Church, is the privilege of Episcopal jurisdiction and care. For no sooner, as we have before had occasion to observe, is the land so far cultured, and the garden so far fenced, as to require the oversight of the master husbandman, than he is consecrated by the Church, and commissioned to establish and complete the work. And it is difficult to say how large the benefit arising from having one thus designated to the charge and supervision of the work; whose title will be admitted, because it is recognised; whose authority will be submitted to, because it is derived, not from the people, but from God. We have been assured, by some who

have laboured in foreign fields, that the visitation of a Christian Bishop, when he comes 'in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ,' is as an angel's visit, fraught with counsel, comfort, and benediction. What a touching illustration of this we have in the visit of the distinguished Bishop of Calcutta to the beautiful, brightening scenes of Krishnaghur! How we may discern, from his own interesting record of his sojourn amidst that lovely field of promise, what grace and holy influence accompanied his visitation,—how it tended to sift and test the work, to confirm and establish the converts, to direct and animate the labourers, to harmonize aught that might cause jarring, and remove aught that might occasion stumbling! We were reminded, as we read the narrative, of the visit of Barnabas, the primitive Bishop, to Antioch; 'who, when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad, and exhorted them all that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord. For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.' Brethren, we would not lean upon the instrument; yet we bless God for the privilege of such instrumentality, and we believe that Episcopal jurisdiction is replete with benefit and blessing to our Missionary work.

"Need it be added, that we possess a peculiar advantage in the enjoyment of a common confession of faith?—a confession of faith, which holds Scripture to be the only warrant of faith, and is itself abundantly authenticated by the Scripture which it thus upholds;

—a confession of faith as clear as it is compendious, and as comprehensive as it is precise; which serves as a brief and simple summary of truth, not to supersede, but to vindicate, the Bible. Very precious is such a confession: it tends, to an immense extent, to cherish uniformity, promote unanimity, maintain orthodoxy, and give combination and concentration to the whole Missionary work.

"Closely allied to this advantage is the treasure we possess in our matchless Prayer Book—a Prayer Book that well deserves the appellation of the Book of 'Common' Prayer, for it is not unmeet to be the Common Prayer Book of the world: as simple as it is sublime; as chaste as it is fervent; as artless as it is majestic; as minute as it is comprehensive; it comes down to every understanding, and home to every heart. It is universally suitable, because truly Scriptural: every worshipper, whether the intellectual and refined native of Britain, or the newly-converted and half-civilized Hottentot, or the half-tamed and humanized Caffre amidst his wild woods—all may find in that rich form of prayer utterance for their hearts' inmost wants, a channel for their hearts' deepest woes. Lovely symbol and effectual instrument of catholic fellowship! It furnishes an electrical chain of spiritual sympathy, which, passing through the souls of ten thousand times ten thousand worshippers all round the world, conveys through them all the hallowed thrill of consentaneous devotion. A golden censer, used in days gone past by saints and confessors and martyrs;

formed of the fine gold of primitive times; cleansed in the Reformation from the rust and alloy wherewith Rome had debased it; it is now in the hands of the children of the Church all over the earth, and out of it they offer up, as one, the incense of praise and supplication before their common mercy-seat, through their common Mediator, by their common Comforter, to their common Father; so that not only 'with one mind,' but with 'one mouth,' they 'glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"And are we not thus reminded of the greatness of the privilege which our Society enjoys, in that she is not simply united with a legitimate Church, but with SUCH a Church as our own—a Church so sound in her doctrines, so pure in her services, and, we may still add, so living in her godliness? For—however we must admit and deplore the lethargy which pervades too many of her ministers, as well as the practical abandonment of her principles by numbers who profess to exalt her—thank God! when we contrast her condition, on the one hand, with the state of the Greek Church, sunk into childishness, formality, and imbecility; or, on the other hand, with the state of the Romish Church, so paganized in its usages, grovelling in its superstitions, and secularized in its constitution; or when, again, we compare her state with that of many of the Continental Churches of the Reformation, some of them so heretical in doctrine, and others so torpid in spirit; and when we see her at home enlarging her bosom to receive her teeming offspring,

and becoming all abroad the ambassadress of Heaven and the benefactress of earth, what can we do but exclaim, Who hath made us to differ! and what have we that we have not received? 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us,' nor to our Church, 'but unto Thy name give the praise!' And how mighty the influence which must emanate from such a Church, whithersoever her labours may extend!"

Solemn cautions, in a deep and hallowed strain, conclude the discourse, under the third head, in which the preacher tells us to rejoice with trembling.

"Of a truth, the more abundant our privileges, the more are we bound to 'watch and pray,' lest, even through this very abundance, we 'enter into temptation.' For however we acknowledge—most thankfully acknowledge—the high ground which we occupy in virtue of these advantages, it must never be forgotten that the end and object of all is the building up of a spiritual Church, formed of 'lively stones,' known certainly and discerned infallibly only by Him 'from whom no secrets are hid;' and that, were we to put the scaffolding in the place of the building, the means instead of the end—were we to 'sacrifice unto our net, and burn incense unto our drag'—the glory would depart from us, and the blessing be turned into a curse. We must ever bear in mind, that the strength and glory of a Church consist in the presence of the Saviour, the power of the Holy Ghost, the vital godliness of her ministers and members, and the faithfulness, boldness, and evangelical tone of her ministrations.

Never, therefore, must it be lost sight of, that however rich and comely our branch of the 'golden candlestick'—and IT IS a fair branch, burnished and studded with precious stones—it is still but a means to an end; and the end is, the 'holding forth' and shedding abroad of the hallowed light entrusted to her by her Master: and if that light should be quenched in her sockets, or the sacred oil which feeds it exhausted from her bowls, her use and her excellency would alike be gone. Most true is it, that our Church is 'fair as the moon;' but, like the moon, too, she shines with a borrowed light: her place is, as a satellite, to attend the sun, and be content with reflecting the mild lustre which he imparts. Let her, unmindful of her position and dependency, attempt to interpose between us and 'the Sun of Righteousness,' and a dark eclipse must ensue; her own radiance will be quenched, we shall be plunged into 'thick darkness,' and our Church will become a curse to us, instead of a blessing.

"God forbid, then, that we should idolize our Church. We look with a wholesome horror on those sentiments which would lead men to put the Church in the place of the Saviour—which would lead them virtually, if not actually, to change the high resolve of the Great Apostle of the Gentiles; and, instead of saying, 'We determine not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified,' to say, 'We determine not to know anything among you but the Church Catholic, and her glorified.' We 'have not so learned Christ.' No; we love the Church for the Saviour's

sake, not the Saviour for the Church's sake. We love her ordinances for the Spirit's sake, not the Spirit for her ordinances' sake. And never, never may we be guilty of what a Prelate of our Church, 'whose praise is in all the Churches,' has so happily and concisely expressed—making 'the Church first an abstraction, and then a person, and then a Saviour!' Can we too sensitively recoil from so fatal an error—an error which would wither the right arm of our strength, by banishing the Saviour from the midst of us?

"We repeat it, Brethren, the true life and power of a Church lie not solely—no, nor mainly—in the orthodoxy of her Creeds, Formularies, and Confessions; but supremely and essentially in the living power of the Holy Ghost, manifested in her ministers, members, and ministrations. It seemeth good to God to transmit vital godliness, not so much through passive as through active instrumentality. 'Ye,' says Christ, 'are the salt of the earth; ye are the light of the world.' 'Faith,' as we heard in the Lesson of the evening, 'cometh by hearing. It pleaseth God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe.' Consequently, orthodoxy is insufficient, without the energy of practical and personal religion. So that to presume proudly upon the soundness of our Church's documents, would be to transform her beautiful garments into her grave-clothes. Yea, and orthodoxy itself will not long survive practical godliness: for if the members of a Church love not to speak the language of their Church, they will soon contrive to make their

Church speak their language. We have sad exemplifications of such parricidal perversion in some of the Continental Churches; nor have there been wanting attempts in our own Church, if not to change, at least to confound, the clear certain Protestant sound of her silver trumpets. The God of truth and faithfulness bring to nought all such attempts! . . . . .

"So long as she cleaves to her first principles, and retains her 'first love,' so long shall her path be 'as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' But let her trim and compromise, barter the spirit for the letter, and the power for the 'form of godliness'—let her substitute dependence on an arm of flesh for reliance on the Almighty arm—and God will forsake her; her salt will lose its savour; and she may strew the pagan world with such savourless salt, and that world will be vapid as before. Then she may multiply her hosts; but the edge of their sword will be taken away, and their armour will no more be of proof: they may go forth to the battle, but not 'in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel.' The result would be, either that they must adulterate the Gospel till it could combine with Heathenism — thus paganizing Christianity, instead of christianizing Pagans, the course pursued by the emissaries of the Romish Church in China, when they mixed up the native idolatries with the ordinances of Christ—or else, having proved, as the Missionaries of the same Church did in India, the utter impotency of a debased Christianity to convert the heathen, they

would come to the dismal and blasphemous conclusion, to which the last Jesuit Missionary among the Hindoos came, when, quitting the shore in blank despair, he declared 'that he had come to the astounding conclusion, that the vast population of India was doomed to perdition by Heaven's immutable decree, and that henceforth to attempt a Hindoo's conversion is to fight against God.' Horrible inference! yet, from his premises, fearfully just;—but how nobly, how eloquently refuted by the hills of Tinnevelly and the plains of Krishnaghur—rejoicing and blossoming 'as the rose,' beneath the pure influence of the Gospel and 'the Spirit of the living God!'

"Nor is it, Brethren, to be disguised, however to be deplored, that circumstances have developed themselves within our Church, which call upon this Institution to exercise twofold vigilance, prayerfulness, and firmness. For should there be—we will not, we do not, happily, anticipate it—any attempt, from whatever quarter, or in whatever shape, to corrupt the Society 'from the simplicity that is in Christ,' unhesitatingly and unflinchingly must that attempt be withstood. We must behave as did the Apostle of old toward the false brethren who came in privily to spy out his liberty which he had in Christ Jesus;—'to whom,' says he, 'we gave place by subjection, no, not for an hour, that the truth of the Gospel might continue with you.' Woe, woe to the fair gardens which God has enabled us to win from the heathen wastes, if that antichristian malaria to which we allude should ever shed its blight

upon their blossoms!—a malaria little less pernicious, though much more subtle, when wafted on the mists that steal from the banks of silvery Isis, than when rolled on the exhalations that steam abroad from the noisome marshes of the muddy Tiber. In speaking thus strongly, we are fully borne out by the judgment of one most competent to judge—fitted to do so alike by uncommon sagacity, hoary experience, and large personal acquaintance with Missionary operations—one whose judgment ought, therefore, to weigh greatly with the Church. The venerable Bishop of Calcutta, referring, in a sermon not long since delivered by him, to certain opinions which we need not specify, observes—

"'I am full of fear. Every thing is at stake. There seems to be something judicial in the rapid spread of these opinions. If they should come over here, and pervade the teaching of our Chaplains, the views and proceedings of our Missionaries, our friendly relations with other bodies of Christians, and our position among the Hindoos and Mahometans, "Ichabod—the glory is departed" may be inscribed on our Church in India. All real advance in the conversion of the Heathen will stop; our scattered Christian flocks will miss the sound and wholesome nourishment for their souls; our converts will quickly dwindle away to a nominal profession; our native Catechists and Missionaries will be bewildered. A scheme that substitutes self and form and authority of office, for weight of doctrine and activity of life, will be eagerly embraced; the spirituality of our Missions will be gone;

—and nothing in the world is so graceless, as the eminent Gerickè once observed, as a Mission without the Spirit of Christ.'

"'This witness is true.' How urgently, then, does it concern the directors of this Society to realize its truth! How emphatically are they called upon to take heed that they select for the purpose of being trained to the work, and for receiving Holy Orders from our apostolical Bishops, men free from all taint of antichristian leaven—men who serve God 'in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter'—men whose lips keep pure knowledge, and whose lives are in harmony with their lips—men bent not on making proselytes but converts, not on gathering men within the fence of the visible fold unless they be brought into the fellowship of the spiritual flock—men who will never put the Fathers in the place of the Prophets and Apostles, the Church in the place of the Head of the Church, the scaffolding of the building, and the sacraments of the Sanctifier!* The Great 'Shepherd and Bishop of Souls' Himself protect from pestilent innovation the ninety-and-nine flocks which He has gathered together in the Heathen wilderness! . . . .

"Men and Brethren, it is a critical juncture in the history of our sublime enterprise. Success is a touchstone, as well as adversity; and many who had thriven in the furnace of affliction have fainted in the sunshine

* This seems obscure, but so it stands in the published sermon.

of prosperity. We prayed, we pleaded, we longed for success. God has now accorded it—accorded it largely. Do we then grudge the success, because we find that it must cost us some sacrifice? If so, then God WOULD bless us, but we are not prepared to receive the blessing—He WOULD honour us, but we have not the faith to be honoured;—and it will be said of us, as it was said of the Saviour's own country during His earthly ministry—'He could there do no mighty work!'

"Brethren, THERE ARE noble instances, individual instances, of self-sacrifice in the service of God, connected with this Society. There are individuals who support a Missionary in the boundless field; and do it, not out of their over-flowing abundance so much as out of their economised competence. 'Go, and do likewise.' View the matter in the light of eternity. What will wealth or glory be to us in a few short days, when, amid life's dying agony, our only comfort, if true comfort shall be ours, will be, that Christ has done so much for us; and our supreme regret, that we have done so little for Christ?

"Ere we close, suffer us to admonish you, that before all things we are called upon to 'watch unto prayer' in behalf of this Institution. Such is the magnitude of her operations, such the complexity of her machinery, that we cannot but exclaim with one of old—'Neither know we what to do; but our eyes are upon Thee,' O our God! We well nigh tremble for the conductors of the stupendous work. We are persuaded they often tremble for themselves. Over-

whelming is the responsibility which presses upon them; so vast, so complicated, so delicate, so difficult, so momentous the machinery which they direct. Do they not then need, do they not claim, our sympathy and our supplications? In their weakness is their strength; in their sense of insufficiency is their all-sufficiency through Christ Jesus. They have been men of prayer: may they continue men of prayer to the end! Wondrously has the grace of God hitherto preserved the Society from grave error, guarded her from serious blemish, maintained her against manifold opposition, and enabled her to triumph over every obstacle; until the clouds which beset her having passed away, now she sails forth as the moon, when she has melted the mists from her path, sails forth in the calm blue sky. May she be even more lowly and prayerful in her exaltation, than she was in her humiliation!

"We repeat it—prosperity is dangerous. Her very vantage ground and high patronage will become her snare, if they become her trust. Therefore let our 'heart's desire and prayer to God' the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for her, our Church, our country, and ourselves, be—

"'God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause His face to shine upon us. That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise Thee, O God! let all the people praise Thee. Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless

us. God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

"'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.'"

And with these admonitions, solemn yet full of consolation, the whole concludes.

Mr. Stowell seldom failed, when he visited London, at the great religious festival in May, to pay a visit to Tooting, of which the editor of this volume was at that time the Rector. He was in general the guest of Boyd Miller, Esq., and Mrs. Miller, the pious and hospitable occupants of Collier's-Wood, upon the Merton Road; they are now deceased, but their memory is richly embalmed in the neighbourhood; their noble mansion, and with it the most beautiful estate within the same distance of the City of London, has been divided into building lots and sold. Here it was that Mr. Stowell, accompanied sometimes by his family, spent what appeared to be the most joyous days of his always happy life. In the forenoon it was contrived to engage the largest room in the village, and there to assemble the children of the parish-schools, and the young ladies of a neighbouring school, where the Rector had an interesting Bible-class, together with other young persons, with a few parents, until a great ball-room was crowded. Mr. Stowell addressed these; he told them stories, illustrative of Missionary work, in his happiest manner; drew, always in few and well-chosen sentences, some admi-

rable lessons, and left a delighted audience. Returning from one of these forenoon Missionary Meetings, at which however he was the only speaker, he one day said to us, "I can't tell you how much happier I feel in this work than I am at Exeter Hall; there the crowd, and the noise, excite me; but here I feel that I am quite myself."

Then followed a pleasant ride, and in the evening the neighbouring gentry were invited to meet him at dinner. Many of them, men immersed in business, had never heard him speak in public, but knew him only by reputation. But all were struck with the charming dignity of his manner, and the ease and grace of his conversation; though never ambitious to lead, he was always ready to take his part in whatever subject might be thrown out, whether political, social, or directly religious; and he showed himself almost equally accomplished upon each. It soon became a general remark, that they who were unacquainted with Mr. Stowell's sound judgment, and admirable good sense, were unacquainted with the finest traits in his character.

CHAPTER V.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES—THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE—MR. STOWELL IMMEDIATELY DENOUNCES THEM—THE GROUND HE TOOK UP—PUBLISHES HIS SERMONS AGAINST THEM—THE OLD TRACTARIANS SECEDE TO THE CHURCH OF ROME; THEY DRAW SEVERAL HUNDRED CONVERTS TO ROME WITH THEM—CARDINAL WISEMAN AND THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL—HIS SPEECH TO THE PROTESTANT WORKING MEN OF MANCHESTER—"THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE"—MR. STOWELL, AND OTHERS OF THE MANCHESTER CLERGY, PUBLISH THEIR REASONS FOR DECLINING TO JOIN IT—IS APPOINTED HONORARY CANON OF CHESTER, CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER, AND RURAL DEAN OF SALFORD—PROTESTS AGAINST THE CORRUPTIONS OF THE CHURCH—NO DIARY OR PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE REMAINS TO SHOW THE REAL DEPTH OF CANON STOWELL'S PIETY—HIS CHURCH ENLARGED—EFFECT OF HIS MINISTRY—LARGE COLLECTIONS MADE FOR ALL THE GREAT EVANGELICAL SOCIETIES—HIS SCHOOL—ANNUAL ADDRESSES TO THEM.

It was in 1833 that the "Tracts for the Times" made their appearance. Political Dissent was violent; it aimed at nothing less than the overthrow of the Established Church. Dr. Arnold, who at this time was exceedingly liberal in his views, would have granted to Dissenters the joint use with us of our parish churches. He would have conceded much in order to preserve the rest; but even this would not have satisfied the demands of those who made no secret of their determination never to rest until the National Church was swept away. All Churchmen, including Dr. Arnold himself, as he afterwards avowed,

greatly over-rated the force of this revolutionary movement. To meet this violent onset, which seemed for a time to carry all before it, a few Churchmen, of High Church principles, met together, at the parsonage of one of their number, and resolved to issue a series of "Tracts for the Times," which would not stand on the defensive, but carry the war at once into the camp of their opponents. The Rev. Hugh James Rose, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Percival, the Rev. J. Newman, and Dr. Pusey, were the first Tractarians. It was immediately seen, after only two or three numbers had been issued, that they had seized upon the ear of the public, and, by Evangelical men, that the ground they had taken up was extremely perilous. We believe they were first denounced at one of the early Islington meetings of the Evangelical Brotherhood, at Islington, by the Rev. Francis Goode, Lecturer of Clapham, and author of a remarkable volume of Sermons on "the New and Better Covenant;" he was ably supported by Professor Scholefield, who came to the meeting well prepared to discuss a subject with which the great body of his hearers had as yet but an imperfect acquaintance. But not many months elapsed before every Minister of the Gospel, as the Gospel was held by our Reformers and taught in Scripture, were loud in their condemnation of this new and fearful portent. Mr. Stowell was ready to take his place among the warmest of its opponents. True, he was unacquainted with ritualistic studies: they did not suit his cast of mind. But then, this was no

ritualistic controversy. The early writers of the Tracts contended for nothing so mean as the colour of a vestment; they claimed the exclusive right "of making the blood of Christ, in the Sacrament." They claimed to be intercessors with God on behalf of the people. They denied to Dissenters any place whatever in the Christian Ministry, or even in the true Church. Those who took their theology simply from the Bible saw at once that such claims were utterly inconsistent with the honour that was due to Christ alone, and that, if followed out, they could terminate only in leading the Tractarians and their disciples into the Church of Rome. It was on this ground that Mr. Stowell was fully prepared to meet them; and never till his dying day did he ungird his armour, or show the slightest disposition to withdraw from the contest. He published two volumes of Sermons upon the doctrines at issue in this vital controversy, entitled "Tractarianism Tested by Holy Scripture and the Church of England, in a Series of Sermons;" which had the good fortune to win the warmest approbation of no less competent a judge than the late Archbishop of Canterbury (then Bishop of Chester), who writes to Mr. Stowell thus:—"I esteem your Sermons as a masterly and beautiful exposition of the subject which you have taken in hand. I have read them with exceeding gratification, hardly knowing which to admire most, the argument, the language, or the spirit of the whole."

But the conflict has moved on, and now takes up other ground; and what was said or written upon the subject thirty years ago, is almost obsolete. It now threatens the overthrow of our Church, and the time is at hand, in which the rent, which descends to the foundations, must terminate in the ejection of one or other of the great parties into which the Church of England is divided, or in the total overthrow of the Church itself.

About the year 1850 the best and most upright men of the Tractarian party became convinced that their position was no longer tenable. Dr. Newman seceded to the Church of Rome, and he was almost immediately followed by more than two hundred such men, and these drew with them no inconsiderable number of the laity, chiefly of the higher class, for whom mediæval superstitions, sentimental hymns and psalms, and melting strains of music, had more charms than the truths of the Gospel with the simple ritual of the Church of England. And thus the contest with Tractarians was insensibly transferred into a conflict with Rome herself.

Mr. Stowell was for many years, certainly for more than a quarter of a century, the President of the Manchester and Salford Operative Protestant Association; and was always prepared to expose the errors of Tractarianism on the one hand, and of Popery on the other. It was sometimes not without personal danger, that, in a town in which Roman Catholics of the lowest class abounded, he could do this without

the occurrence of serious disturbances; but it was not in his nature to be timid. Over his grave might have been pronounced the eulogy once pronounced over the grave of Knox:—"Here lies he who was never afraid of the face of man." So, at the time when the arrogant attempt was made by Cardinal Wiseman to place England under the Canon Law of Rome, and to establish a Roman Catholic hierarchy, Canon Stowell was one of the first to protest against the audacious insult, and his efforts contributed in no mean degree to bring about the passing of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. On that occasion he addressed a meeting of nearly seven thousand persons in the Free Trade Hall, "upon the present crisis, our duties, and its dangers." He rose to address the meeting amidst the deafening cheers of his audience; and spoke for nearly three hours, the vast assembly listening with unflagging interest:—

"My Fellow Protestants and Christian friends and neighbours: Often as it has been my privilege and duty to address such an assemblage of my fellow Protestants in Manchester, I never rose to address such an assemblage under such deep feelings of solemnity and responsibility. We are met in a crisis in our country's history that I hesitate not to say is without parallel since the days when James sought to betray this country into the hands of Papal despotism, and England's bishops, England's clergy, England's laity, England's senators, and England's soldiers rose as

Churchmen, Dissenters, Latitudinarians, or whoever one man, and bade the tyrant to forego his perfidy, or forego his crown. From that period to the present, Rome has been insidiously endeavouring to sap and undermine our Protestant Constitution and liberties. She has more than once made daring aggressions, but she found that every fresh aggression led to a more signal repulse. The consequence was, that she betook herself to her congenial element, darkness, and her congenial measures, sapping and mining. But at the present juncture, whatever may be her policy, whatever may be her purpose,—whether, as we may hope, God has sent her a judicial blindness, or whether there is more behind the scenes than meets the eye,—she has taken a step of the most insolent, the most arrogant, the most atrocious, the most disgraceful kind on England's Constitution, England's Queen—England's Church, England's liberties—England's intellect, and on England's laws. I thank God for it. You are witness, my friends, how Protestant advocates have been long sounding the tocsin of alarm—been long foretelling what concession on the one hand, and insatiable demand on the other, must ultimately result in. We will not glory over the liberals and latitudinarians that were continually with cuckoo notes crying, 'Peace, peace,' when there ought to have been proclaimed, 'No peace with Popery!' But, my friends, we forgive and forget the past, and we are willing to lend a helping hand, whether it be to Radicals, Liberals, Whigs, Tories, Conservatives,

else it may be in the present emergency to teach the proud doting old man of the Vatican a lesson. We want something to galvanize the torpid Protestantism of Old England—we want something to drive us nearer to each other, to make us forget our differences in common dangers, and to remember that against one enemy at least we all ought to be friends. I trust that this step will have the effect of at once galvanizing and concentrating—galvanizing the torpid, and concentrating the scattered—so that England's Christian population may rise mighty in energy, and resistless in union, to tell the whole world that England shall never be papistical again. Rob her of her liberties by the sword of civil invasion, but she shall never truckle again beneath the wretched distaff of Rome. But, my Christian friends, give me your calm and candid attention. I am not going to indulge myself in what some friends style declamation, until at least I trust I have had recourse to explanation and argument. Though those around me on the platform, probably from the public papers and from other sources of information, are aware of the nature of this great aggression of the Papacy, yet there are multitudes of intelligent working-men around me who may not see the papers, and if they do, have not time to devote to them, and therefore they want a little information. Bear with me, then, a little, whilst I enlighten them all upon this step of the Papacy—one of the most signal, daring, and at the same time one of the most presuming and perilous character. . . . .

"Here is an Act passed in the year 1846 which distinctly declares it is unlawful for any person or persons to bring in, import, or enact any bull or document from the Pope of Rome, and therefore we are going on solid ground; we are not declaiming, we are assuming what we can be borne out in; the law is in our favour, and, God helping us, we will compel any administration to enforce the law of the land, and to make his so-called Eminence feel it. But, my friends, I have heard it again and again said by many of those persons who still will echo the cuckoo note of peace, 'Alas, it is true this is monstrous insolence, and a piece of unparalleled impudence; but, after all, it is only worth laughing at; it is mere jest; we don't see what difference it makes whether you call a man Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster or Bishop of Melipotamus—don't see that it makes much difference whether you call a man Bishop of Salford or Bishop of Otaheite.' I will tell you the difference. When a so-called Bishop of Rome in England bears the name of a foreign place, there was this much, at least, of decency and modesty in the thing—they did not assert general authority over the inhabitants of England, but only authority over their own Romish serfs in England; but now, when they are no longer Bishops of Romanists in England or the Romanists in Westminster, but when, in the language of Dr. Wiseman, they govern, and will still continue to govern, Middlesex, Hereford, and Lancashire, in fact all the provinces of England, is not this a new style

of thing? Let them keep to their own slaves and serfs—sons of darkness; but let them not attempt to challenge the submission of England's free Protestant population—we won't stand it!.... I will read you an extract from the leading Popish newspaper in these realms. It says, 'The Anglican sees, ghosts of realities, have long passed away, and are utterly ignored.' We are treated as if we had no existence. Have I used any language with regard to the Pope's Bull stronger than the *Tablet* uses when it tells us that the bishoprics—which, remember, are part and parcel of the constitution, part of the law of the land, part of that constitution of which Queen Victoria is the real head—these are ghosts of religion, and the Pope and his Bull have totally ignored them. We sometimes hear of adding insult to injury, and certainly the Pope with all his organs and Dr. Wiseman —never call him Bishop, never call him Archbishop, for the place he usurps would not constitute the title for a moment, and I can tell you, if they give us a bishop in Salford, he will never be called bishop by me, usurper as he is—but I say Dr. Wiseman the apostate, Dr. Newman, the Pope of Rome, the *Tablet*, and all the Romish organs, seem to combine together to see how far they can insult England. They have found us in a sleepy apathetic attitude; they have surprised us, and I thank God for it. We don't fear Popery when she is above ground; only let us see what she is at, for when she is sapping and mining under ground we do not know what she is about; but

let her come out and show England what she means—let her tell us what she is about. Does she not mean to get England under her power, and to crush our intellectual freedom and literary progress—to make us the wretched serfs of the Pope of Rome? Does she not mean to set up the Inquisition in our land? Does she not mean to make Queen Victoria a Papist, or an exile from her throne? Does she not mean to subvert England's constitution, and to trample under foot England's laws? Let her speak out. Give her the power, and she will do all this. Her principles are unchanged; her Bulls and her Decretals are unrepealed, and she has the same spirit now that lighted the fires of Smithfield—that laid, as on to-morrow evening, the barrels of gunpowder underneath the two Houses of Parliament, and by one fell swoop her plan might have blown up hundreds of innocent persons to gratify her thirst for blood. Popery is the same now as ever. I don't speak of individuals—for there are English Romanists who would rather pluck out their tongue, or cut off their right hand, than be guilty of such things: but I speak of the wretched system—for it would do now what it did before, if it had the power to do it, because it is not changed. Oh, that our English Romanists would largely rise up and sign our memorial, and join with us, and be content with the freedom and liberty they have had; for has not England dealt nobly with them? Has not England, in the largeness of her charity, and in the great fondness of confiding affection, repealed one penal enactment after

another, taken off one restriction after another? Has she not granted her the Roman Catholic Relief Bill? Has she not almost granted her supreme authority of Ireland? Has she not granted her liberty to disgrace our country with her spires, and to vitiate the air with her bells? Has she not granted her ample liberty—and is this the ungrateful return Popery is making to Protestant England? Our Roman friends tell us they are going to raise up the Protestants to a higher height. Would you wish to be like Italy—to be like the serfs of that country, that are ground down until the very worm turns against the heel that treads it? Would you wish to have your houses infested by spies, and your families invaded by priests? Would you wish your daughters and wives to be dragged to the confessional? Let the Pope raise his own country, before he attempts to ruin ours? Let him make Italy what England is, and then we will come to terms with him about England. When we can point to the priest-ridden, tyrannized population of Italy, what right has he to come and attempt to mar Old England? He can give us nothing; but he can take everything from us worth having. . . . . But I must do justice to all parties. I do not hesitate to say that multitudes of my Dissenting brethren are guilty in this matter; I do not hesitate to say that, in their hostility against the Establishment, they have unwittingly helped to bring in an establishment they will find the heaviest tyrant under which they have groaned. I don't deny that our Church has faults;

I don't deny myself that there is much mis-appropriation of money; but I challenge our Dissenting brethren and the whole world to say whether the Church has not been tolerant in her prosperity. My Dissenting brethren, I want to stir you up, to provoke you to love and good works. Let every Dissenting chapel in Manchester and Salford, and let every church, get ready its petition to the Houses of Parliament. We will not trouble our beloved Queen with more than one memorial, and I hope it will be sent up signed by the hands of 50,000 good Protestant men. We will, by God's help, send up a Petition from every church and chapel in all Manchester and Salford to be laid on the tables of the Houses of Parliament, and I hope all the Dissenters throughout the kingdom will follow the example. I know our brethren of the Wesleyan body are sound at the core, and they will do their duty. And lastly, and more than all, the greatest thrusts at our Church and Protestant liberty come from within—I will not say from within the Church, but from Jesuits and traitors, who have been nestled in the bosom of the Church. I have often been thought a calumniator and a false accuser; I have often been charged with this, but it will not deter me from saying I believe the whole Tractarian movement, from first to last, was a Rome-ward movement—a pitiful, Jesuitical, dark conspiracy to un-protestantize England, and re-unite us with Rome. I have studied their progress, I have examined their writings, I have watched their ma-

nœuvres, I have seen their *dénouement*, and I hesitate not to say that I can come to no other conclusion."

And he thus concludes:—

"In all probability, the time is not distant when we shall have a dissolution of Parliament. I never asked any man to give a vote, and I never influenced a man in giving a vote; I never took the remotest part in party politics; I have been placed as a politician, when I have been merely a simple Protestant man. I have loved Protestantism from my mother's lap; I was trained up in loyalty to it, and I should have been unfaithful to a mother's prayer and to a father's teaching, had I not been a true-hearted Protestant. But a political partisan I never have been, and, God helping me, I never will be; but for once in my life I think I may deviate, and at the next Election I will ask every man in my congregation to vote for no man that will not resist Popish aggression, and uphold our common Protestantism. My friends, enter into an agreement among yourselves, and if Manchester will show a list on the Exchange of some 4000 voters pledged to the point, our representatives will become mightily Protestant, we shall have a great change in the tone of debates when Parliament meets; do it—it can be done. Is there a Protestant here not willing to enter into such an agreement? Every man of God will agree to this—it is no political thing. I don't care whether we have a Whig, Tory, or Radical representative, so that we have a sound-hearted Pro-

testant man. I have spoken so largely, and I think I was warranted in speaking so largely, upon the important and startling subject of the day, that I can say little more. In conclusion, I will just glance at the state of our own Association. Thank God it is healthy and well, going on victoriously, and only wants more co-operation and sympathy, and more liberal support from Manchester and Salford. Shame on our merchants and rich men if they cannot give a few pounds to aid operatives who are willing to spend hours after their day's toil to maintain and advance the truth as it is Jesus. . . . . We conceive at the present juncture, as at the siege of Jerusalem, when all parties sunk their differences in order to defeat the Roman eagle, so it is our duty first to repel Rome from the gates of our national Jerusalem. Don't lose your temper—don't lose your spirit. Love the Romanists; pray for them—feel for them—show them kindness. Show them that you love them, though you hate Popery. Resist Popery—oppose it to the death; you are warranted in doing so—Scripture upholds you in doing it. Your glorious Protestant rights and privileges bind you to do good—defend the right, and we have no fear of the consequences."

An Union of orthodox Christians, of every denomination, had been formed at Liverpool, under the name of "The Evangelical Alliance." It was joined by some men, both Churchmen and Dissenters, whose praise is in all the Churches; we need only mention the names of Edward Bickersteth, in our own Church, and of

the late John Angell James, the eminent Congregational Minister of Birmingham.

Some, however, of our brethren felt obliged to protest against it; amongst these was Mr. Stowell, at the head of a considerable number of the clergy of Manchester. Their Protest is one almost unrivalled, in religious controversy, for the gentleness of its spirit, which yet is firm and decided. It is a model of such writings. Religious controversy would scarcely be an evil, if it provoked no tempers more angry than those which are here displayed, and the *odium theologicum* would become a term unknown:—

"We, the undersigned Clergymen, being members of the Manchester Clerical Society, and invited to take part in 'The Evangelical Alliance,' having, at our recent monthly meeting, calmly, candidly, and prayerfully deliberated upon the invitation which had been addressed to us, and having unanimously come to the conclusion that we could not accept that invitation, deem it right, in faithfulness, but in all charity, to place in the hands of our respective congregations, for their information and satisfaction, the following statement of the chief reasons which determined our decision:—

"We arrived at our conclusion,—

"1. Because we cannot, as we conceive, in consistency with our duty to the Church of which we are Ministers, identify ourselves with an Association which appears to regard all the unhappy separations from our Church as comparatively unimportant, and to take it for granted that such separations must, and indeed ought to, continue.

"2. Because having already subscribed articles of faith and union, we do not feel ourselves called upon to subscribe others of a vague and general character.

"3. Because whilst we hold that tender consideration is due to the feelings and scruples of Christian men without the pale of our Church, we hold that still greater consideration is due

from us to the feelings and scruples of Christian men within the pale of our Church, to many of whom we know we should occasion much perplexity and distress were we to join 'the projected Alliance.'

"4. Because, solemnly pledged as we are to uphold the principle of a National Establishment, we do not see how we can consistently strengthen the hands of men who declare, on the very platform of 'The Alliance,' that they consider 'the anti-State-Church principle as amongst the essentials of their Christianity.'

"5. Because, although deeply anxious to cherish brotherly kindness and fellowship with true believers, however separated from us, we entirely concur in the language of one of the speakers at the 'Liverpool Conference,' that unless the society be composed of none but real believers, 'it will be fraught with danger and disappointment,'—'there will be seeds of disunion sown which will constantly spring up;' and concurring in these sentiments, we see no sufficient guarantee that the projected Alliance shall consist exclusively, even in the judgment of charity, of the living members of Christ.

"6. Because Holy Scripture charges Christians to be 'perfectly joined together in one mind, and one judgment,' that so they may 'with one mind and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ;' but on the face of 'The Evangelical Alliance' we find all attempt at such unanimity openly disclaimed.

"7. Because we conceive that the substance of union ought to precede the manifestation of union, and that, instead of Christians saying to the world, 'See how *we* Christians love one another,' they ought rather, by their quiet example, to compel the world to exclaim, as in primitive times, 'See how *these* Christians love one another.'

"8. Because we perceive no likelihood of any practical and important measures emanating from a combination which is embarrassed and crippled by so many conflicting peculiarities of sentiment and opinion.

"9. Because even irrespectively of all beside, we do not think it would be wise to commit ourselves to a movement the principles of which are avowedly so partially developed, and its plans so faintly indicated.

"In submitting these considerations to the devout and charitable attention of those for whose souls we watch, we would solemnly assure them that we do so with the kindest feelings towards those who do not see eye to eye with us in this matter; and that, instead of courting controversy, we shall not, collectively at least, notice any strictures which may possibly be made on this statement of our views.

Hugh Stowell, M.A., Chairman.	John Heron Macguire, S.C.L.
Henry W. M'Grath, M.A.	Richard Hill, A.B.
Robert Frost, M.A.	J. G. Vance, A.B.
Wm. Huntington, M.A.	John Hayes, M.A.
Jno. Hollist,	Wm. Keeling, M.A.
Arthur W. Archer, M.A.	William Read, B.A.
John Bywater, M.A.	Thos. Farthing, B.A.
Henry Deck, M.A.	William Verdon, A.B.
Henry Marlen.	J. A. Boddy, M.A.
Edward Birch, M.A.	A. P. Irwine, M.A.
P. J. O'Leary.	Stephen Richard Waller, M.A.
Chas. Cameron, M.A.	William Burns.
Ephraim Harper, A.B.	P. Thompson, B.A.

"Manchester, January 2, 1846."

We may here mention that Mr. Stowell never received any emolument from the endowments of the Church: his income arose from pew rents. In 1845 he was nominated by the late Archbishop of Canterbury, then Bishop of Chester, to an honorary Canonry in the Cathedral Church of Chester. And in 1851, when Manchester became an Episcopal See, the Bishop appointed Canon Stowell one of his Lordship's Chaplains, and subsequently Rural Dean of Salford. Never had the Church of England a more affectionate son. It would perplex the keenest of those who arrogate to themselves the title of "sound Churchmen" to show one good reason why Canon Stowell should be classed

among Low-Churchmen. He held no doctrines but those of the Church, and omitted no duties which the Church imposes. Yet his was no blind unreasoning devotion; when he saw her patrimony devoured while her governors were listless, or else unable to apply a remedy, his spirit was stirred within him.

We have an animated speech delivered by him in Manchester on the corruptions of the Church, and more especially on those which at that time existed in Manchester itself. One great source of difficulty, he said, to faithful clergymen and those who co-operated with them, were the abuses in the property and administration of the National Church herself.

These abuses had, he admitted, been recognised and exposed, and were gradually in process of remedy; still there were dark corners, as he expressed it in his own figurative language, and unswept apartments, in the ecclesiastical revenues and endowments of our Church, which needed the wholesome besom of fair and manly reform. He was no true friend to the Church who would conceal her abuses. If the Church herself threw her mantle over her own consecrated iniquities and hoary abuses, how could she come forward to correct the abuses which existed in the administration of other Societies, or of the nation at large? Men like himself, who received nothing whatever from the Church, but depended simply on pew rents and voluntary offerings, were not to be put down as disaffected because they exposed the gross unfairness with which the revenues of the Church were distributed.

"They loved her not for her tithes, her mitres, her dignities or endowments, but they loved her because she was the primitive Church of Christ. They loved her because, with all her imperfections, she was the great bulwark against Antichrist in this land; because she was rich in the blood and hallowed with the memory of the army of martyrs. They loved her because there was not to be found, in the civilized world, a more evangelical or more protestant Church: one whose Articles of Faith were so moderate, and yet at the same time so thoroughly scriptural. He maintained that the State had not given the Church of England her endowments, and would never have a right to take them away. The State was bound to be a faithful guardian and steward of the property of the Church. But she never gave her that property. It was given by men who were noble and generous; and he would tell our statesmen, he would tell our Voluntaries, our Anti-State-Church Associations, that if they contemplated the spoliation of the Church of England, they would perpetrate an act of the grossest injustice." That property, Mr. Stowell added, was not given for the sake of the clergy, but for the people; not to make snug berths for the younger sons of noble families—nor comfortable provision for indolent hangers-on of statesmen—nor nice rewards for political partisans—nor remuneration for faithful tutors and schoolmasters; but the property of the Church was given that the mass of Christian people in this country might have faithful shepherds.

"He quarrelled with no man's income, though it were the Bishop's £5000 or £10,000 a-year; he quarrelled with no Canon or Chapter property, if it be in fair reason; but he did quarrel with the men who would receive the income and not do the duty attached to that income. He did not hesitate to say that it never was the intention of those who endowed the Church of England, that the clergyman should consider that the income he received was just his property, to do with it as he pleased—that he might do the duty or not, as seemed to him good—that it was an inheritance which he received from his fathers, instead of a solemn trust, which he had received from the Church for doing a certain amount of duty to that Church."

It must not be thought that Canon Stowell was merely a political churchman, or that his piety was at all impaired by the course he had now taken. It was one which few of his friends could have pursued without feeling some deadening effect upon their souls. It was not so with him. He felt that he was called to it; and the most intimate of his friends never even for a moment felt reason to fear that any declension had taken place in the spirituality of his mind. Yet, in some respects, the memorial of his life will on this point be unsatisfactory to those who knew him not. He kept no journal; he wrote few letters except those of affection to his family, or of business to his friends; indeed writing was with him difficult, if not painful, and he generally made use of the hand of one of his family to write what he dictated. It is rather in the

amount of his labours, and the tone and quality of his preaching, that the measure of his spiritual life must be ascertained. Let it be borne in mind that during his long ministry, of nearly forty years, at Christ Church, he was seldom absent for a single Sunday in the year, except when he took his autumnal holiday; then he generally visited Scotland, or the Welsh sea coast, or his beloved Island of Mona.

We have no recollection of his having ever visited the continent of Europe; if he did so, it must have been a very rare occurrence. Wherever he was, his heart seemed to yearn over his flock; he wrote pastoral letters, and suggested fresh plans of usefulness.

One such has been preserved. It is not exclusively addressed to his own parishioners, but to the Protestant ladies of Manchester and Salford, and we are glad to find a place for it in our Memoir:—

"*To the Protestant Ladies of Manchester and Salford.*

"Landudno, near Conway, July 27.

"Protestant Friends,—Ever prompt to sympathise with the victims of oppression and wrong, you were amongst the foremost to espouse the cause of the distressed nuns in the British dominions. You exerted yourselves nobly. The Manchester memorial to the Queen, praying for the inspection of nunneries, with its 32,000 signatures, was by far the most numerously signed of any of the memorials which were presented to her Most Gracious Majesty on that subject. But having begun well, you must not abate your efforts

until victory crown them. You cannot want arguments to stimulate your zeal. Circumstances are continually transpiring which serve to show how much your interposition on behalf of your oppressed sisters is needed. Despite of the dark mystery in which the sanctimonious prison-houses of Rome are shrouded, glimpses into their secrets are being frequently furnished, and every fresh glimpse only tells that, bad as those establishments are in principle, they are even worse in practice. The civilized world has recently been electrified by a woman's pen, delineating the wrongs and woes of negro slavery; it only needs that a pen of equal power and pathos should delineate the wrongs and woes of conventual bondage, to excite a still deeper thrill of sympathy and horror in every Christian breast. Bad as the evils of the one system are, they are at least less stealthy and less irresponsible than those of the other. Meantime the barred and battlemented dungeons of Rome are multiplying more and more on the face of our free country; and here in Protestant England they are unrestricted and unrestrained as they are in no other country in Europe, save palsied Spain and down-trodden Italy. How much longer shall this be endured? Whilst there is so much to quicken your efforts, there are not wanting hopeful symptoms to encourage them. The mind of the country is becoming stirred and informed on the question at issue. The debate, and the result of the debate, on Mr. Chambers's Bill were alike hopeful. The more the subject is agitated, the more it

must enlist the feelings and convictions of the nation. All that we need is combination and perseverance.

"I would therefore propose that you should, without delay, organize an association, to be entitled 'The Manchester and Salford Female Association for the suppression of cloistered Nunneries in her Majesty's dominions.' Let your measures be the raising of funds, the diffusion of information, the exertion of influence, the promotion of memorials and petitions, and the organization of affiliated societies throughout the kingdom. We want division of labour in our Protestant struggle; here is a department most truly and appropriately yours. Let your ultimate object be nothing less than the *suppression* of *close* nunneries in the British dominions. This alone would be effectual. Enquiry is a mockery. We do not need to enquire whether the sea is salt, the night dark, slavery a wrong, or despotism an evil! Inspection would be a snare—indirect sanction would be given by it to unconstitutional institutions, while Romish Jesuits would alike evade and deride the attempt. 'No close nunneries in our Queen's realm' must therefore be your watchword.

"It only remains for me to assure you that in your righteous enterprise you may command the hearty co-operation of our various Protestant Associations, and, I need scarcely add, of, Protestant Ladies, your faithful, humble servant, "HUGH STOWELL."

He often preached when from home, and his sermons always attracted large congregations, and often left a

deep impression on those who listened to them. When he returned home his labours recommenced with fresh energy, and almost incredible the record of those labours now appears. His was an iron frame; serious illness was unknown to him, or he must have sunk under physical toil and mental exertion. His sermons were not complained of as wearisome; the most earnest Christians did not find them to be unprofitable; there were, of course, those who preferred another style of preaching, and happily there had now arisen in Manchester many excellent ministers endowed with those gifts which the Holy Spirit sheds upon the faithful servants of the Cross; one after this manner, and another after that, distributing to every man severally as He will.

Parochial work affords no incidents for the biographer. Delightful to the minister himself, and leaving as they do

"Foot-prints on the sand of time,"

men almost wonder how they could have been imprinted there; and yet their existence is undeniable. So the work of Mr. Stowell remains, and will remain long after all personal recollection of the man shall have been forgotten. And besides his home works for the benefit of Christ Church and his congregation, he drew out the sympathies of his people on behalf of whatever concerned the glory of Christ at home or in foreign parts. Thus he had Associations in aid of the Church Missionary Society, the Jews' Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Irish Church Missions, the

Protestant Association, and others, each with its annual meeting, or sermons, or both. Frequent, indeed, were the appeals Mr. Stowell made to the sympathies of his loved and loving flock, and never in vain. Whatever he asked he received from them; and, as he often said, the more he asked the more they gave; the more frequent his appeals, the more ready their response. Their contributions to good works of all kinds amounted to many thousands of pounds a year. For the Church Missionary Society alone they raised £600 annually; £100 of which, as we have heard him say, was raised by the Missionary boxes. The schools were supported, with the exception of the Government Grants in Aid, entirely by the collections in Church after the Annual Sermons, which amounted to from three to four hundred pounds.

As a proof that his preaching lost nothing of the interest it excited when Manchester first heard his then youthful voice; now that the fire of youth had passed, and something of his rich and varied eloquence had no doubt passed away, it may be mentioned that Christ Church, originally a large edifice, proved too small for its congregation, and was enlarged more than once. The total cost, first and last, of the Church and schools, was upwards of £15,000, the whole of which was voluntarily contributed. None who have worshipped within its walls will soon forget the stirring service. The full burst of almost two thousand voices in sacred song, and the deep and subdued but universal

peal of response in the responsive parts of the Liturgy, had a thrilling effect, which was not diminished by the glowing heart-warm utterances which followed from the pulpit. The number of communicants at Christ Church was never less than four hundred, and sometimes rose to six hundred. We quote the following, as a very just description of Mr. Stowell's preaching, from a small work entitled, "Lancashire Authors and Orators":—

"The very first moment Mr. Stowell ascends into the pulpit you are prepossessed in his favour. There is a stately ease in his outward bearing that adds another attraction to his personal appearance; an imposing solemnity, though quite natural and untutored, that indicates, before he opens his lips, his mission and purpose in appearing before you. . . . . A complete silence reigns around the moment he rises. A quiet yet impressive prayer is breathed forth in a deep yet melodious voice; the sentences are short, but fervently uttered, and are evidently the offspring of a heart deeply impressed with the goodness, greatness, and power of the Almighty Being to whom it is addressing itself. . . . . Anon he takes his text from a small Bible which he holds in his left hand. A few pointed observations in the way of introduction are made; a general and somewhat voluminous dissection of his subject follows; a mind replete with pure biblical knowledge is developed; sentences well rounded, and occasionally of remarkable length, fall upon the ear in rapid succession; apt

illustrations here and there present themselves; a quick insight into the feelings and tendencies of human nature is unfolded; arguments of the best logical character are presented and carried out with the utmost force, and most perfect perspicuity. He presses forward again, applies himself to his hearers; his voice is raised; he appeals, demands, entreats; and, at the conclusion of some glowing and forcible sentence, rather exhausted by so much physical and mental exertion, resumes his seat in the midst of a warm response from every breast, and a feeling of reverence, love, and veneration springing from every heart. From no very limited observation of Mr. Stowell's style of preaching, we are disposed to regard it as owing its power far more to fervency of feeling and eloquence of sentiment than to any striking amount of deep cogitation. He seems to express himself in greater abundance from the heart than from the brain. He makes the pulpit, as it should be, not the philosopher's desk or the professor's chair, but the source of well-directed appeals to the conscience, and the deepest emotions of the breast. . . . . There is a perspicuity and pointedness in his observations that never fails to reach the goal for which it is intended by its author. He has an aim, and he adheres to it; he directs himself to that alone, and thus wards off any superfluous matter and outlandish detail. Thus you are never in a marvel as to his purpose or the force of his illustrations: they are always in consonance with each other, and rarely out

of their proper orbit. He makes no circumlocutions to catch hold of a stray idea, or give expression to a wandering thought. . . . . He is, to all intents and purposes, one of the best men that the Evangelical portion of the Church of England possesses, because he enunciates his views in the clearest and most definite style. Another winning feature in Mr. Stowell's preaching is his mode of delivery, always in happy unison with the point he is arguing, or the appeal he is urging. The tone of his voice is nearly always in harmony with the theme he is pursuing, be it logic or rhetoric, proof or persuasion. He manages the tones of his voice with as much ease and propriety as we ever heard from the most consummate adept in elocution. His upper efforts are somewhat musical; while his possessing that characteristic, which Daniel O'Connell so much admired in Pitt, of concluding his sentence on the lower notes, imparts a finish to his style which is rarely witnessed in even our best and most popular orators."

Mr. Stowell was so emphatically a man of action, that he found but little time for literary composition; but he revised for the press many single sermons, speeches, and lectures from the shorthand writers' notes; wrote several little pamphlets upon questions of the day, social and religious, of which the one entitled "I am a Churchman" has been the most popular, judging from the immense number of editions which have been called for; and composed

many hymns, chiefly for the anniversaries of his Sunday Schools. We select the following as one of these:—

"From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet,—
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

There, there on eagle wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Oh! may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
Ere I forget the mercy-seat."

CHAPTER VI.

NATIONAL EDUCATION—GOVERNMENT ATTEMPTS TO INTRODUCE THE IRISH SYSTEM—RESISTANCE OFFERED BY DR. M'NEILE IN LIVERPOOL, AND MR. STOWELL IN MANCHESTER—LETTER OF MR. STOWELL TO SIR ROBERT PEEL—THE CHURCH NOT YET PREPARED TO DISCHARGE HER DUTY—WANT OF NEW CHURCHES—SHAMEFUL WASTE OF THE MILLION AND A HALF GRANT—HE DRAWS UP A PETITION TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS WHICH RECEIVES THE SIGNATURES OF GREAT NUMBERS OF THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF MANCHESTER—CONSTANT ADHERENCE TO THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY—CONTINUES TO SPEAK UPON ITS PLATFORM—HIS LOVE TO CHILDREN—POLITICAL STATE OF ENGLAND AT THIS MOMENT—SENTIMENTS OF THE ECONOMIST—CANON STOWELL'S LECTURE ON EDUCATION—FLOURISHING STATE OF HIS OWN SCHOOLS—RECEIVES ANONYMOUS LETTERS—REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE; PUBLIC REGARD FOR CANON STOWELL.

THE subject of national education had now begun to occupy the attention of the public. The Government had succeeded in forcing upon Ireland a system of education in which it was fondly hoped that Protestant and Roman Catholic would cordially agree. But no system, at the root of which lay a sacrifice of principle, was ever known to flourish. The Irish system, from which the Bible was excluded with the exception of a few extracts, withered and decayed; it distressed the consciences of the clergy, and it afforded a subject for bitter declamation to the Romanist priest. It was resolved, however, to attempt its introduction into England; and the experiment was to be first tried in Liverpool. The recent municipal Reform

Act had produced a violent reaction in that ancient and wealthy corporation. Its Town Council was now in a great measure composed of Irish Roman Catholics and of English Liberals of the ultra school, and they resolved to establish Corporation schools in various parts of the town, from which religious education should, as far as possible, be excluded, in order that children of every sect might be educated together on equal terms. This scheme would have undoubtedly succeeded, and then extended through the kingdom, had it not been from the opposition it met with from Dr. M'Neile, when he withstood them from the press, and with still greater power from the pulpit. And when the period arrived for the election of new councillors, the power he wielded, having truth and all the sound Protestantism of the town on his side, the secular scheme of education was utterly disgraced. The election, long known as "the Bible election," virtually put an end to the dangerous and unchristian experiment.

In Manchester Mr. Stowell fought the same battle, and fought it with equal success. The conflict was less severe, because, amongst Churchmen, Wesleyan Methodists, and pious Dissenters of every denomination, purely secular education was held in equal disfavour. The struggle lay with the Roman Catholics and political Dissenters. But if not so violent as at Liverpool, it was more enduring; and Canon Stowell died, as he had lived, contending against what he held to be the godless system of secular education.

In Liverpool, after the first burst of Romanism and Radical extravagance, the respectable members of the old Corporation were once more returned. The Mayor, after an interval of several years, again walked in his robes to the parish church, preceded by his golden mace, and other insignia of office while the town, in an outburst of loyal enthusiasm, assembled to witness the procession, or to follow in his train.

Mr. Stowell opened the campaign with a manly letter to Sir Robert Peel, First Lord of the Treasury, in 1843:—

"Sir," he wrote, "the good providence of God has hitherto smiled on your administration. When you entered upon office, our home condition and our foreign relationships were alike disastrous; so brooding and perplexed, that you have a mind too sound and serious not to have discerned the insufficiency of human might and skill to disembarrass us. And as you looked wistfully, now at the prospects of harvest, and now at the aspects of our Eastern affairs, you must have been constrained in effect to pray, 'Help Lord, for vain is the help of man.'

"You could not legislate for the clouds; nor had you the heart of the Emperor of China in your hand. But God has wrought wonderfully for us. You are likely to meet Parliament in the approaching session under circumstances how changed from those amidst which you parted with it in the last. A season of surpassing kindliness vouchsafed to us, plenty again

filling our stores, the long ebbing tides of commerce flowing anew, the festering sore in our amity with America healed, the inglorious war with China gloriously terminated, the disasters of Affghanistan triumphantly redressed, the star of England, which many foreboded had passed its zenith, culminating higher than aforetime—the envy of many nations, the astonishment of all. And shall there be no thank-offering to God, no first fruits laid upon His altar. Surely to spread His knowledge and further His worship amongst the people would be a fitting and expressive acknowledgment of His goodness."

He then adverts to the disaffection which then existed in the manufacturing districts. To the sullen disaffection, and resentment of the poorer classes to the institutions of the country, and to their hatred to the upper ranks of society. The alarm felt was deep and general; "men looked into each other's faces and knew not to what it would grow." He then insists upon a wholesome education, an education based upon religion, as the only remedy. The measures hitherto adopted had been sorely insufficient. "Sunday schools," he says, "however general, and however good, cannot be said to educate; invaluable as auxiliaries to the daily school, as substitutes for it they are of little avail." This was at that time a new and unwelcome view of the subject; for the Sunday School had been for a whole generation the most favourite of all the systems of education amongst the more zealous of the clergy. All have

since been driven to the same conclusion. Nothing can be really taught in a Sunday School; the time is too short, and in general the teachers too ineffective. Those which are most wisely conducted are those in which the children's minds are stored with passages of Scripture, and some of our best hymns. These recur to the mind in after years, and often prove the means of conversion of the heart to God. If a teacher is competent to the work, a page or two of Bunyan, or some cheerful biography, read to his class, with a few pious and affectionate remarks by the teacher, should fill up the remainder of the time. On Sunday, of all days, the children should be free from the intolerable drudgery of learning tasks or lessons; we teach them too often to hate and avoid the Church, because we have taught them to associate the house of God with the weekly restraint and irritation they endured in the Sunday School. The Factory Schools, which had then recently been forced upon many of our manufacturers, were also, he maintained, to a great degree, abortive. Because forced, they must fail. They are at the mercy of the master. And too often regarded as vexatious intruders, they are endured rather than cherished; almost smothered, though they cannot be expelled. The letter of the law was met, but the spirit was evaded. Something must be done far beyond anything that had been attempted to ensure the education of the nation. But two grand difficulties here confronted us. The first was the utter indifference of the poor in lower life as to the

education of their children; the other, the means by which this fatal indifference may be overcome. No direct coercion, as in Prussia, can be attempted; the only plan which has been suggested up to the present time was clearly pointed out; it must be made the immediate interest of the parent. Let it be enacted, that no manufacturer, mechanic, nor indeed any master whatever, shall engage any servant or apprentice who cannot read and write decently, or rather who cannot produce a certificate from some minister or teacher that he has been not less than four years in some satisfactory school. Let this be the law of the land, and the difficulty will be gone. But here comes the knotty question, to whom shall the national system be entrusted? Mr. Stowell maintains that no religico-secular scheme, such as had been tried in Ireland, could be attempted in this country. Unsanctified instruction could do little for fallen man. It must be placed in the hands of the Church of England. Mr. Stowell maintained this position with the utmost confidence. "Ought the Church, then," he asks, "to enjoy a monopoly of education, and the State to tender her boon to the community only through her hands? Most assuredly, if the education for the people is to be a religious education; since to alienate it from the Church would be to drive in a fatal wedge between her and the State. If the State discard her as the national nursing-mother of the youthful, can it consistently retain her as the national nursing-mother of the adult, population? It is quite

in harmony with our Constitution for the Government to say, 'We will furnish the means of Christian instruction to all our subjects who need them, through the agency of the legitimate and accredited Church of the land; but to do so even partially through the instrumentality of the various bodies who have separated from her, is not at our option. The laws which govern the Government, put it out of our power.' And most wisely; for once cross this line of demarcation, and where can you stop? If one sect has a claim, every sect has a claim; consequently, what a chaos must ensue! The national standard of orthodoxy would be trampled in the dust, and the Government would virtually proclaim that all forms of religion are equally true; which is tantamount to proclaiming that they are all equally false."

Sir Robert Peel's Administration wanted the courage, or the resolute and determined adherence to a great principle, which were needed to carry out Mr. Stowell's views; and of all the methods by which a great difficulty—for such no doubt it was—could be avoided, Peel chose the worst. He determined to make grants to all denominations on equal terms; their conditions were, that the sum to be granted by Government should be in proportion to the number of scholars under instruction, and to the sum raised to meet the grant from the Lords of the Council of Education. Thus the Church of England was placed on precisely the same footing with orthodox Dissenters, orthodox Dissenters with Socialists or So-

cinians; and these again with Roman Catholics and the Professors of Maynooth;* Maynooth itself having under false pretences wrung a grant of £30,000 from the House of Commons.

Before, however, the Church could be prepared to discharge the solemn obligation which was thus imposed upon her, she must be placed in a far more efficient condition than she now occupied. New churches must be built suited to the wants of the poor. And here follows a burst of indignation against the scandalous waste of a million and half of money voted for church-building in the days of Lord Liverpool. That sum, he says, "might have supplied the ecclesiastical wants of the kingdom; but, unhappily, through the gross ignorance of the state of the Church and of the country which then prevailed, through the injurious working of the system of centralization which was acted upon in the appropriation of the money, and through the capital error of constructing immense, extravagant, unendowed churches, instead of compact, inexpensive, sufficiently endowed ones, the result was wretchedly disproportionate to the outlay, and a stumbling-block was cast in the way of similar legislative interpositions."

* Those who are disposed to question this assertion would do well to read the two Blue Books issued by the House of Commons, containing the evidence of Romish priests themselves upon the subject; or a Lecture delivered by the Editor in London, and elsewhere, upon the subject. It was drawn up and delivered at the request of his late venerable friend Richard Spooner, Esq., and by him a copy was placed in the hands of every member of both Houses of Parliament.

Let us not, however, be taunted with mistakes in which all were more or less involved; and the rather, since now we have attained to a fulness of knowledge, a ripeness of experience, and a perfection of machinery in these matters, which make it all but impossible that such mistakes should be repeated. "Such measures as these, Sir," he concludes, "adopted in faith and carried out in wisdom, would, under God, do more for us than all the triumphs of our arms, or the extension of our territories. God, even our own God, would give us His blessing."

Mr. Stowell drew up an earnest and eloquent petition to the House of Commons on behalf of the Irish clergy. It is written in his own hand, and from the original autograph: it is as follows:—"The undersigned inhabitants of Manchester and its neighbourhood desire to represent to your Honourable House, that we deeply sympathize with our brethren of the Irish branch of the United Church of these realms, in their privations and distresses; that we entertain the highest respect for the exalted conscientiousness and self-denial with which the great body of the members of that branch of the Church have so long kept aloof from the national system of education for Ireland, and consequently from all Government aid in the education of the children of the poor; that we look upon it as an oppressive, unreasonable, and anomalous thing, that whilst in England Government assistance is freely extended to almost every class of sectaries for the education of their children in accordance with

their own tenets, in Ireland, where aid is most urgently needed, the National Church is compelled either to forego all such succour, or to purchase it at the sacrifice of what the great proportion of her Ministers and members hold to be their fundamental principles. Your petitioners therefore pray your Honourable House to adopt immediately measures for extending to the Irish branch of the united Church the same unrestricted assistance in educating the children of her poor, which her Majesty's subjects in general enjoy in this country.—And your petitioners, &c."

From the time he took Orders, Mr. Stowell was a warm friend of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It was then but weak, in its nonage, and had many enemies; and sound Churchmen, as they wished to be called, held themselves aloof from a Society which admitted Churchmen and Dissenters upon equal terms. Mr. Stowell, decided as he always was in his attachment, or as we should rather say his reverence, for the Church of England, felt no such scruples. It is remarkable that he was always on the kindest terms with pious Dissenters, nor ever had a personal quarrel with those whose dissent was chiefly political. The reason lay not merely in the suavity of his temper, but in the openness and Christian manliness of his speeches. He never resorted to the unworthy tricks of peevish oratory, never conveyed a sting under the pretext of a compliment; never threw out by an inuendo something that was meant to wound. His warfare was honourable and open, nor was he given

to covet hostilities; his spirit was always affectionate and cordial; so were his speeches on the platform of the Bible Society; he seemed to shed a like influence upon others, and in general the meetings broke up in harmony and joy when Mr. Stowell had been one of the speakers.

Years passed away, and he still held fast to his early convictions. When the Dissenters celebrated their bi-centenary, Dr. Miller, amongst others of his personal friends, refused to speak on their platform. We are happy to see that he has once more resumed a position for which he is so eminently fitted, and one in which his gifts as a public speaker were always so highly appreciated. On this occasion Canon Stowell addressed a letter to the *Record*, in which he states that he shall not follow some of his brethren in withdrawing from active co-operation with the Bible Society. He will not, he says, confound the moderate and charitable Dissenters with the more rabid and intolerant; and he believes the former are those whom they chiefly meet in the committee rooms and on the platforms of the Bible Society. The calumnious accusations of the latter did not disturb him. His reply to all their charges was, "It is a small matter for me to be judged of you, or of man's judgment; He that judgeth me is the Lord. I have never given the shadow of a ground for suspicion of my honest loyalty to the National Church. I have declined even to take part in an attempt to alter her formularies and confessions, believing the risk to be

greater than the prospect of advantage. Under these circumstances, I will not allow my assailants to have so much weight with me as to deter me from taking an active part in the furtherance of a work which, in common with Dr. Miller, I regard as the noblest and best." In conclusion, the Rev. Canon considers that he does not, by co-operation with the supporters of the Bible Society, either endorse their orthodoxy, or enter, strictly speaking, into Christian fellowship with them; but united with them simply on the broad basis of concurrence in the principle and purpose of diffusing the Word of God, without note or comment, in its entirety and integrity, wide as the world.

Mr. Stowell was, through his life, a lover of children; they saw and returned his affection, with the addition of a deep respect. The following incident has been kindly sent to us by a friend personally unknown:—

8th June, 1867.

"SIR,—In writing Mr. Stowell's life, it may be interesting to you and your readers to have a record of the impression made by his preaching on a child.

"My father at the time was chaplain to the bishop of Sodor and Man, and we were residing close to Ballaugh, of which place Mr. Stowell's father had been the clergyman. This must have been in March, 1837, I think. Hugh Stowell preaching to simple Manx men, many of them understanding more Manx than English, used the very simplest language,

just suited to the capacity of a child not eight years of age, and I went home and repeated to my mother nearly the whole of the sermon: the text was St. Luke xiv. 31, 32—'Or what king,' &c. He specially dwelt on the ambassage, on God's ambassage of peace to us.

"At the end of 1856, I met Mr. Stowell just after I had been appointed to my first incumbency, a post of peculiar difficulty. Mr. Stowell knew the circumstances of the congregation, and his advice to me was, 'Do your duty, without fear of man, and you will get on.'

"And the event proved how true the advice was.

"Mr. Stowell's influence at the Southport Clerical Meetings was very great and very good. I recollect being struck much with his Churchmanship. A clerical friend, rather a higher Churchman than most of those who generally attended those meetings, said to me—'I had no idea that Stowell and M'Neile were such good Churchmen.' This had appeared chiefly in a discussion upon the advisability of allowing laymen to offer up prayer at prayer-meetings when the Clergyman was present. Both the Hughs emphatically opposed it.

"And in contrast with this consistent Churchmanship, I recollect his kind and loving consistency with regard to the Bible Society, under the excitement of the Bicentenary celebrations of 1862.

"Dr. Miller of Birmingham had been arguing that as a Churchman he could not meet, on the Bible So-

ciety platform, those who, off it, were reviling him and his Church. But Hugh Stowell carried the meeting with him when he argued the true claims of the Bible Society upon us, and bade us still love even those who opposed us. Hugh Stowell's loving spirit had the victory."

Mr. Stowell's views were, no doubt, at that time unpopular; if no attempt was made to answer him, a plentiful shower of scorn and raillery served in its stead. But what is the state of things at this moment?

The Parliament is passing with impetuous haste a Bill to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which forbade the Romish Bishops to assume territorial titles; and the Roman Catholic Bishop Goss, who has the effrontery to call himself Bishop of Liverpool, has issued his episcopal manifesto, forbidding the intrusion of any second Bishop, that is, of any Protestant Bishop, into his diocese.

Time was when such an audacious proceeding would have stirred the heart of Protestant England to its very depths. At present it seems to pass almost unnoticed. We do not mean to disguise our sentiments; this is no question of politics. We believe that the Church herself, nay the Protestantism of England, is in the utmost danger; not so much from the force of Romish intrigue, or Romish influence, as from the apathy and almost total unconcern of the bulk of Protestants. But, as of old, so even now, wisdom is

justified of all her children. From the *Economist*, one of the ablest and best conducted of our liberal newspapers, we make the following extract, published but a few months ago:—

"No dispassionate observer, we apprehend, whatever be his political or theological predilections, can shut his eyes to the fact, that the Catholic Priesthood, as at present organized, as at present circumstanced, as at present minded, does practically, and to a very sad extent, thwart and impede the progress of the country to a more prosperous condition. Catholic Emancipation was a wise and righteous measure. It was an act of justice: it was an act of necessity. We contended for it at the time, and we have never repented of it since. But no one can maintain that it has borne the beneficent fruit which its advocates prophesied for it. Perhaps, if it had passed earlier, it might have worked better;—we see but slight grounds for affirming this, but it might have been so. Perhaps, also, if it had been accompanied or followed by other measures of justice or conciliation, such as a modification of the English Establishment or payment of the Romanist Clergy, it might have wrought wider and deeper good. As it is, it cannot be said to have had the faintest effect either in pacifying religious animosities, in satisfying the desires of the Catholic hierarchy, in improving their character, enlightening their patriotism, or amending and elevating their influence over the people. The reverse, rather, is the case. They spring, even more exclusively than for-

merly, from the lowest classes, live more exclusively among them, share more thoroughly, and foster more habitually than before, their worst passions, and all their narrowest views. There are fewer well-educated and well-mannered men among them. The priests who are trained at Maynooth are far inferior in culture to those of former days, and are no better subjects of the Crown. They take their orders direct from Rome, and consider only the interests of their Church. They vehemently oppose the National System of Education from a dread of its indirectly proselytising effects, and yet can substitute no better in its place. They set their faces against emigration, not unnaturally, because it diminishes their flocks, reduces their stipends, and brings the people under influences adverse to their own. They certainly do nothing to correct, and it is to be feared they do much to encourage, the chronic mistrust and the fatal antagonism between the peasant and his landlord; and they do this, whether the landlord be Protestant or Catholic. In a word—sad as the admission is, coming from the pen of consistent and sincere liberals as we have always been—the priests must be regarded as the worst enemies the Irish suffer under. And it is not easy to see how this wretched position of affairs is to be cured or ameliorated."

Coming from that party which so strongly condemned the course Mr. Stowell took against the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill and the grant to Maynooth, it more than justifies all he did and said against those fatal measures; showing that all his

worst prognostications of the results to be expected from them are realized—his opponents being the judges.

Canon Stowell delivered a lecture on National Education in 1849. It was announced in the following advertisement, which was drawn up by himself:—

"NATIONAL EDUCATION.—A Lecture on this great question will (D.V.) be given by the Rev. Canon Stowell, M.A., on Monday Evening, the 17th of this month, in the Free Trade Hall, in the course of which he will reply to the various attacks which have been made on his speech at the late Town's Meeting on the subject of Secular Education. The chair will be taken at Seven o'clock precisely, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Manchester. Admission by tickets, which may be had—to the side galleries and reserved seats, at 6d.; and to the platform, at 1s. each (for the purpose of defraying expenses)—from Messrs. —— ——; from the latter of whom free tickets may be had, more particularly by the working classes, whose attendance is specially invited. N.B.—Platform tickets gratuitously for the clergy."

He had immense influence with the working classes; and deservedly, for he ever had their welfare at heart. When, at an out-door assemblage, other speakers could not secure attention, he would arrest that of all. He had great tact, too. Thus at noisy meetings, when people or police would proceed to turn out a person persisting in interrupting the proceedings, Canon Stowell would interfere, and say, "Leave him alone; if he stays he will hear something that will do him good." "I admire his zeal, and only wish it was in a better cause," &c. And he generally succeeded in quieting the impending uproar. His rule in con-

troversy was "love to the man, uncompromising hostility to his errors."

This advertisement, prepared with so much care by Canon Stowell himself, shows clearly that he was not afraid of his audience. He wished for no packed assembly, from which rude opponents should be excluded, or admitted only under the condition that they should listen in silence. There is nothing blameable in such precautions; but Canon Stowell felt that he could control the rising storm, should an uproar be attempted. On rising, he went directly to the heart of the question. He would endeavour, he said, to disencumber it from a great many irrelevant points which had been mixed up with it. He was not at issue with the advocates of secular education on the question that there was an immense amount of deplorable ignorance, and, as the consequence, an amount of fearful crime and moral turpitude pervading our land. He was scarcely prepared to say that here their statements were overdrawn or over coloured. He believed that the moral condition of immense masses of the peasantry and artisans of the country was a sore blot on the brow and a sore canker in the heart of Britain. He believed that this was the case to such an extent, that unless England girded herself mightily to the work of educating and ameliorating the masses of the people, fearful would be the result. Besides, we could not go on in the way in which we had been proceeding, for there was a mighty impulse given to the mind of the nation, and that impulse

must precipitate the population in a right or a wrong direction—in a right direction if rightly regulated, in a wrong direction if left to its own blind force. He conceived, therefore, that nothing could be more important than the question of the extension of education through the length and breadth of the land from the poorest ragged match-seller up to the most refined person's well-clad and well-fed children. He would have every Briton educated; it was his birthright; he ought to have it, and by the help of God the Church of England would do her part in providing it.

The question upon which he and his opponents were at issue, was simply this:—Was a secular system of education to become the national system; and was Christian education, such as they had hitherto possessed, and such as they ought to possess, to be set aside for such teaching? Were they to have a system of education which was to stand out as the one standard of faith and wisdom? Or were they to have that blessed book excluded by law from the national schools of this Christian land? Now, the national system of education premised, so far as he had been able to make it out,—and he had not read uncandidly or unfairly the various lectures and speeches which had been delivered on this important question,—that the Bible as an entire book was unsuitable to have a place in secular schools. Now, he contended that this was a most unprotestant principle. The Bible only was the religion of Pro-

testants. It was a most irreverent design; for it tended to produce the impression, that the Word of God might have something good in it, but was not good as a whole. If a body of men, representing all heterodox as well as orthodox sects, must cut out from the Bible all on which they disagreed, not much of the Bible would be left for the children. It would not suffice to say that they wanted to get rid of sectarianism. Was the Bible sectarian? To say this, was to say that the Bible was not the Word of God. They must take the Bible as a whole, or not take it at all; for all Scripture is given by inspiration of God. The Bible was God's Word from first to last, or it was not God's Word at all. There was no heresy more dangerous, more deadly, and more desperate—however unconsciously some good men might be lending themselves to it—than that which denied the plenary inspiration of Holy Scripture. The Rev. Canon concluded thus, amidst the deafening cheers of his audience:—"It was a wondrous thing to see this happy little isle lifting up her head after the storms which had passed over her, unshaken; while far mightier nations, with richer appliances and resources, had been swept away, and their place knew them no more. Yet this rocky island sat queen of the ocean, and arbitress of the world. And mark her now, when well-nigh all Europe was trembling and tottering to its downfall—mark how she abides scarcely disturbed. It was glorious to behold. What is the secret—where is the grand spell of

her safety and prosperity? The amount of vital religion in her. Where is the source of that healing stream? The pure Word of God. Where instrumentally is the efficacy of that word? As taught in the school, and as preached from the pulpit. An open Bible, and a preached Gospel, are England's shield, and England's lock of strength. Take these away, and what will follow? It is a mighty problem to be solved, Can a nation last on and flourish on, century after century, and not, like other and like all the mightiest nations of antiquity, like Nineveh, and Babylon, and Tyre, attain its zenith, wane and pass away? Must not England, if left to the working of ordinary causes and ordinary consequences, yield to the same law, and share the same doom? But if there be a conservative and remedial power and influence of living Christianity in the midst of her, counteracting the natural tendency to decay, then she may stand; and whilst the Lord makes a full end of other nations, He will not make a full end of her. How thrilling the question, Is England to stand in the future as she has stood in the past, braving the tremendous revolutions which are brooding over and darkening the civilized world, making the gravest and the boldest to tremble with apprehension? I answer the thrilling question by another—Will England stand by her Bible, her Christian education, her Christian institutions? Then no weapon formed against her shall prosper. But let her turn traitress, and give up the Bible, and the God of the

Bible will give her up; she will fall, and great will be her fall."

So bold a speaker had of course many opponents. Some of these were political Protestants, some were Roman Catholics. He received many anonymous and threatening letters; these he invariably burnt without reading them. His rule was neither to read anonymous letters, nor to notice them when they appeared in the newspapers. A friend once remarking to him, that he never replied to the letters in the newspapers, especially to one writer who attacked him violently, he replied, smiling, "No, I treat him as I would a chimney-sweeper whom I might meet in the street with a sack of soot on his back; I give him as wide a berth as possible." All those who have felt it their duty to stand in the fore-front of the battle, learn, after a while, how cheap is their remedy against the threats and taunts of adversaries, namely, by committing such things, unread, to the waste-paper basket.

The depth of affectionate respect which was felt for Mr. Stowell in Manchester, was shown by a very remarkable occurrence. A false report one day went abroad, that he had died suddenly in the street. The scene on the Exchange, and throughout the city, was most affecting. His friends were besieged with inquiries which they were unprepared to answer; meanwhile, the unconscious subject of this painful excitement, having gone that morning to breakfast with the Bishop, drove through the centre of Manchester and Salford in an open conveyance, much per-

plexed by the extraordinary manner in which people regarded him, several taking off their hats and waving them over their heads; until, observing one poor woman burst into tears, he drew up and inquired what was the matter with her, upon which she informed him. He hurried home, where, happily, he learned that the premature tidings had not yet disturbed the quiet of the family. An intimate friend of his, upon hearing the report, had driven to the house, and he says, "I cannot describe my thankfulness when I observed, ere approaching it, no signs of mourning. I stopped the cab, and walking up to the door found from the servant that Mrs. Stowell was ignorant of the report, and prevented it reaching her until Mr. Stowell's safe arrival."

CHAPTER VII.

THE LANCASHIRE PUBLIC SCHOOL ASSOCIATION—CANON STOWELL'S OPPOSITION TO IT—CANON STOWELL MOVES AN AMENDMENT, AND IS ABLY SUPPORTED BY A WESLEYAN MINISTER—MEETS WITH UNEXPECTED OPPOSITION—CANON STOWELL'S AMENDMENT CARRIED BY THE CHAIRMAN'S CASTING VOTE—HIS LABOURS IN HIS OWN PARISH FOR RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—AFFECTIONATE ADDRESS FROM THE WORKING MEN OF MANCHESTER TO CANON STOWELL—HIS REPLY—HIS CONTROVERSY WITH MR. GEORGE DAWSON AND OTHERS—LECTURES AGAINST POPERY—HIS LETTER TO "THE TIMES" ON EDUCATION—LETTER TO HIS SISTER ON THE ILLNESS OF HIS CHILD—HYMN ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER—ANNUAL ADDRESS TO HIS PARISHIONERS—IS CHAIRMAN OF THE MANCHESTER CLERICAL ASSOCIATION—HIS PUBLIC WORK IN MANCHESTER AND SALFORD—THE QUESTION OF CHURCH PATRONAGE CONSIDERED—HIS STYLE OF PREACHING.

In the year 1849 the Lancashire Public School Association was formed. Its object, as stated by its own partisans, was the establishment of a general system of secular education in the county, to be supported by local rates, and managed by local authorities elected by the rate-payers especially for that purpose. A requisition was presented to the Mayor of Manchester, and a public meeting was held in the Town Hall in consequence; and Manchester was invited to petition Parliament in favour of the project. Considerable interest was attached to this meeting, as it became publicly known that a strenuous opposition would be made to the promoters of the object contemplated

by this new institution. At a Meeting of the Church Education Society, held a few days previously, Canon Stowell had announced his intention of opposing the whole project; it became known, too, that the Bishop of Manchester was strongly opposed to the secular education scheme. Public attention was highly excited, and a vast audience crowded the Town Hall. The subject was introduced with great ability by several speakers. Canon Stowell rose to move an amendment; it was short and pithy, and was stated in these words:—"That your Petitioners, being deeply impressed with the importance of religious education, and deeply anxious that national education should be diffused through the land, humbly pray your Honourable House not to sanction any system of general education of which the Christian religion is not the basis."

He spoke long, and with much warmth, in support of his amendment. The question was, he said, Shall the children of the working classes have an education in which secular learning is interwoven with, and hallowed by, the simple Christianity of the Bible? or, Shall they have secular education, leaving all distinctive Christian instruction, and leaving Christian information, to the haphazard of any possible instruction they might get? Shall the children be taught that they were not to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; but to seek first secular learning that would prepare them for their worldly calling, and that then they might in after years seek for re-

ligious instruction;—that religious instruction was not to be made a part and parcel of their daily education, but merely a thing to be patched and hemmed on the garment that was woven, and woven on a godless basis? He then, with all candour and frankness, submitted that, as far as he had been able to study and to understand the plan of education published by the Lancashire Public School Association, that was the real question at issue between him and those with whom he was associated, and then he sat down amidst hearty cheering, and appeared to have carried the sense of a great majority of the meeting with him. A gentleman who was one of his hearers says of it, "He delivered to a crowded and respectable assembly one of the most eloquent, argumentative, and masterly addresses I ever heard from him. He spoke about two hours, and made a most powerful impression." Canon Stowell was ably seconded by the Rev. George Osborn, an eminent Wesleyan Minister, who said that he should be unjust to himself, to his brethren in the Ministry, and to his flock, if he did not take all proper opportunities like the present, of respectfully and temperately asserting the principle, that education, to be of any true and lasting value, must be first religious, and then secular. To that principle, as one of the members of the connection founded by the late John Wesley, Mr. Osborn stated that he had been publicly again and again committed.

But Canon Stowell and his friends met with opposition from an unexpected quarter; the Rev. W.

M'Kerrow rose, amidst much cheering, to support the original motion, and to oppose the amendment. He had, he said, been twenty-two years in the city, and he trusted he had been as zealous in the propagation of the truth as others of his brethren, and he hoped he was not to be supposed to be the patron in any way of a godless scheme of education, because he had become a member of the Lancashire School Association. He did not attach so much importance to the introduction of the religious element into day schools. He was convinced very little religious benefit could be conveyed. Who ever thought of introducing religion in connection with mathematics, or arithmetic, or writing, or with the great majority of those exercises in which young people were engaged? He admitted they could introduce a good or pious remark sometimes, &c. Religion, he added, was too solemn and momentous a thing to be cast among a number of children who were full of playfulness and mirth. Mr. M'Kerrow then went on to say that he was satisfied that little practical good resulted; he of course alluded to the religious teaching in National Schools.

The fallacy of such views as these must surely be apparent to those who are conversant with intelligent childhood when the mind begins to dawn. Children at an early age will ask a thousand questions which can be answered only in one way, viz., by referring everything to God; but then it naturally follows, that you must refer to the Bible as your authority.

After a long discussion, a division was called for; the numbers were nearly equal on each side; the Chairman however decided, with the consent of both parties, that, according to the best of his judgment, Canon Stowell's amendment was carried.

An annual Tea Party of the congregation of Christ Church, Salford, held about the same time, shows that Canon Stowell was not merely a declaimer on the subject of education at public meetings, but was most diligent at home in the work of education. It was then, he said, thirty years since he began his labours amongst them, six of which were spent at St. Stephen's, and the remainder at his present church; and during that time he had only been twice prevented, through sickness, from attending upon his flock. The attendance at the church, he remarked, had been characterized by great regularity and a great devotional spirit. The attendance at the schools had been very satisfactory, especially amongst the adults.

There was one feature which he had but lately commenced, viz., that of publicly catechising the various schools in his district; which had been attended with great success, as it had succeeded in awakening the reflecting powers of the young people. He was also assured by four or five clergymen in various parts of England, who had adopted the same plan, that their efforts had been attended with much success. He cautioned his congregation against falling into the extreme views of Ritualism, and advised them to be on their guard

against all attempts to substitute reason for revelation. And at the same time warned his hearers against trusting too much to their ministers.

Thus we perceive that his parochial labours were in happy consistency with his public declamations. He taught the public at large in the one; he instructed his own flock in the other; and his conduct was appreciated. Nothing could have been more welcome to a mind like his than the hearty response of the working classes to his appeals, and the testimonies of respect and affection which he received at their hands. We insert an address which does honour to the working men of Manchester, and deserves, quite apart from the confirmation it pays to Canon Stowell's consistency and worth, to be placed on record as a lasting specimen of the discernment and sound principles of the working men of our large manufacturing towns of Lancashire: the men who, a few years after, endured the horrors of starvation, during the Cotton famine of the American war, without a murmur.

"*An Address from the Working Men of Manchester to the Rev. Hugh Stowell, M.A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Salford, and Honorary Canon of Chester.*

"Reverend Sir,—It is with feelings of profound veneration and respect that we, the working men of Manchester, address you on the present occasion. We are desirous to return you a heartfelt expression of our sincere regard for the many instances in which you have stood forward as the honest advocate of the best interests of the working classes of this country.

To your distinguished advocacy we are mainly indebted for very many of the blessings and privileges which we as working men enjoy. You have been the honoured instrument in the hands of God of upholding the standard of scriptural truth throughout the length and breadth of the land. You have successfully resisted the introduction of Popery or semi-Popery into the Church of England. You have hitherto prevented the mutilation of the Bible, and thus maintained the integrity and supreme authority of God's most Holy Word. You have clearly demonstrated the divine obligation and sanctity of the Christian Sabbath, and the indubitable right of the working man to a full participation of the benefits thereof. You have been instrumental in elevating the tone of morality, and of disseminating the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus amongst the inhabitants of this great and populous city. You have ever been the steady and sincere friend of civil and religious liberty, cheerfully according to others those privileges and blessings which you claim for yourself. You have always maintained the cause of the poor against the rich, the weak against the strong, the helpless against the powerful, and the oppressed against the oppressor. You have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the sick, comforted the afflicted, and instructed the ignorant; thus following the example of your Divine Master, who went about continually doing good. Reverend Sir, we cannot conclude this humble address without a brief allusion to the late meeting at the

Town Hall, where you nobly stood forward in defence of the great and vital principles of scriptural education. On that occasion you admirably sustained your long-earned character as the working man's friend; you clearly demonstrated the duty of the State to educate the children of the poor in the best possible manner, by giving them an education not only for time, but also for eternity—an education which would not only develop the mental faculties, but also instil religious principles, thus 'training them up in the way they should go, and when they are old they will not depart from it.' In fine, to give them such an education as would make them what they were destined by their Creator to be, namely, happy creatures, ornaments of society, a blessing to their fellow men, and, ultimately, inhabitants of heaven. Reverend Sir, we would, in conclusion, congratulate you on the dignified conduct and Christian deportment which you manifested during the discussion, also on the ease and facility with which you demolished the fallacious arguments of the advocates of the secular system. That you may live long in the perfect enjoyment of health and strength, vindicating the rights of the poor, and adorning the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things, is the sincere and earnest prayer of the working men of the city of Manchester.

"April, 1850." "Thos. Greig, Chairman."

To this Address Canon Stowell makes the following reply:—

"*To the Working Men of Manchester, who prepared and presented to me, on Tuesday Evening last, their affectionate Address.*

"Fellow Christians,—You have stood forward nobly in defence of your own character, and in the maintenance of your sacred rights. Your movement has been spontaneous and unprompted. You have felt that you and your children have the deepest stake in the vital controversy which is agitating the community, and that you have therefore the strongest claims to be heard upon the question.

"Deeply as I appreciate your grateful affection, I must disclaim any title to the ardent praise which you award me, excepting that which lies in the sincerity and earnestness of my desire to subserve the true interests of the working classes. In this respect you have only done me justice. To my Divine Master alone be ascribed the glory, if, in any measure, I have been able to carry out that desire. If I have won your confidence, it has not been by deluding you; I have ever told you the truth, but I have told you it in love. Mistrust the man who fawns upon you, and beware of him who flatters you. How often are 'the people' made the tools of 'the friends of the people.'

"You do well to speak out for yourselves at this crisis. Your sentiments have been in danger of misconstruction and misrepresentation. There was some risk of the voice of the noisy few being mistaken for the verdict of the sober many. You have averted the evil. You have given utterance to the real

judgment of the great majority of your order on the all-important subject of Education. It is, indeed, too true, that multitudes are almost indifferent to the education of their children; but it is a flagrant libel upon them to say, that they are *hostile* to *religious* education.

"Pause not, however, my beloved friends; the struggle is only begun. Let us be fellow-helpers together in the diffusion of sound wisdom, in the promotion of brotherly concord, in the defence of God's truth, and in the furtherance of our country's peace. Let our watchword be—'The Supremacy of the Bible.' In the sanctuary and the senate, in the mansion and the cottage, in the closet and the school—*let the Bible govern all.* Against this principle there is a gathering conspiracy. Here the conflict will be waged; on the issue must depend the safety of our institutions, and the destiny of our land. Let us be united, determined, untiring; prompt in action, strong in faith, fervent in charity, 'continuing instant in prayer,' and the result is certain. 'God will be for us, and who shall be against us?'

"Thanking you heartily for all your love and esteem expressed towards me,—more welcome to me than would be the plaudits of the great,—'I commend you to God and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance amongst all them which are sanctified.'—I am, my dear friends and brethren, your obliged and affectionate servant,

"Hugh Stowell."

His courage in thus throwing himself into the breach, and the warmth with which he maintained his principles, made many opponents. To their personalities he made no replies; to their arguments he was always prepared to give an answer.

Amongst other controversies on this subject, Canon Stowell had one with Mr. George Dawson, of Birmigham; but it was attended with no results of importance, and beyond the neighbourhood of Manchester was never heard of. This is to be regretted. Had each party put forth his strength, and treated on the great principles at issue, each would have discovered in the other—

"A foeman worthy of his steel;"

and the controversy would have been handed down to another generation, like that between Hooker and Cartwright, as the masterly discussion of the question at issue—a bible education on the principles of the Established Church on the one hand, and a religio-secular education on the other.

A succession of great Protestant meetings was held in Manchester, at all of which the indignant voice of Canon Stowell was heard; for it was soon found that the great question of Protestant education was so nearly connected with that of the aggressions of Popery, that it was impossible to treat of the one without, almost unconsciously, encountering the other. For this, too, Canon Stowell was well prepared. When the Roman Catholics appointed a Bishop for Manchester, and opened their cathedral,

he preached and lectured on the subject of Popery; showing in his sermons the awful delusions to which the Church of Rome was abandoned, and, on the platform, how inimical were her dogmas to the peace and the civil liberty of England; as they were of every European nation into which they had forced their way.

His zeal abroad was unabated; in fact, it never seems to have interfered with his work at home. He wrote a letter to the *Times;* it is dated Manchester, March 11th, for it was one of his peculiarities that the year in which he writes is seldom mentioned. "He called attention," he says, "to a subject of very urgent importance:—We have reached a crisis in the history of national education—large and effective measures must be adopted. Of what character are these measures to be? The National School Society, a body hitherto recognized as the educational organ of the Church, were not awake either to the difficulties or the duties of their influential position."

What indeed, he asks, could be more inopportune, more likely to act mischievously, than the position assumed by the Committee of the National School Society? By a late decision of a majority of that Committee, one door of official communication and co-operation with the State on the subject of education was closed; a fact which, he had been assured by members of Parliament, went far to account for the ominous complacency with which Mr. Fox's plausible but fatal Bill was received in the House of Commons. Mr. Fox was then member for Finsbury.

But again, he asked, was the voice of the majority of the Committee of the National School Society the voice of the Church? Far from it. The voice of the minority rather, including, as there is reason to believe, both our Archbishops, was, in truth, the voice of nine-tenths of the clerical and nineteen-twentieths of the lay members of the Establishment.

"Then," he exclaims, "let that voice be heard—whether in memorials to the Committee, addresses to the Primate, to our respective diocesans, or in whatever other mode. The matter pressed, the crisis was momentous. Action should be prompt and decisive." The Manchester Education Society, Canon Stowell adds, had taken the initiative; and he wrote this letter in the hope that others would go and do likewise.

We change the scene to present the reader with a sweet picture of parental affection and filial piety. The letter was written from the sick chamber of a beloved child:—

"Bowden, Sept. 12.

"My very dear Brother and Sister,—From dearest Nessey's sick chamber, I send you a few lines to tell you that though her strength is fast fading, her peace is flowing like a river. To-day especially, her face is bright with bliss—a mirror reflecting heavenly images. The simplicity of her faith is the secret (instrumentally) of her joy. She has just been saying, 'I cling to Christ just as much as if I had been a murderer.' She has been telling us also what a conflict she had at Sheffield, whilst fearing she might be

resting on the piety of parents, on the prayers of others, or on exemption from gross sins, rather than on Christ; and how often and how earnestly she prayed, 'Search me, O God,' &c.

"What a lesson of admonition and hope to us all—admonition, that we should give diligence to make our calling and election sure—hope, that our victory, like hers, shall be glorious. O may we be quickened by such an example!

"She begs her best love, and says she has neither a wish nor a fear. Mr. G—— thinks that another week will probably close her conflict. The dear B.'s are unremitting in their kindness; nothing could exceed their attention. They are, for them, well. Dear Aunt looks poorly, having a sore throat and a slight cold. All my family are well. Remember me to all your dear children. I have not yet heard anything from A.

"Dearest Nessey has just added—'Say that I pray for them, that the God of peace would give them peace always by all means.' To this prayer, I say Amen, Amen.—Yours most affectionately,

"Hugh Stowell."

The child of so much promise recovered, and lived to be the wife of the Rev. A. W. Keene, Incumbent of St. John's, Oldham. She died a few months after her marriage. Canon Stowell lost also another daughter, who died very young, but very happily, in 1849. It was on that occasion that he wrote the following lines. "It was a hymn," he says, "written for my

dear Sunday Scholars, shortly after the departure of a lovely and singularly holy daughter at the age of eleven years."

"We will not weep as others do,
Though toil and pain attend us here:
We have a blessed home in view,—
To faith's bright eye, how calm, how clear;
A blessed home where all is pure,
A home from every storm secure.

"The weary there shall sweetly rest,
Far from the very thought of ill;
The wicked shall not there molest,
But every jarring sound be still:
The day shall never know a night,
Nor shadow dim the living light.

"And many a little lamb is there,
Who loved the Shepherd's voice below,
And now beneath His heavenly care,
Is far removed from want and woe;
Then we, poor little ones, may try
To win that home beyond the sky.

"Yes, welcome toil, and loss, and pain,
If these our Father should assign;
Lord, we will count them all but gain,
So we may reach that home of thine:
Oh glorious hope! through life's dark road,
It lights us onward to our God!"

"These family bereavements," (so writes one of his congregation, to whom we are indebted for many very important particulars which none but himself could have supplied us with,) "although felt most acutely by our dear friend, were not permitted to prevent his ministrations from the pulpit, most affecting

as they were. What he felt may readily be imagined from his truly sensitive character and tender feelings. Often have I seen the tears trickle down his face whilst preaching in his pulpit, when touching upon some subject that affected him, such as the death of a member of his flock."

It was his custom to write an annual Address to his Congregation, whom he certainly loved with no ordinary affection. We have reason to believe that offers of better preferment were several times pressed upon his acceptance, and that he declined them simply on account of his affection for his own people and their returns of love to him. Of these annual Addresses we must place on record a single example, though many more, all of them, indeed, ought to be rescued from that oblivion which soon overtakes such productions, and placed on lasting record.

"My Dear Flock,—My Yearly Messenger comes to you again. Receive it kindly. Its message to each dwelling is, 'Peace be to this house.' Would that it might find a 'son of peace' in every abode. Then indeed would peace be there. But what peace can there be unless you are at peace with God? 'If He make quietness, who then can make trouble?' But if He make trouble, who then can make quietness? Is it so? Are you at peace with Him? How was it made? Whence did it come? What brought it about? Bear with me if I deal plainly with you. I tell you the truth because I love you. You were not born at peace with God. It cannot have come to you

by nature, or as a thing of course. Far from it. The Bible tells us, 'The carnal mind is enmity against God, because it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.' Now, what does this mean? What *is* the carnal mind? Mind ruled by the flesh; minding the things of the flesh, living for this world, following the desires and appetites of our fallen nature, instead of following the commandments of God. The man that has such a mind is a rebel against God, and he that is a rebel against God must be an enemy to God. Fearful fact! Terrible thought! A worm of the dust at war with 'the Lord God Omnipotent'! What can be the end of it? Who can escape? Who can withstand such an adversary? 'Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth; but woe to him that striveth with his Maker.' However 'the carnal mind' may shew itself, whether in riot and drunkenness, whether in fornication or uncleanness, whether in cursing and lying, whether in strife or hatred, whether in cheating and stealing, whether in discontent and repining, whether in covetousness and care for this life only, whether in slighting the Bible, the Sabbath, and the Sanctuary, or in pride, self-righteousness and unbelief—still it is at strife with God; it is not only an enemy, but 'enmity' itself against Him.

"Some are not so bold,—some not so open in their enmity; but *all* that there are 'in the flesh' must be *enemies*. The Prophet says, 'We have turned every one to his own way.' The ways of sinners may vary ever so much; but if they are their *own* ways, they

cannot be the way of God. And of all such it must be true, 'the way of peace have they not known.' No one, then, is *naturally* at peace with God. There must be a change. A *reconciliation* must take place. It *may* take place. It *must* take place if a man is to have peace. It *may* take place,—God the Father, of His infinite love, has provided for it. God the Son, of His infinite grace, has made all ready. He is 'the Prince of Peace.' Yea, 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself, not imputing their trespasses to them'—(that is, not laying their sins to their charge, because they were laid upon their Saviour)—'has given to us the word and ministry of reconciliation.' The atoning work is done. The sin-offering is accepted. God is reconciled to all who will be reconciled to Him. But vain is all to the rebel that will not turn, who will not lay down his arms, who will not receive the atonement which alone can make God and the sinner to be at one. *Here* is the work of God the Holy Ghost. It is *His* to slay the enmity of the natural mind by the cross. It is *His* to make the Saviour known and precious to the guilty heart. It is *His* to lead the trembling suppliant through the Saviour to the Father, that his sins, 'though they be red as crimson, may be made whiter than snow'—that 'being justified by faith he may have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Then he will have peace in his own breast—'the peace of God which passeth all understanding.' Just as in a lake when the sun shines

upon it, you see the sun reflected upon its bosom, whereas when the sun was clouded there was no light, no mirrored sun upon the water.

"Now, have *you* this peace with God? Has the enmity of *your heart* been slain? Have *you* perceived, and hated, and bemoaned that horrid feeling? Has it been overcome by the love, and quenched by the blood, of Jesus? Ask yourselves. 'Be not deceived.' Can this mighty change have taken place in you, and you not know it? Can night be changed into day, winter into summer, the storm into the calm—and people not know it? How do you feel towards God? Is He a *terror* or a *delight* to you? Do you *love*, or do you *dread* to *think* of Him? Does it conduce to your pleasure to *remember*, or to *forget* Him? Is *Jesus* essential to your peace? Is your hope in God all *through Jesus?* Does your peace with God rest wholly on *His cross?* Have you *no peace* with *sin?* Do you hate it with a perfect hatred? You cannot be at peace with God if you are not at war with sin. You must be at war with *sinful self*—denying yourself daily, keeping under the body, 'crucifying the flesh with the affections and lusts.' One indulged sin will more damage your peace than one thousand sorrows.

"Ah! my dear friends, how few of you have true peace! Not because of your cares, your griefs, your poverty, your sicknesses, your toils—but because of your *sins*. Look through our district. Find a man really happy who is *not* at peace with God. Find

a man really miserable who *is*. See around you what restlessness, what fretting! Listen, what complaining, what jarring, what upbraiding! Why is it all? God shall tell us. 'The wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.' Is not this true? Do you not see its truth? Have you not felt, or do you not feel it to be true? Oh that the restless amongst you would seek rest where alone it can be found! You have sought peace in vain from sin. Oh, seek it now from Christ. Pray daily, pray hourly, 'O God, for Christ's sake give me Thy Holy Spirit!' 'O God, for Christ's sake grant me Thy Peace!'

"Come to the House of God to ask, to wait for peace. Can you expect it whilst you keep away? Men *may* come, and yet be hypocrites, formalists, no better for coming; but he who makes a habit of staying away, *cannot* be right.

"Those of you, Dear Brethren, who have the peace of God, see that you cherish the inestimable blessing. 'Walk in Peace.' 'Let your joys be known.' Show that you are happy. Never make peace with sin. Draw others to the Prince of Peace.

"Let me again remind you of the Services, Lectures, and Readings provided for you. And let me put you in remembrance of the various schools for your children.

"And now may the very God of Peace grant you peace always by all means!—Your affectionate Pastor,

"HUGH STOWELL."

"Christ Church, February 27, 1850."

Canon Stowell was for twenty years the Chairman, or President, of the Manchester Clerical Association, which met from time to time for the discussion of subjects, connected with the doctrines and conduct, or as our older Divines would have said, "walk and conversation," of the true Christian.

In such a post, competent learning, eminent piety, and much practical wisdom were required. With a general agreement, there would of course be much difference on minor points. To prevent discussion degenerating into irritation and undue warmth of temper even in the best men, is sometimes difficult. A presiding officer, for whom we have no appropriate term, but who is happily called a *moderator* by our brethren in the North, is wanted, and in Canon Stowell such an one was found.

What he was as the Pastor of his own flock may be gathered from the following communication, which we have received from one of his parishioners:—

The absence from church of any member of his congregation whose seat was not likely to be unoccupied except from sickness, would be noticed, and affectionate enquiry made. The first person across our threshold under such circumstances was our Pastor. How loving, how affectionate, how full of sympathy and comfort, were those visits, I can speak from my own experience. No fear of infection ever weighed with him, however contagious the disorder."

We cannot be surprised that such a Pastor became justly dear to his own poor, nor, when they became acquainted with his character, to the labouring classes

in general. They were not slow to show their regard. He was the means of establishing the Salford Operative Protestant Association; the Borough of Salford Ragged and Industrial Schools; the Evening Visiting Society; the Mission to the Romanists of Manchester and Salford; the Manchester and Salford Female Refuge; and several other charitable associations for visiting and clothing the poor in times of distress.

Canon Stowell was frequently called upon to preach at the opening of the numerous churches which sprang up in Manchester and its neighbourhood. He never passed an occasion of this kind without expressing, with his usual directness of aim and warmth of feeling, the satisfaction he felt if he had some assurance that the Gospel would be faithfully proclaimed from the pulpit of the new-born edifice. The mere erection of a church gave him little pleasure, unless he had some reasonable ground for believing that this would be the case. Many of these churches were vested in trustees, as patrons; and under the Act, now so well known and so generally adopted where new churches are built in populous places, Mr. Stowell's own church was the first that was consecrated. The Consecration took place on the 4th of November, 1831, only a few days after the Act had received the Royal Assent. The passing of this Act was a new era in the Church of England. No one could have imagined at the time, that in the following thirty-five years we should have had more than thirty-five hundred churches built, though under various kinds of patronage.

The Act has been repeatedly amended, and in some respects improved. But on one important point, that under which Christ Church, Salford, was consecrated, was very much superior to those which have followed. The trustees were chosen by the pew-owners, and the vacancies were filled up in the same way; but in other instances the vacancies are filled up by the remaining trustees; and these trustees need not even be members of the congregation, they may reside elsewhere, and are in fact despotic; as much so as any private patron.

Now, the grand defect of the Church of England is the want of a position for her laity in the real working of her spiritual affairs. The principle of thus employing laymen is recognized in the authority which she vests in her Churchwardens and Sidesmen, an authority which instructs them not, as they are now too often told from the pulpit, to listen submissively, and carry out with servile acquiescence whatever their Pastor in his wisdom may decree. They are to sit, it appears, in judgment on their preacher, and to silence him if his doctrine appears unsound, until they have submitted the question to the decision of the Bishop. How would it fare with some of our Romanizing Clergy if their Churchwardens understood their duty, and had the courage to act with firmness. We must quote the Canon itself. We wish that at every Archdeacon's Visitation the Churchwardens and Sidesmen summoned might be reminded of the existence of this Canon, and called upon to fulfil, without fear or favour, the duties it imposes upon them:—

"CANON 53.—If any preacher shall in the pulpit particularly or namely, of purpose, impugn or confute any doctrine delivered by any other preacher in the same church, or in any church near adjoining, before he hath acquainted the Bishop of the Diocese therewith, and received order from him what to do in that case, because upon such public dissenting and contradicting there may grow much offence and disquietness unto the people: the Churchwardens, or party grieved, shall forthwith signify the same to the said Bishop, and not suffer the said preacher any more to occupy that place which he hath once abused, except he faithfully promise to forbear all such matter of contention in the church, until the Bishop hath taken further order therein; who shall with all convenient speed proceed therein, that public satisfaction may be made in the congregation where the offence was given. Provided that, if either of the parties offending do appeal, he shall not be suffered to preach *pendente lite*."

Still the safety of the Church depends in a great measure on the variety of her patronage. Paley, with his usual sagacity, observed that if the patronage is vested in trustees, they will choose men for their eloquence and ability in popular work, to the neglect of learned and pious men of retiring character. For these provision should be made; and in country parishes, where the pulpit is of less importance, and household visitation, that is, preaching from house

to house, is the chief duty, such men ought to find preferment. It was in such a parish that Richard Hooker lived and died; and his homely Church at Drayton Beauchamp, in the solitude of the Chiltern Hundreds, where his remains lie unnoticed, is the spot where Richard, as his biographer tells us, was found one day rocking the cradle with one foot, while his pen was employed upon some of those writings which will make his name famous to succeeding generations. Some of our best men at this time occupy some of our most obscure parishes, and the Church would lose much indeed, if she lost their services. Those of our readers, and there must be many such, who can compare the state of the diocese of Winchester under its venerable prelate, with the condition of the same diocese when it was placed beneath his Episcopate, will wish that our Bishops should be left without patronage.

The private patron represents the founder of the parish church. Some few of our country gentry are really such; their ancestors, eight hundred years ago, built the church and gave the glebe, for the tithe even then existed, and we are indebted for it to one of the earliest of our Anglo-Saxon kings and his Witanagemote.

Canon Stowell himself affords rather a striking instance of the difference which even a highly accomplished extempore preacher feels when he addresses a strange congregation, compared with the ease and comfort with which he preaches to his own flock at home.

We were present when he preached his sermon for the Church Missionary Society, of which we have given an abstract. It did not impress us from the pulpit, as it afterwards did when it appeared in print; and we remember that the remark was general amongst the most candid of his hearers, that it appeared to want what we cannot better express than by the word *onction*, as used by French divines in a more comprehensive sense than it bears with us at home. The reason, we believe, was that, the Church being crowded to excess, he strained his voice and raised it to an unusual pitch. Now, where shouting begins, not only eloquence, but the power of making a serious impression, terminates. He was quite aware of this: his advice to a young clergyman was, "Never *try* to be heard." The sermon, it would seem, was an extempore one; it had not even been written out beforehand; yet, as the reader will perceive, there was no confusion in its arrangement, nor was it delivered with the least embarrassment.

We have mentioned already that he preached an extempore sermon on the first Sunday after his ordination; but we have since received a description of his feelings on that occasion, and of the effect they had upon the whole of his future ministry: it is too striking to be lost. "In a conversation with Mr. Stowell, I was once led to remark," says our informant, a friend of his, "that the power of extempore preaching greatly extended the usefulness of a clergyman, and relieved him from much severe toil,

and to ordinary congregations gave more effect to the sermon. Mr. Stowell replied, that he always felt thankful for being able so to preach; adding that 'he never preached but one written sermon, and that was the first,' and related the circumstances. He was, he said, ordained by Bishop Ryder sooner than he expected, in order to take charge of the Curacy of Shepscombe, having to go there the following day: he arrived late on the Saturday evening, tired and wearied, with one sermon written, and part of another; and found that he was to take the whole duty the next day—Sunday. He felt the solemnity of his position, and had made it a matter of much prayer. The Sunday morning came, he went to church, read the prayers, and felt them too. He then ascended the pulpit to preach his written sermon. The congregation was a rural one; and as he glanced over it whilst preaching, he said his heart sunk within him; and he thought he read their expression to be—'What sort of a stripling have we got (for I was then very youthful in my appearance): this may be all very good, but it is above our comprehension.' He retired to his lodgings, but had no appetite for his dinner: he offered up a heartfelt prayer, and on rising from his knees proceeded to finish his sermon for the afternoon. As he did so, his eye rested on a text which he thought very applicable to his then state of feelings and circumstances, and which he should like to preach upon. So, after meditating upon it, and turning

to parallel passages, he concluded to preach an extempore sermon on that subject.

"Much relieved, he went to church, read the prayers, and then preached to the people in the fulness of his heart, and he added—'I had not been long preaching before I observed tears trickling down an aged face. I felt that I was understood.' From that time to this (about 1840), he added, 'I have never preached a written sermon.' He looked back, he said, with interest and pleasure to his first rural flock, and even up to that time occasionally received from some of these simple people affectionate letters, which he prized much."

He had the facility, not by any means unusual amongst extempore preachers, who have made the work of the pulpit the great study and pursuit of life, of concentrating his powers upon a subject in the event of a sudden emergency. Thus, when the British Association held their first meeting in Manchester, the late Archbishop Sumner, then Bishop of Chester, who happened to be a visitor in the neighbourhood, was present, and a considerable number of strangers, members of the Association. He changed his text, and with it his discourse, and preached what is described to us as a most appropriate sermon. "Next morning," says his friend, "I met him, and the conversation turning upon the services of the previous day, he said he had not intended in the evening to preach upon the text or subject he preached upon; but when he looked round upon the congregation,

and saw so many scientific strangers present, he felt that he ought not to omit such an opportunity of administering a word in season. So, recollecting a text he had preached upon some years ago, which appeared suitable, he concluded to preach upon it. This facility, which excites so much surprise amongst those who have not made mental habits a philosophical study, is precisely similar to that of a good debater in Parliament; such an one, it is observed, is more eloquent and unembarrassed in his replies than in his opening speech. He rises with the occasion, his mind is now concentrated; instead of being embarrassed, he has gathered unexpected strength and warmth; but in each case what seems to a casual observer the ease of an inspiration, is nothing else, in fact, than the effect and the reward of years of toilsome labour.

CHAPTER VIII.

ELECTIONS OF 1852—CANON STOWELL APPEALS TO THE PROTESTANT ELECTORS OF MANCHESTER—RESULTS OF THE ELECTION—SECOND LETTER TO THE ELECTORS OF MANCHESTER—LETTER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD—FURTHER ADDRESSES TO OXFORD—ELECTIONS OF 1856—ADDRESSES TO THE ELECTORS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND—INCURS SEVERE CENSURE—THE PUBLIC PRESS OF MANCHESTER UNDERTAKE HIS DEFENCE—HIS TASTE FOR THE FINE ARTS—HE AND DR. M'NEILE LECTURE ON "THE TRIAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS"—EXTRACTS FROM THEIR SPEECHES—LETTER TO THE ARTIST—THE MANCHESTER ART EXHIBITION OF 1856—CANON STOWELL'S ADDRESS UPON THE SUBJECT.

When the general election arrived, in 1852, Canon Stowell came boldly forward to redeem his pledge. He was, he said, of no party; all parties had in turn conspired to undermine the Protestant cause, and to favour the advances of Popery both in England and Ireland. He stood forward as a Protestant, and in defence of the Church he loved. He made a fervent appeal to his fellow townsmen; and those who would appreciate his character must listen to his own words.

"*To the Protestant Electors of Manchester.*

"Friends and Neighbours,—Bear with me, whilst, before the coming struggle, I once more address you. It is due to myself, misconstrued as I have been—it is still more due to the great cause in which we are

embarked, grossly as it has been misrepresented—that I should trouble you with a few remarks on the misconstructions and misrepresentations to which we have been subjected.

"On what is personal I will say little. I expected to open the sluices of abuse, and I have not been disappointed in the expectation. I pity and I pardon those who vilify me. Let *them* vituperate us: let *us* win. It is only where, through my side, a stab has been aimed at our object, that any notice is demanded. I have been branded as 'a dictating priest' attempting to control a great constituency; my own acknowledgment, that 'behind the scenes' I had promoted the movement, has been alleged as demonstrative of my complicity in some Jesuitical design. The aim of all this is palpable; it is to excite prejudice against the effort as unduly identified with me. The reply, however, is very simple. Though the phrase which fell from me in the looseness and playfulness of extemporaneous address usually denotes something underhand, its meaning and its mystery as used by me, and understood by those who heard me, was that I had *privately originated* the opposition to the sitting Members. This I did. This I thank God for having enabled me to do. But beyond this, the Committee is as independent of me as I am of the Committee. My prayers, my counsel—if asked, my influence with my friends—they have and they shall have; more than this would be incompatible with my duties, and unbefitting my profession.

"But I have been charged with disguising Protectionism under the cloak of Protestantism. Strange that I should be charged with cloaking what I do not hold! I am no Protectionist. I would not have even a shilling levied on the poor man's loaf. Were it otherwise, why do I support Candidates as thoroughgoing Free Traders as those whom they oppose? And why, in the borough where I have my charge and my vote, am I so far from disturbing a Free Trader, that I would vote for him were he to be disturbed; because he, instead of insulting, vindicated our Protestantism.

"Yes, but in proof of my Protectionist propensities, I brought over Dr. McNeile, an avowed champion of Protection, to influence the election. My admirable friend is, as he has shown himself, well able to fight his own battles; he does not need my shield. The truth, however, is, that he was not brought over with any view to the election. The movement on the subject of Nunneries was contemplated long before the election struggle was undertaken; and Dr. McNeile came to Manchester simply to reciprocate the service which I had rendered in Liverpool.

"Even in my Protestantism, however, I am arraigned as inconsistent; as countenancing in one man what I discountenance in another. Let it, then, be distinctly understood on what ground it is that our controversy with your representatives rests. It rests not merely nor mainly on the fact that one of them voted in favour of Maynooth, whilst the other voted against it on untenable grounds; it rests not merely nor mainly

on the fact that both of them withstood 'The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill;' but it rests on the fact that their invariable tone of sentiment, and their entire bearing in relation to Protestantism, bespeaks a gross ignorance of the nature, and a sad indifference to the importance, of those great principles on which our Constitution is based, and with which all that is noble and free and glorious in our land is bound up. As Protestants we cannot trust them.

"Can we then trust the new Candidates? The manly straightforwardness of Captain Denman, and the frank explicitness of Mr. Loch, are our guarantee. Many of us would wish for a far higher tone and standard in representatives. Still, the gain will be immense. But 'the Captain is a Tractarian.' That would be fatal indeed. Prove it to me—and I must denounce him. I have more respect for a patent Papist than I have for an *amphibious Anglican*. He has, however, most absolutely and unhesitatingly disavowed all sympathy with the heresy, and I am bound to believe him, till I am furnished with better proof to the contrary than the assertions of newspapers, or the surmises of his adversaries.

"Let me add, that the Protestant element is so undeniably the strength of the contest,—it is so clear that, whatever subsidiary motives may actuate many who take part with us, the *sinew*, *muscle*, *marrow* of the movement is *Protestantism*,—that it would be most dishonourable were your candidates either to ignore this fact at present, or to betray your confidence here-

after. The former they have not done; the latter we trust they are incapable of doing.

"But we are 'dragging politics into religion.' We are not dragging politics into religion; we are bringing religion into politics. To do the one is to *profane*, to do the other is to *honour* our faith. We are not *politically* religious—*that* were *hypocrisy;* we are *religiously* political—that is *fidelity*.

"You are charged with glaring inconsistency, because, belonging to various parties, and holding widely differing opinions, economical as well as political, you yet combine against the present members. Yours is a *glorious* inconsistency. You are most *consistently* inconsistent. Inconsistent with your *secular* views, that you may be consistent with your Christian principles; inconsistent in the eye of mere politicians, that you may be consistent in the eye of Him that judgeth the heart. You are exemplifying magnificently the magnetic mastery of a great common principle. I pity the man who cannot understand this; I still more pity the man who cannot appreciate it. Your representatives derided your Protestant sentiment as a dreamy phantom; they have found, and will find it, a stern reality.

"But 'we are indulging a spirit of intolerance and bigotry towards the Romish religion!' We are simply intolerant of intolerance, jealous of the most insatiable spiritual despotism. We protest against caressing our most implacable adversary, against furnishing her with weapons to destroy us. It is not religion

we are resisting, but a system which, under the name and guise of religion, masks a huge sacerdotal conspiracy against the liberties of mankind;—a system whose essence is exclusiveness, whose duty is persecution, whose passion is universal domination;—a system, one of the greatest advocates and expositors of which—Cardinal Bellarmine—says, 'when heretics are strong, we commit them to God; when weak, to the executioner'; and one of whose organs in this kingdom—'The Rambler'—recently declared, that toleration is a mockery and a snare, and that Protestants are fools if they believe that Rome can be tolerant;—a system which converts the Cross into a scaffolding for the erection of an illimitable pyramid of priestly power, and transforms Christianity itself into a stupendous stalking-horse for hierarchical ambition to bestride, that it may ride rough-shod over the consciences, the liberties, and the lives of the whole human race. Such a system every lover of liberty must abhor. The aggressions and encroachments of such a foe, every Briton who has one spark of loyalty towards his Queen, his country, or his faith, must withstand. The decisive struggle already begun will in all likelihood be decided within the next seven years. Nationally the decisive battle-field will be the House of Commons. On the force, wisdom, and determination of the Protestant phalanx in that House, the decision will, under God, mainly depend. Shall not Manchester send two recruits to strengthen that band? She led the van in the struggle for the freedom of trade;—shall she

not also lead it in the far nobler struggle for the *freedom of faith?*

"And now, Fellow-Protestants, ere I close, let me congratulate you on the success which has crowned your canvass,—a success far surpassing our fondest anticipations. Increased effort alone is wanted to place the issue beyond a doubt. 'Oh, that we had fifty zealous young men who would go anywhere for the cause' sake!' writes one who is deeply interested in the struggle. Shall this wish be unrealized? Young men of Manchester, you cannot allow it. Throw yourselves into the breach at once.

"The canvass has more than verified my prediction —'that our strength would be found where it was supposed our weakness lay—in the ten-pound voters.' *They* have stood forward gloriously, whilst, with some splendid exceptions, the wealthier men have merged their patriotic feelings in their formalisms, their business, and their gains. We have abundant forces, but they are insufficiently officered and provisioned. Merchants of Manchester, place yourselves at the head of our generous troops; share their conflict, and you will share their victory. But if you selfishly hold back, they will conquer without you;—theirs then will be the triumph, and yours the reproach.

"A word or two more. Bear in mind that this is a Christian struggle—and let it be conducted in a Christian spirit. Let not your earnestness run into bitterness, nor your diplomacy degenerate into unfairness. Let not your laurels be mildewed with one drop

of the venom of personal asperity. May the excesses of popular agitation be restrained by the fear of God, and the fires of political strife quenched by the waters of charity!—I am, Fellow Protestants, your faithful friend and neighbour,

"HUGH STOWELL."

"Brynybyn, near Conway;
"June 16, 1852."

The result of the election was, that Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Bright, instead of being returned as heretofore without a contest, found themselves hard pressed, though still in possession of their seats.

The new candidates, whose cause Mr. Stowell advocated, must have been returned, their supporters said, had all those come forward to record their votes in their favour who had pledged themselves to do so. To this, however, we must not attach too much importance; it is the general cry of the defeated party. Canvassers are too ready to receive mere expressions of goodwill as promises; and, on the other hand, electors upon a trifling pretext are too readily induced to violate their pledges, some unexpected pressure having been brought to bear upon them. Canon Stowell, however, appears to have felt keenly disappointed. Again he writes:—

"FELLOW PROTESTANTS,—Disappointed, but not disheartened, by the result of your late election, I cannot take leave of the subject without a few parting remarks.

"We have been deceived, but we have not been guilty of deception. Between five and six thousand pledges for the Protestant candidates fully justified the confident tone with which I spoke of the probable issue of the contest. Not to have been confident, would have been a breach of charity. That our confidence has been largely betrayed, is not our fault, but the fault of those who have proved themselves unworthy of the confidence which we reposed in them.

"As for the hundreds of voters who violated their distinct pledges, I leave it to their own consciences to characterize their conduct.

"As for the Churchmen who supported the present Members, I can only say, their Church has good reason to be ashamed of them. Was it their faith, or their trade, that swayed them?

"As for the Dissenters, they have shown themselves in their true colours: with some splendid exceptions—the more splendid because so few—they have allowed their sectarianism to outweigh their Protestantism.

"As for the Wesleyan Methodists, the majority of them have 'quitted themselves like men,' and proved that there is something dearer to them than either sect or trade.

"The efforts of some of our friends have been beyond all praise. Had the zeal of all our supporters borne any proportion to that of a few, success must have crowned us.

"We have been defeated,—but has our struggle been in vain? Far from it. The Protestant senti-

ment of Manchester has been tested and traced; a goodly band of four thousand electors have been rallied round the National Standard; a noble nucleus for future combination has thus been formed; the men who misrepresented your Protestantism in Parliament have been shorn of their prestige;—they can no longer boast that they reflect the undivided opinions of your great constituency;—they have been taught—if they can learn—a lesson of caution, if not of wisdom.

"Far, therefore, from regretting the movement which I originated, I would—if opportunity served, and occasion required, and none else would begin—originate such another. A commanding sense of duty to my country, my faith, and my God, constrained me to act as I did, and the same sense of duty would constrain me to act so again. I defy those, who impute to me mere party or political motives, to point out a single instance, in which I have failed to make Protestant Truth the pole-star of my public conduct. My judgment may have erred, but my aim had been one. If politicians had not intermeddled with the rights of Protestant Christianity, most gladly would I have abstained from intermeddling with them.

"But enough of the past; let us turn to present and urgent duty. You must act, not lament; anticipate the coming, not brood over the bygone. There must be no prostration—no despondency. Organization must be met by organization. Instead of breaking up, perpetuate your machinery. Let the Election

Committee in each ward resolve themselves into a Protestant Association for their ward. Let them communicate and co-operate with the Central Society.

"All our efforts will be needed. The struggle with Rome is only begun. It waxes, and will wax, closer and closer. Spiritually, ecclesiastically, politically she must be withstood. She neither evades nor declines the combat any longer. She challenges us to the conflict;—she dares us to resist her. Meekly then, but manfully, with all charity yet with all determination, let us gird ourselves in the battle. *The battle of the Reformation has to be fought again.*

"My high and holy duties will not allow me to devote much time to details. I must not 'leave the Word of God to serve' committees; but my counsel, my countenance, and my co-operation, on all important occasions, you may freely command.

"It is highly probable that a year or two, at the longest, will witness another dissolution of Parliament; meantime perfect your organization, look well to the REGISTRATION, have all things in readiness—then, should your present members continue to treat your Protestantism as they have hitherto treated it, they will find that the cuckoo cry of 'Free Trade in danger' will not again divert attention from the real point at issue, and they will be dealt with according to their deserts.

"Finally and emphatically; let all your doings be done in a right spirit—in a spirit of prayer. Let there be no resentment, no retaliation, no asperity.

Leave personalities and slanders to those whose cause they befit. 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.'

"I am, Fellow Protestants, your faithful Friend and Servant, "HUGH STOWELL."

"Leaf Square, July 15, 1852."

Through life Canon Stowell was always ready, generally first in the field, and he appeared in it in a character which few clergymen ever ventured to assume. But he had no misgivings: he felt that his ground was sure, and that he was able, without the least injury to his ministerial character, to maintain that of a public leader. The great questions of Scriptural education and Protestant ascendancy were at issue, and he thus addressed the Protestant Electors of the University of Oxford:—

"Gentlemen," said he, "as it seems to me, the two most important struggles at the present juncture will be those for Manchester and Oxford,—the one as involving, if successful, the discomfiture of the latitudinarian revolutionary movement in its own stronghold and centre; the other as involving the defeat of the Romeward revolutionary movement in its very seat and citadel. The struggle in the former instance will be decided before this can meet your eye; and, there is every reason to hope, decided as we could wish. In the latter case there is yet room for further effort, and, if adequate effort be made, an equally triumphant result may be anticipated.

"Only let the country Clergy act with the energy

and unanimity with which they acted when they returned Mr. Gladstone's fine old colleague, and there can be no doubt of the issue. On that occasion, as I well remember, from remotest hamlet and obscurest vale came flocking venerable voters who had not visited the University for forty years before, till the Peelites exclaimed in dismay, 'The very sepulchres are disgorging their dead to defeat us.' And all this was done without the facilities of railways and electric telegraphs, in the face of difficulties and expenses far more formidablethan any which have now to be encountered.

"One noble old Vicar, three score years and ten, finding the public conveyances on his road monopolized, and unable to meet the expense of any other mode of travelling, actually walked, staff in hand, a distance of sixty miles, and arrived, dusty and way-worn, in time to record his vote for Sir Robert Inglis.

"Why should not the same spirit animate us now? Is there not a cause equally urgent? Is there not an occasion equally critical? Our University is disgraced. Our Protestant institutions are imperilled. Our faith and freedom are at stake. Ought we then to fail or to falter?

"But Mr. Gladstone is a brilliant man: his talents are first-rate, his literary attainments uncommon, his political accomplishments most imposing. Granted; but if his be the brilliancy of the comet, not the lustre of the fixed star—if he dazzles to betray, and fascinates to mislead—his powers supply reasons why we should

discard rather than retain his splendid but disastrous services. That he is amiable, gracious, honourable, unblemished in private life, I have no doubt.

"Fellow Protestants! I appeal to you by the well-being of our University, by the honour and stability of the Throne of the House of Brunswick, by the purity and liberty of our own reformed branch of Christ's Church, the interests of your children and your children's children, by the maintenance of the glorious Gospel in all its fulness and freedom in these realms,—do your duty at this crisis.—I am, Fellow Electors, your faithful humble servant,

"HUGH STOWELL."

"Manchester, July 6, 1852."

He addressed the Protestant Electors of Oxford a second and a third time. "Do not allow," he exclaims, "any petty consideration of trouble, or expense, or inconvenience to hinder you from doing your duty. The principles which are at stake cost our martyred forefathers their blood: are we to yield them without a sacrifice?" Again he exclaims, "The eyes of England are upon us, the eyes of all Protestant lands are upon us, the eye of our Master in heaven is upon us. Away, then, with faltering! away with fear! Let us trust God and try; let us dare and do."

It is not often that so grave and learned a body have been addressed in terms so homely; but Canon Stowell was a transparent man, he never affected to assume a character which did not belong to him. In preaching, his aim was to reach the understanding of

the poorest person. "I fix my eye," he said, "upon some poor man in the middle aisle, and when I perceive, from his attitude, and the attention he pays, that I have interested him, then I proceed with comfort."

The style thus formed by a preacher who was a scholar and a gentleman, and therefore untainted with vulgarities, must have been of pure and simple eloquence. So it was that Latimer preached at Paul's Cross before King Edward: so Baxter preached. "I never was ashamed," he said, "to call a spade a spade; and yet," he adds, "on the other hand, I never forebore a criticism in Greek or Latin, although I knew it would be above the range of some of my hearers."

In 1856 another general election took place; the consequence of another change in the Ministry. And now the sitting members of Manchester lost their seats, and have never since recovered them; indeed it was with difficulty that they found their way back into Parliament. Canon Stowell was at his post, still ardent as ever. But other events had happened, which entirely changed the current of public opinion. We had drifted into the Russian war; the disasters in the Crimea had roused the sympathies of Englishmen, and given an intensity and warmth to their hatred of the Russian aggression. Mr. Bright and his colleague had shown no respect for the public feeling thus displayed, and probably would have lost their seats in consequence, without reference to other considerations.

On this occasion Canon Stowell again addressed the Protestant electors of Great Britain and Ireland:—

"Fellow Protestants," he says, "suffer an old friend once more to address you. It seems to me that we are arrived at a crisis in our righteous struggle for the recovery of what has been lost, and the maintenance of what has been retained, of our Protestant immunities and securities. The crisis is peculiar, and peculiarly important. The opportunity is at length presented to us of asserting for our sacred principles that place and power in the legislature which of right belongs to them, and which the exigencies of our country demand. Purely political party is virtually at an end. Those mighty partisanships, which once shook the country and convulsed the Parliament, survive but in shadow—dim ghosts of the past. Partly owing to the tergiversations of political leaders, but principally to the discordant elements which the Romish Bill of 1829, together with other cognate measures, introduced into the legislature, the House of Commons may be said, without exaggeration, to be in a state of solution. There are party leaders, but no parties to be led. Amid this chaos, however, two bodies manifest cohesion; the effect, not of political, but of religious sentiment. On the one hand there are the representatives of Rome, and on the other the representatives of the Reformation. The former, true as ever to the Vatican, unscrupulous, intriguing, faithful to no class of statesmen, embarrassing and

coercing all; the latter body gradually emerging into distinctness, assuming a definite form, asserting its independence of action, combining men of every shade of political sentiment when questions affecting the great principles of the glorious Revolution, to which the House of Brunswick owes the throne, arise.

"The succession of victories achieved by Mr. Spooner —achieved not only in the face of the Ministry, but despite the desertion, not to say the antagonism, of those party leaders who once encumbered us with their heartless aid—this event is big with import and encouragement."

He warms as he proceeds, and writes, so to speak, with a fervent pen; he almost approaches the poet's ideal, and "scatters thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

It was not to be expected that Canon Stowell should take so decided a part in great political movements without incurring some of those bitter resentments which generally fall to the lot of those who venture into the angry field of politics, especially where they connect themselves with contested elections. So he found it. When the contest was over, he came in for his full share of abuse; but it made no lasting impression, and did his character no harm. In fact, he did not seem to have stepped out of his province. The tone of his ministry was not affected, and the spirituality of his mind was not impaired. His opponents styled him "the Pope of Salford;" but the Pro-

testant Press of Manchester immediately undertook his defence. "Is there anything in such conduct," asks one of them, "unworthy of Mr. Stowell as an Englishman, or a Christian minister? They know very well that there is not, and therefore they represent him as aiming at personal aggrandisement, in the teeth of notorious facts, and the evidence to the contrary furnished by the acts of nearly a lifetime. These perpetual assaults upon Canon Stowell are the most striking tributes to his merits and services. Great influence he undoubtedly possesses, and he has exercised it most beneficially in a thousand ways, and in none more conspicuously than in keeping up the tone of Protestant feeling, and in defying the attempts of pseudo-philanthropists and half-fledged witlings to degrade the Sunday into a day of secular amusement —to end in a day of unremitting and unrequited toil. Before his present assailants come again into court, they must have a better case, and must manage it better. Sense must replace the simpering wit and miserable trifling of the *Guardian's* article; and the President of our Commercial Association may not again forget what is due to a Christian gentleman whom his bitterest opponents must, and do, indeed, admit to be actuated, in all his doings, by the honest convictions of his understanding."

Canon Stowell was not absorbed in politics; he was not a man of one idea. He had an exquisite taste for the Fine Arts. In this, however, he differed nothing from thousands of others, clergymen as well as lay-

men. His peculiarity was this, that all he touched was instantly turned into the fine gold of the sanctuary; Religion breathed her divine influence over all; nor was he at all insensible to the dangers which arise from an indiscriminate mixture of the painter's fictions with the awful realities of the unseen world. In 1832 he saw the "Ecce Homo," by Carlo Dolci; this sublime picture was then in the collection of a gentleman in Manchester; and Mr. Stowell wrote the following impromptu upon it:—

"Yes!—So He looked; that look divine,
Incarnate God, was only Thine,—
That eye, that mien, is full of Thee,
Instinct with latent Deity.
The man of sorrows, too, is there,
A world of woe and weight of care,
Yet fixed, immoveable, serene,
Through deepest shades, the God is seen;
If thus a mortal sketch can move—
Can thrill the heart with awe and love—
What shall we feel, when, freed from thrall,
We view the Great Original!"

A picture of considerable merit, on the Acquittal of the Seven Bishops, was exhibited in 1846. It drew much attention, and lectures were delivered upon the subject. Canon Stowell's was delivered, he tells us, without the slightest notes, and was not intended to outlive its delivery; but, reports having been furnished him, he hastily corrected it, and consented to give it to the public with all its imperfections. The spirit in which he undertook his task may be gathered in a few sentences. "May God," he says,

"be present with us, and grant His blessing to what I shall address to you! May it be addressed to you in a spirit of zeal and meekness, in boldness, and yet in candour and charity, so that you may be more inflamed with holy love for your Protestant liberties, and Protestant rights, and Protestant principles, and yet at the same time be more full of yearning compassion and love for those who do not love that liberty, and are strangers to the principles you profess."

He proceeds to give a clear and comprehensive sketch of the circumstances connected with the trial of the bishops; he then goes on to give loose to his feelings, and to denounce the baseness, ingratitude, and disloyalty of the Church of Rome.

The seven bishops, it will be remembered, had addressed to King James II. a solemn protest against his unconstitutional conduct in compelling his subjects to accept his declaration of liberty of conscience, which, in fact, under the pretext of giving more liberty to Dissenters, was intended to give Romanists the opportunity of more boldly assailing the national religion, and more unblushingly asserting their arrogant claims. It was so understood and felt by the mass of the people—and even the Nonconformists themselves, at least the great majority of them, were not deluded. And it is but justice to the modern Dissenters, that this should be clearly stated; to a great extent, the Nonconformists saw through the flimsy veil, and discovered the hostile intention towards their common Protestantism. Hence most of them were

just as much opposed as the Episcopalians to this kind of treacherous liberty of conscience, "which was nothing but liberty to the chained despot to recover *his* liberty, that he might overcome *ours*."

The king was more exasperated than ever when he found that his Declaration was treated with neglect by the great body of the clergy; and in spite of the expostulations of men in power, and the remonstrances of some of his Romish adherents, he plunged on in his infatuation, and it has been common with Romish writers of English history to misrepresent this point. We wish the following passage were even now less deserving of attention than it was when Canon Stowell uttered his glowing speech:—"There are many such partial historians now-a-days; not only among such avowed partisans as Dr. Lingard, but amongst such insidious, pleasing, gossiping, tale-telling writers as Miss Strickland, with her professed eschewal of all parties, calling herself a Protestant, as do many Tractarians, who would be much safer enemies if they were in Rome. I seldom go into drawing-rooms, but I see one of Miss Strickland's volumes on the table; and truly it is a very pretty book, and many ladies—I do not say all—have not the good sense to discern its papistical drift and purpose; I therefore warn you, beware of its flattering portraits of every Romish bigot—its studied caricatures of every Protestant. What is the object of all this, but to whitewash Popery and to blacken Protestantism? But to return; not only Popish historians, but historians who favour Popery,

have tried to palliate James's gross and unblushing attempts to foist Popery on the nation, by saying that he was misled by evil councillors; that Fuller, Jeffreys, and others, urged on and inflamed the king. Now Lord Clarendon assures us, that Jeffreys again and again deplored to him the king's rashness, and wished most earnestly that he would not take the extraordinary steps he was doing!"

Dr. McNeile speaks in a similar strain. We will find room for at least one eloquent passage. Our readers will remember Lord Macaulay's description of the enthusiasm with which the verdict of "Not Guilty" was received. Dr. McNeile will sustain a comparison with our great historian, chiefly great, however, in his powers of description:—"It was a moment of breathless suspense; and the next was a moment of tumultuous victory. The foreman said, '*Not Guilty!*' 'Not guilty!' shouted the audience. 'Not guilty!' reverberated the roof, as if Westminster Hall had partaken of the joyful sound. 'Not guilty!' issued out of the windows. 'Not guilty!' ran along the streets. Hats, caps, bonnets, were thrown into the air, and as they rose they were followed by thunderings of 'Not guilty!' The ready bonfires and fireworks showed the tone of the public mind, and the state of expectation they were in for this anticipated triumph. They blazed, they burst, and the very rockets, as they rose towards heaven, seemed to the excited multitude to explode to the tune of 'Not guilty!' Eye encountered eye; hand was grasped in hand; men, women,

and children ran, and shouted as they ran, 'Not guilty!' The sound, rolling across the city, startled the inhabitants of Whitechapel; whence it reverberated to Kensington, and along the suburban road to Hounslow; there, taken up and reiterated by the troops encamped round their Royal master, it sounded like a knell of death in the terrified ears of the monarch. All England felt it. 'Not guilty!'

"Our Protestant Church is safe. 'Not guilty!' Our Popish King is beaten. 'Not guilty!' Our laws are preserved; our constitution has escaped; our noble Protestant defenders are 'Not guilty!' 'Not guilty!'"

Canon Stowell addressed the following letter to the artist:—

"Having had an opportunity, through Mr. Agnew's politeness, to inspect the 'Acquittal of the Seven Bishops,' I cannot forbear expressing my admiration of the noble painting. Grand in conception, graphic in execution, effective in grouping, and rich in historical interest, it forms a great artistic memorial of one of the sublimest scenes in the chronicles of our nation. Strange that such a scene should have been so long overlooked by the painters, and happy for the artist who has made himself master of the prize.

"If it be fair to single out a feature where all is so exquisite, I would distinguish the Episcopal group as being, as is meet, the master-stroke of the artist's skill. Their saintly submissiveness, their calm resolve, the heavenly repose of their countenances, and

the solemn dignity of their attitudes, are full of pathetic eloquence.

"The picture is as reasonable as it is striking. It is a thrilling, though silent, appeal to the principles and sympathies of Protestants, at a time when those principles are sorely imperilled, and those sympathies sadly chilled.

"Leaf Square, Dec. 5, 1846."

These are not trivial details; they not only show the character of the man, but they show that, whatever he did, "he did it heartily as unto the Lord." Of Dr. McNeile, who is living, we forbear to speak; we may say, however, that, except these two, there are probably few who could have drawn so rich a variety of lessons, varied, appropriate, and spiritual, even from such a theme.

In 1856 there was a public Exhibition at Manchester of the best works of the Ancient Masters. The Queen contributed the loan of her best paintings from the walls of Windsor Castle, and all our great collectors, and the nobility who possessed extensive galleries, followed her generous example. The consequence was, there was to be seen in Manchester, for a few weeks, such a collection of the best pictures in the kingdom as probably was never seen before. Canon Stowell viewed it as an enthusiast, and lectured on the subject. We make the following extracts:—

"He must say, that of all the things that pained him in the Exhibition, perhaps none pained him more

than some of the embodiments of the accursed superstitions of Rome. Some of the paintings ought not to have been put there, for the sake of our Protestant country; for we were a Protestant country, and he trusted we should ever be so, and therefore a certain deference, regard, and delicacy were due to the Protestant feelings of the nation. One painting, the Coronation of the Virgin, if he remembered right, he did not hesitate to say was the most atrocious and blasphemous transgression of the Second Commandment; and if he had had the opportunity, and the right to do it, he would have hung the Second Commandment in large characters underneath that picture. For in it heaven was represented; there was a glorious throne of light; in the centre was seated the Virgin Mary in robes of glistening, shining colours; there, on the one hand, was painted the Blessed Son standing, and there, on the other, was the everlasting Father, who was a Spirit, and dwelleth in light which no man could approach, whom no man hath seen or can see, and who had said—'Thou shalt make to thyself no graven image, nor the likeness of anything in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them.' In that picture the Father and Son were standing, whilst a poor mortal born in sin, and saved through the blood of Him who after the flesh was born of her, was represented as sitting, and the Spirit of God as a dove descending upon her head, and the Father and Son placing a crown upon her brow, and all the angels

of God around prostrating themselves in adoration. That was blasphemy, and the Protestant man who did not feel it to be so, was not worthy to be the descendant of the noble army of martyrs, who died and bled to do away with such blasphemous representations. He had been told by one who saw it, that a woman prostrated herself before that picture, and he did not hesitate to say that she was doing what the picture was intended to lead people to do—worship an image. Another mischievous and unhallowed feature in many of the Romish pictures which excited his indignation was, that the Saviour was more frequently represented as a little child, than as the full-grown man, Christ Jesus. This was bad enough, but it was worse still when they had the Saviour even represented in heaven as a little child on the lap or in the arms of his mother. Christ never went to heaven as a child, was never embraced in the arms of Mary in heaven, and the pictures were therefore attempts at deception and palpable falsehood. With regard to painting invisible realities at all, he did not altogether go with the Protestant prudery that would forbid all painting of things unseen. He went so far freely, however, that to paint the Blessed Spirit or the Blessed Father was a direct infringement of the Second Commandment, and therefore a direct sin against God. He admitted that painting angels and devils was hardly to be justified; he doubted whether an apostle would have sanctioned it, for they were not corporeal beings, and therefore all painting of them

must be fiction and not reality. It might be said in extenuation, that angels, and perhaps evil spirits, had been allowed to assume corporeal forms, and therefore might admit of being represented. He would not decide the question, but in religion the less of what was unreal and fictitious, and the more of what was spiritual and true, the nearer we came to the model set in the Book of God. When he came to the question of painting the Saviour too, he candidly confessed that his own opinion had undergone a considerable change. Time was when he believed that to paint the Saviour was inconsistent with the Second Commandment. He did not think so now; for it did not forbid sculpture or painting, but it forbade them for the purpose of adoration. The pith and point of the commandment was, 'Thou shalt not make to *thyself* any graven image:' that was, for the purpose of adoration, as the sequel showed; and therefore to paint what was material did not, he thought, transgress the commandment. He must say, that there was another class of paintings he also disrelished—attempts to paint the awful solemnities of the Last Day, scenes in a future world which eye hath not seen; such pictures as Martin's 'Seventh Seal' and 'The Plains of Heaven,' he conceived to be degrading, and debasing instead of exalting, and the painting of heaven more resembled a Mahommedan Paradise than the mansion of our Father's House. To represent the dread realities of the last day was far too presumptuous and familiar; and he must say, that the attempts to

represent the sufferings of the Son of God, and His coming in judgment at the last day, in music, was of doubtful propriety, and in this respect the wondrous Handel stood not wholly blameless, and there was too much reason for finding fault with ourselves for treating the Redeemer's agony as a matter in some sort of musical art and pleasure. He made these remarks, as he believed these things were dangerous to the soul."

Our Homily on the Peril of Idolatry, after showing that, according to the old Fathers, paintings, no less than statuary, came under the head of εἴδωλα, or idols, gives this quaint but conclusive argument:— "It appeareth that no image can be made of Christ, but a lying image—as the Scripture peculiarly calleth images lies—for Christ is God and man. Seeing therefore that of the Godhead, which is the most excellent part, no image can be made, it is falsely called the image of Christ. Wherefore images of Christ be not only defects, but also lies. Which reason serveth also for the images of saints, whose souls, the most excellent parts of them, can by no images be represented and expressed. Wherefore they be no images of saints, whose souls reign in joy with God—but of the bodies of saints, which as yet lie putrified in the graves. Furthermore, no true image can be made of Christ's body; for it is unknown now of what form and countenance He was."

But the conclusion of the Lecture is of a much more satisfactory character; the sentiments are just, while the manner is solemn and impressive:—

"My dear young friends, we cannot draw to a conclusion of our Lecture and leave on your minds a holier and a more wholesome recollection than this—that, to be beautiful and to be glorious on earth and in heaven, you must cherish and cultivate holy and heavenly feelings and sentiments. You must ask God to cultivate them, to purify your heart, and renew your spirit. And now, as we pass from the temple of art, let us just fix two reflections more upon your mind. It is gone! There is but the shell left. If you enter that building now, you would be struck with its emptiness and desolation. All the lovely adornings of the walls have passed away, and probably will never be assembled again. The beautiful statuary is no longer there. And what will be the issue of it all? The issue of all that is grand and beautiful on earth. There is written upon it all 'Passing away! passing away!' When Jesus was coming out of the Temple, one of His disciples said to him, 'Master, seest Thou these goodly stones and this building?' And Jesus answered, 'Verily I say unto you, The day is coming when there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be cast down.' And so these beautiful paintings will soon pass away, that beautiful statuary will soon be reduced to dust, the earth itself on which they rest shall be done away with; but whoso doeth the will of God abideth for ever. One thought more. My young friends, you will soon, very soon, have an infinitely brighter and more beautiful scene than art

with all its treasures, or nature with all its beauties and glories, can furnish you, if you live by faith and not by sight; if you look for and hasten to the coming of your Great God and Saviour. Oh, what are all these things but shadows, toils, strifes, compared with the glorious things God has prepared for them that love Him—the music of heaven, the glory of heaven, the joy of heaven, eye hath not seen nor ear heard it, nor heart conceived it. See then, my dear young friends, that you look at these things, and give diligence that you may be without spot and blameless at His coming."

The Lecture contains many admirable remarks on the various schools of painting. Canon Stowell was not only a connoisseur, but almost an enthusiast in his admiration of works of art. He mentions in the course of his Lecture how he found the tears trickling down his cheeks while he stood gazing at some of the master-pieces in the Collection. He sternly reprobates the pictures of Etty, however high he might stand in his school and be admired by artists; there was about them a want of modesty, a want of purity, a want of propriety, which ought to shut them out of a public Exhibition. On the other hand, purity of mind in the artist reflected itself in his works, of which he gives several instances. "I believe," he says, "that sculpture and painting in moderation tend to draw the mind and the thoughts from lower and grosser and more grovelling things, and to give

a certain exquisiteness and refinement and polish to the taste. Besides that, God does not forbid us pleasure: far from it; He forbids us nothing but what is bad for us; for He has given us all things richly to enjoy, not only necessaries but luxuries; the fine arts, to lead us to admire Him who has given the painter his skill, the sculptor his design, and to trace them all up to Him, of whose skill and wisdom they are faint shadows and resemblances. For if God gave to Aholiab and to Bezaleel their artistic power, that they might work in brass and wood and fine stone, in building His tabernacle of old, why are we not to trace the genius of a Milton, the imagination of a Shakspeare, the exquisite power of a Roubilliac or of a Michael Angelo, a Murillo, or a Titian, or an Ary Scheffer, to the God that giveth all wisdom and skill to man."

CHAPTER IX.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO MANCHESTER—CANON STOWELL'S SERMON ON THE OCCASION—SOLEMN REFLECTIONS—RECEIVES A LIBERAL PRESENT FROM HIS CONGREGATION—HIS GRATEFUL LETTER OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT—HIS LIMITED CIRCUMSTANCES AT THE TIME—HIS INCOME AFTERWARDS IMPROVED ON THE ENLARGEMENT OF HIS CHURCH—A SECOND PRESENT MADE TO HIM IN 1860; WISHES TO DEVOTE IT TO SOME PUBLIC CHARITIES—CORRESPONDENCE WHICH FOLLOWED—INSCRIPTION ON PLATE PRESENTED TO HIM—TENDERNESS OF CANON STOWELL'S SPIRIT—SERMON ON PALMER—SOLEMN CAUTIONS TO YOUNG MEN—LETTER TO HIS SISTER—HIS TWENTY-FIRST ADDRESS TO HIS FLOCK AT HOME—STATE OF THEIR CHARITIES—ANNIVERSARY HYMN FOR THE CHILDREN OF HIS SCHOOLS.

In October, 1851, the Queen paid a visit to Manchester. On the next Sunday Canon Stowell preached an appropriate sermon on the subject, which he himself revised from the notes of the reporter. The sermon is a very striking one, and deserves attention. It is dedicated "To the best and most beloved of Monarchs, Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria; with the profoundest respect and love, by Her Majesty's most loyal, devoted, and humble Subject and Servant."

After a short introduction, to the effect that ministers of Christ have the highest precedents for availing themselves, in their ministrations, of solemn and impressive events, which arouse public attention and fill the thoughts of men,—that the prophets availed themselves of such opportunities; the apostles acted

in like manner; and the Lord of prophets and apostles adopted a similar method of instruction,—he enters at once upon his subject, which is treated in his happiest manner. "The musings of my mind," he says, "amidst the scenes of Friday, were, on the one hand, grateful and joyful; and on the other, solemn and affecting. The former shall first be made to pass before you—the lights before the shadows; yet the shadows will be found only to soften, not to overcast, the lights." His enthusiasm was always roused when he spoke of Queen Victoria. "Who that beheld her," he exclaims, "as she passed along so unostentatiously, and yet with such dignity; so simply, and yet so majestically; so truly the woman and the mother, and yet so nobly the queen and the ruler;—who that gazed upon her, arrayed in simple sable attire, bespeaking her one with ourselves in our sorrows and bereavements;—who that dwelt upon her pale but eloquent face, her intellectual but feminine eye;—who that traced in the mirror of that countenance the reflections of the deep yet calm emotions that were working within her soul;—who that watched the vivid interest and grateful affection with which she received and reciprocated the love of her subjects;—who that marked her manner whilst listening to the official expressions of respect and devoted loyalty which were addressed to her;—who that saw her with her illustrious Consort at her side, and surrounded by those "olive branches" which God has given her; one of whom, as we trust, at some far distant day will fill the throne of this great

realm;—who that, as he looked upon her, recalled to mind how she had been yet a child set over this illimitable empire, and how God has upholden her . . . . . could refrain from tears of gratitude and joy! . . . . . We do not hesitate to say, that whatever be the prestige of her official dignity, it is not that so much which endears her to her people, and makes each father, mother, husband, wife, poor man and rich man, feel for her a love and reverence altogether peculiar;—it is because the pedestal of her rank serves but to make more conspicuous the blamelessness and excellence of her character. Where is there a mother more exemplary? Where is there a mistress of a household more faithful? Where is there a wife more devoted and constant? Where is there a court more jealously select, more sensitively pure, than hers? But who has made her what she is? Who has upholden her weakness? Who has enlightened her judgment? Who has endued her with such sound discretion and wisdom? Who has made her a model to her own subjects, and the admiration of the civilized world? God! God alone! 'Not unto her, not unto her; but to His name give the praise.' She *is* nothing, but *in* Him; she *has* nothing, but *from* Him; and God blesses us through her, and we are debtors to Him, even as she is;—the subject and the sovereign are bound up together; reciprocal blessings demand united praise. Let, then, the language of adoration and thanksgiving ascend from every grateful heart; let us thank God and take courage; let us say with the prophet, 'Happy is the

people that is in such a case; yea, happy is the people whose God is the Lord.'

"Nor let it be forgotten, that whatever doubt there may be about the Protestantism of some of her ministers, there has never been a doubt about the thorough Protestantism of her own heart. Every information that can be derived concerning her sentiments, every indication of them in her public proceedings, only serves to assure us that there is not a heart in the breast of any of her subjects that is more true to the great principles of the Reformation, or more devotedly attached to that glorious Constitution which was perfected when the dynasty, of which she is the fairest scion, was established on the throne of these realms, than is her own royal heart."

We have mentioned as one of the peculiarities of Canon Stowell's eloquence, that neither in the pulpit nor on the platform did he introduce classical illustrations; yet there is one so appropriate to his subject that we do not feel surprised that he should have introduced it here. Such allusions, we admit, are generally forced, and out of their place, in the addresses of a Christian Minister, but the story of the proud heathen despot, told by the great father of history* with such affecting eloquence, adds much to the impressiveness of this discourse. When Xerxes had succeeded in throwing his pontoon, or bridge of boats and inflated skins, across the Hellespont from Sestos to Abydos, and saw his vast army with their followers, in number half a million, crossing safely, while

* Herodotus, lib. vii.

he sat upon a lofty throne, and viewed that mighty host, his heart bounded with exultation; but suddenly the thought came upon his mind, that within a hundred years all would be swept away, and Xerxes burst into a flood of tears. To this it is that Canon Stowell refers, in a brief allusion in the course of his sermon.

Canon Stowell then proceeds with other solemn reflections, of which the first is this:—"I have now," he says, "given you some of my more cheering musings. I should utterly fall short of the solemnity of this place, and the responsibility of my office, if I did not give you some of the more serious and affecting meditations which occupied my mind amidst the scenes of last Friday. Was it possible for a reflecting mind to survey the tremendous multitude and not be overwhelmed with the thought that the pageant, the ceremony, the excitement, the occasion, were but as the fine dust of the balance in comparison with the soul which dwelt in every individual of that countless throng! The aggregate of immortality made me tremble. We are far more impressed with what appeals to our eyes than with what we hear with our ears, or conceive with our minds; hence, though we at times seem to form some adequate conception of the ocean of immortal beings, whose salvation is depending on their conduct during this short uncertain span, yet we never have the idea brought home to us in all its magnitude and moment, so much as when we gaze upon some prodigious concourse of our fellow-creatures. Gazing, therefore, as we must have done,

on hundreds of thousands of our fellow-men, the thought pressed upon us with crushing weight,—there is in each of those living forms a spirit enshrined which has eternity in which to unfold its destinies, a spirit which has a heaven or a hell before it that will last while the Eternal endures! If the Persian monarch, when he looked abroad on the untold myriads of his army, burst into tears at the thought that in a hundred years not one of all that host would remain, how much more overwhelming is it to the Christian philanthropist, in contemplating a vast assemblage, to reflect that though in half a century there will not be one of the whole multitude that shall abide on earth, yet there will not be one who shall have ceased to be; but rather that the being on which they will have entered is the *real being*, of which this is but the semblance and shadow.

"There was not one in that countless throng who has not a soul lost through sin, but ransomed through Christ. Not one who may not, through His precious blood, be washed from guilt, and by His quickening Spirit be made meet to live with Him for ever. Let the thought kindle in us all more zeal and diligence in setting forth the glory of God by setting forward the salvation of our fellow-men."

Another reflection succeeds:—"How hollow, how fleeting, how unsatisfying," he exclaims, "the pomp, the pleasure, and the glory of the world's most exciting hours! Here was perhaps the utmost the world could minister; and yet in two or three short hours all had

passed away as a dream when one awaketh; the pageant had passed, and what was left? There remained only the scaffolding, and the skeleton, to tell that something had awakened surpassing interest in our streets, and then vanished like a vapour. And is this all that earth's brightest, fairest, fondest scene can furnish? It is all. 'Vanity of vanities,' saith the preacher, 'all is vanity and vexation of spirit.' The world, when it gives most, gives least, because it then reveals how little it has to give. Worldly expectation ever transcends worldly reality; the more reality therefore, the more bitter the conviction, that disappointment must ever be the companion of those whose portion is in this world."

He reminds his hearers that a far vaster multitude shall soon assemble; it is momentarily drawing nigh, it is fixed in the purposes of God: He "who speaks and it is done, who commands and it stands fast," shall come "in the clouds of heaven, and all His holy Angels with Him; and "every eye shall behold Him," and heaven and earth shall flee at His presence, and "all nations shall be gathered before Him, and He shall separate them as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats, and He shall pronounce the sentence which will fix their immortality in heaven or in hell. Realize it. Keep it ever in view. Prepare to meet your Judge."

The preacher concludes:—"Let me not forget to add, 'Let us not be high-minded, but fear.' A boastful proud spirit is but too much the characteristic of our land. We look upon ourselves as so free, so great

and so exalted, that we are prone to forget that the height of our elevation ought to be the gauge of our humility; and that the more God has lifted us up in privilege, the more we should tremble lest we provoke Him to thrust us down into destruction. There are not wanting signs and symptoms of a mighty combination against our land; there is a confederacy of despotic civil power, with its twin sister, spiritual despotism, against our free country. At the same time, we have numbers within our own community whose sympathies are rather with the foreigner than with their native land,—more with the mitred usurper than with their own lawful queen. There is enough to make us humble, watchful, serious. God grant that we may not provoke Him to cast us down from the sublime pinnacle to which He has raised us! He has but to blow with His breath, and the pyramid of our glory will crumble into the dust."

His disinterested labours endeared Him greatly to people of all classes in the city of Manchester; and without invidious comparisons, we may safely say that there are but few places which display so much warmth of heart, and a generosity so liberal. And Canon Stowell had repeated proofs both of their warm regard and their abounding liberality. In 1846 he received a present of £1500, to which he replied in the following grateful terms:—

"My Beloved Hearers and Friends,—You have deeply humbled as well as gratified me, by the ex-

ceeding affection which you have shown towards me, in a manner no less delicate than munificent of money. I think I may say I am not covetous, but your regard, felt towards me for my work's sake, I peculiarly prize. How much too favourably you judge of me,—how indulgently you treat the imperfections of my ministry amongst you,—I keenly feel. To the Grace of Christ ascribe all that is useful in my labours, and at my own door lay all that is unfaithful.

"What reason we have to bless God for the many years of peace and harmony we have enjoyed together as pastor and people! If good in His sight, may we still have many more; and may your testimony of love cheer and quicken me in ministrations amongst you, and may you receive an enlarged blessing! Oh that we may be ensamples of faith and love and zeal—so that 'the name of the Lord Jesus may be magnified'!

"It will perhaps be pleasing to you to know that I purpose investing the sum you have presented to me, so as to meet the rental of my house, that thus you may have the satisfaction of knowing that you have virtually given me a parsonage, as well as a provision for my children.

"I am, my dear Friends and Hearers, yours very affectionately,

"HUGH STOWELL."

Canon Stowell not only richly deserved the munificent present of £1500, for which he makes this

grateful answer in return; but we fear he must have been greatly in want of it. His sole income from his church arose from pew rents, and from the dividends of £1000 in the Three per Cent. Consols; but from this was deducted £95 for expenses of worship and repair funds. Christ Church was twice enlarged; on the first occasion his income rose to about £700, and on the second to nearly £800. But the Church of England contributed nothing whatever to one of her most distinguished sons. He was a lion in her defence, but she was always a heartless foster-mother —"*leonum arida nutrix.*"

We anticipate a few years, and come to a second instance of the high regard in which he was now held.

A subscription was made in 1860, entirely, it seems, without his knowledge, to which Wesleyans and Dissenters contributed.

The first intimation Canon Stowell received upon the subject was conveyed to him in the following delicate terms:—

"Ashton Hayes, Chester;
"July 13th, 1860.

"My Dear Canon Stowell,—As the Chairman of a Committee of Gentlemen, I am requested to present you with a Silver Salver and a Banker's Pass Book: by the latter you will perceive the sum of £5000 has been placed to your credit. This spontaneous subscription had its origin in the meeting of two friends,

one of them a Churchman and the other a Wesleyan. The latter said how much he regretted that the Church people of Manchester did not recognize, by some substantial testimonial, the eminent services of Canon Stowell, and suggested that the former was the person to do it.

"The moment the object was known, Churchmen, Dissenters, and Wesleyans at once took the matter up, and without the slightest canvass the amount was raised, each contributing with real pleasure, the only condition being that it be applied for the benefit of yourself and family as you may think fit.

"A further sum for the purchase of a Stowell Scholarship in the Manchester Grammar School, or Scholarships, as may be more desirable, is being raised. The Committee consider it better not to mix this with the private one.

"And now, my dear Canon Stowell, permit one who has the honour to call you friend, to ask you to receive at our hands the gift so cheerfully subscribed; and that it may add some comfort to yourself, and be useful to those near and dear to you, is the sincere desire of the subscribers.

"I am, Rev. and Dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"Wm. Atkinson."

"To the Rev. Canon Stowell, &c."

Canon Stowell's determination not to appropriate the munificent present to his own private purposes, occasioned the following correspondence:—

"Carlton Buildings, Cooper Street, Manchester;
"July 20th, 1860.

"My Dear Sir,—The letter from Canon Stowell, which you have been good enough to send me, is, as you designate it, a 'good and characteristic one,' but, in the opinion of the gentlemen to whom I have shown it, and who were amongst the most active in announcing subscriptions, one clause in it presents a difficulty which makes them hesitate as to the propriety of communicating to the subscribers an acknowledgment otherwise so cordial and gratifying: the clause I refer to is that in which Mr. Stowell demurs to appropriating the money to 'personal purposes.' It is felt by these gentlemen, that although he undertakes 'not to apply it to other purposes, without acquainting you beforehand;' yet the desire which is thus implied, to apply it, or some part of it, to other purposes, is a departure from the express condition on which the subscriptions were paid into their hands, and they feel that faith would be broken with these subscribers if any part of the money were applied otherwise than for the benefit of Mr. Stowell and his family. I can well understand the difficulty which these gentlemen feel, for several subscribers informed me that they would contribute on no other condition, and their money was accepted on these terms. As Mr. Stowell is probably not aware of this expression being so decisive and so general, I am requested to beg that you will kindly communicate with him again, and prevail upon him to accept the money on the condition attached

to it by the subscribers themselves, and thus remove the difficulty which now presents itself.

"I return Mr. Stowell's note, under an impression that you may desire to peruse it again before writing to him, and I suspend all further steps until I again hear from you.

"I am, my Dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"JAMES STREET."

"Wm. Atkinson, Esq., Ashton Hayes."

"Pendleton, July 25th, 1860.

"My Dear Mr. Atkinson,—To you, and, through you, to the many most generous friends who have sent me so munificent a testimony of their respect and esteem, I hasten to convey the expression of my deep gratitude. It humbles me in the dust to find that my small services in the cause of truth have been so much over-estimated; and yet it cheers, and will cheer, me in my labours, to know that God has been pleased to give me such favour in the eyes of His people; the rather, since members of different Christian bodies have combined in this tribute of regard, thus showing that though some of them must occasionally have demurred to some of my public proceedings, they have yet given me credit for the charity and good will which I have always cherished towards them, and have appreciated my honesty even when they may have questioned my judgment.

"May all this animate me to more earnest efforts for the benefit of a community of which I am proud, and for the maintenance and furtherance of those 'Protestant

Institutions' which form the strength and glory of our land.

"The splendid Silver Salver, with its gratifying inscription, shall (D.V.) be an heir-loom in my family. As to the munificent sum of money which has been lodged in the Bank to my credit, though for some time I demurred to accept it for *personal purposes*, yet, since I find that the majority of my friends contributed towards it on the express understanding that it should be so applied, and that I should occasion them much pain and disappointment were I to defeat their generous design, I will not refuse to comply with their wishes; at the same time hoping that the augmentation of my income will not only add to the comfort of my family and myself, but also to my resources for benevolent and charitable purposes.

"Wishing you, and all my generous friends, 'the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Peace,' I am, my dear Sir, most sincerely yours,

"HUGH STOWELL."

"To Wm. Atkinson, Esq., Ashton Hayes,
Chester."

The Piece of Plate which formed a part of the Testimonial, bore the following inscription:—

"Presented to the Rev. Hugh Stowell, M.A., Rector of Christ Church, Salford, in the County of Lancaster, Honorary Canon of Chester, and Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Manchester, together with a contribution of Five Thousand Pounds, from Friends in Manchester and its neighbourhood, in testimony

of the eminent services rendered by him to the cause of Christ during a Ministry of Thirty-five Years, and of the able and uncompromising manner in which he has on all occasions advocated the maintenance of the Protestant Institutions of this country.

"A.D. 1860."

The tenderness of Canon Stowell, always remarkable, seemed on some occasions to overflow. We have no more striking instance of this than his sermon preached after the sentence, but before the execution, of the wretched criminal Palmer. His text, Proverbs iv. 14—17, suggested the theme of the discourse, which might in fact be entitled a solemn protest against the sin of gambling. It opens thus:—

"Beacon lights are raised amid sunken rocks, and nigh to treacherous currents, to warn off the mariner from the danger that lurks below: surely, then, moral beacons should be raised beside the moral shoals and whirlpools which plunge so many of this generation into fraud, crime, and ruin. Such a beacon-light, a lurid light, God has allowed to be set up, within the last few days, in our own country; and unfaithful were those whose high charge it is to watch for souls as men that must give account, were they not to lift up a warning voice, and direct the eye of the young and inexperienced to that terrific example of the power of Satan over those who yield themselves to his temptations, which has astounded the civilized world. God be merciful to the wretched criminal! Far be it from the ministry of mercy to hold him up gibbetted for

scorn. Hate his character, abhor his atrocities, we must, unless we have sympathy with his crimes; but whilst we execrate the sin, we ought to compassionate the sinner, and humbled, not puffed up, exclaim, 'But for the grace of God, his case might have been our own.' At the same time, to echo the warning-note which has been sounded, that others may hear and fear, is demanded alike by mercy and faithfulness. It is but what the miserable murderer himself would desire, as we have reason to suppose; for when one known for his benevolence and Christian zeal, Mr. Thomas Wright, the Prison philanthropist, (who was one of Canon Stowell's hearers at the time,) was admitted to the condemned cell, and asked to be allowed to pray with him, the prisoner said, as they were kneeling down, 'Stop,' and upon being interrogated as to what he meant, replied, 'Pray for my boy, that he may never follow the wicked ways of his wretched father!' And surely, if the rich man in the parable would have had one sent from the world of spirits to warn his brethren, this miserable man—if penitence dawn in his heart, as we trust even in his heart it is dawning,—must crave it as a result of his fatal wreck, that it should serve to scare others from pursuing his dark career, and sharing his horrible doom."

And he concludes his sermon thus:—"And now, let me plead more especially with those young men who are tampering with the accursed thing. My friends, if there is but little hope that the hoary-

headed gambler, who has grown grey in running greedily after the wages of iniquity, should be roused or moved by aught that the pulpit or the press can say at this dread juncture, surely there ought to be hope of you; you are not yet hardened in iniquity; it cannot be said in reference to you, 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye that are accustomed to do evil learn to do well.' You are yet taking but your first lessons in the university of ruin; you are yet but sipping the first drops from the poisoned chalice which is brimming with misery and death. Oh! fling it from your mouth, and never, never raise it to your lips again! Young man, make it your rule,—'I never bet; no, not so much as a farthing.' The principle of betting is bad; and what is wrong in principle, cannot be right in the smallest degree of practice. Stop at the threshold. There are many young men out in our penal settlements, there are many pining away in dungeons, many cast as miserable wrecks on the waves of the world, like the seaweed torn from its native rock and driven to and fro by the winds and the waves, who, if they had never begun to bet, no not so much as one farthing, would have been now honest and honourable, comforts to their families, and blessings to society. I would not, were I an employer, allow a man to remain one day in my warehouse or counting-house, whatever his morality or his talent, who would keep a betting-book, or frequent the haunts of gaming. That young man can give no security for himself: he has passed

the boundary-line of honesty, and his employer will almost infallibly smart if he confides in him. Deserve confidence, young man, and to deserve it be honest, be sober, and above all never covet the gains of the gamester.

"But, young man, do not resolve in your own strength, nor say, 'I have no fear.' Fear, that you may have no reason to fear. If I were to tell you, 'You may die as William Palmer is to die,' you would say, 'But what, and is thy servant a dog that he should do this great thing?' But remember: seven years ago William Palmer would have said the same, and recoiled with as much horror as you can from the bare idea of murder; but he has done the dark deed; and if you know yourself, instead of saying, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?' you will rather say, 'Keep me, O Lord, for I cannot keep myself. Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil.'

"If there are any within these walls who have been led, from whatever motive, to come and listen to what might be said on the subject of gambling, whilst they themselves are addicted to it, I would most solemnly and affectionately, as an ambassador of God, entreat them to abandon a course which, themselves being their judges, yields them no satisfaction, poisons their peace, and is leading them onward to temporal and eternal ruin.

"Beggared and bankrupt the gamester almost invariably becomes at last; and if not beggared and bank-

rupt, will his gains minister comfort to him on his dark death-bed, or will he be able to bequeath them to his family with a father's blessing?

"Let none despair. There is forgiveness with God even for the chief of sinners. The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin. 'Turn ye from your evil ways: turn ye, for why will ye die? Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.'"

The warmth of his affection may best be seen from his familiar letters, one of which we transcribe. It bears no date, and we are unable to supply one:—

"My dearest Sister,—I have been longing to write to you. Yet, so harassed am I by incessant letters, that I have no interval in which to write to those I love best.

"We are all, thank God, as the poor say, 'in better fashion.' My beloved wife quite herself again. I had a charming, though laborious, visit to Dublin a few weeks ago. In only four days I spoke ten times—and had to give a special address to 650 clergymen, the largest clerical assembly I ever saw. Dear Lady Harberton, she is as earnest and energetic as ever—an evergreen. We talked much and often about Aunt ——. How blessed the memory of the just! Have

I sent you a copy of my Westminster Abbey Sermon? I preached to about 5000 persons. How much favoured you are in having your children all about you! Much affection to Mr. W. and all your circle.—Your ever devoted Brother,

"HUGH STOWELL."

It was his custom, from time to time, to review the past, and to show his flock how they stood as regarded their charities, and their own growth in grace, judging, so far as a Pastor could do, from their external demeanour. At one of these anniversaries he said:—

For twenty-one years they had had an uninterrupted career of comfort and harmony, and he never remembered a single division that split up the congregation, and he had hardly known a single family or individual, long connected with them, that had seceded to any other denomination.

Twenty-one years ago the number of their communicants was 180; now they had between 500 and 600. Their schools, during the last twenty-one years, had never been so entirely to his satisfaction as they were at present. The attendance at the Infant School was not less than 200 each day. Their Boys' School had an average attendance of 160 each day; their juvenile School had an average approaching to 100 daily, and the number now attending the Ladies' Charity School was 50. Their Sunday Schools, also, were in a satisfactory state; and in the room in which he then stood they had an average attendance of five hundred each

Sabbath. The additional Curate which they had provided for the District had been diligent in his labours, and his lectures had been well attended; and their Lay-agent had been working steadily and constantly, and he trusted the poor were improving. Their number of District Visitors at the present time was 34; but they should require an increase in this department, as their population was much increasing. Their Clothing Charity had been exceedingly prosperous; and upwards of £300 had been contributed and distributed a short time ago in clothing. The amount that they had contributed to the Church Missionary Society exceeded £600, which was larger than any previous amount they had contributed. He looked with satisfaction upon the Jews' Society; they had raised upwards of £150 for the Jews. Their contributions to the Church Pastoral Aid Society had been £75 or £80 during the year; but he should like to see that sum made into a steady £100, for the support of a Minister for some poor district.

They had established a British and Foreign Bible Society in connection with the Church, and they had raised in two or three months £52 for the Parent Society.

After explaining his views on what belonged to the Church at large, and deprecating *congregationalising* the Church of England, he concluded by giving them a solemn watchword for the coming year.

We read, incidentally, that the collections on behalf of the Schools, after two sermons, preached at

Christ Church, Salford, amounted to £301. 10s. Upon this no comment is required.

To children he was always much attached, and never omitted an opportunity of interesting them. He knew the way of gently leading the young, and fostering the lambs, whom the Lord commanded Peter especially to feed. For their anniversaries he generally prepared a hymn; out of many such we present a specimen for our readers:—

"We, a little simple throng,
Raise again our yearly song;
Praising Him whose constant care
Crowns and keeps us everywhere.

If He note the sparrow's fall,
Feeds the ravens when they call;
Clothe the lily with its bloom,
Give the rose its sweet perfume;

Surely we may calmly rest
On the kindness of His breast;
Every care to Him confide,
Fear Him, and fear nought beside.

Precious Saviour! we are Thine,
Make each little heart Thy shrine;
Set us from corruption free,
Make us temples meet for Thee.

Fill us with Thy peace and love,
Make us gentle as the dove;
Let it in our lives be seen,
That with Jesus we have been."

CHAPTER X.

THE INDIAN MUTINY — ALLEGED CAUSES OF ITS ORIGIN — THE CHUPATTIE OR MYSTERIOUS SYMBOL—DEATH OF COLONEL FINNIS, THE FIRST VICTIM — GENERAL HAVELOCK WINS THE FIRST VICTORY — HAVELOCK'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY—NANA SAHIB—HIS TREACHERY AND SUBSEQUENT CRUELTIES—OUR GARRISON AT LUCKNOW—DEATH OF SIR HENRY LAWRENCE — THEY COMMUNICATE WITH GENERAL HAVELOCK BY MEANS OF A SPY — HIS UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESSION OF VICTORIES — HE ARRIVES AT LUCKNOW AND RESCUES THE GARRISON—FURTHER VICTORIOUS BATTLES—WRITES TO LADY HAVELOCK—HIS PROMOTION AND DEATH—A STATUE ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE — SPEECHES OF THE ARCHBISHOP AND OTHERS AT WILLIS'S ROOMS — CANON STOWELL'S FIRST SERMON ON THE MUTINY — HIS SECOND SERMON — IMPRESSION LEFT BY THEM ON THE PUBLIC — DEMAND FOR MORE DIRECT ENCOURAGEMENT FROM GOVERNMENT FOR OUR MISSIONARIES AND CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS IN INDIA—ALLEGED CRUELTIES OF EUROPEANS IN INDIA—CANON STOWELL'S HATRED OF OPPRESSION SHOWN THROUGH LIFE — CIRCULAR LETTER FROM THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL TO ENGLISH OFFICIALS — IMPROVED STATE OF PUBLIC FEELING TOWARDS INDIAN MISSIONS SINCE THE MUTINY.

In the month of May, 1857, a regiment of Sepoys was in open rebellion. The mutiny spread with alarming rapidity, and our Indian Empire became within a few weeks a scene of horrible atrocities, in which our officers, their wives, their children, even their infants, were massacred with a cruelty which only a ferocious people, urged on by the fanaticism of a false religion, could have been guilty. The occasion was one which immediately called forth all the energies of Canon Stowell. A generation has risen up since the mutiny occurred. We therefore must give, as briefly as pos-

sible, a short account of it with all its horrors. The reason which Canon Stowell gave for his interference with such a subject will afterwards appear; it was, however, in one word, our neglect of giving Christian education to our Indian Empire.

It was more than a hundred years since Lord Clive had formed the first native regiment. It seemed to be a successful experiment; the natives made good soldiers, and appeared to be loyal subjects. The native troops, Moslems, Rajpoots, Sikhs, and the worshippers of Brahma, now amounted to a hundred and fifty thousand. Of European troops we had but thirteen regiments of infantry and two of cavalry, besides three regiments of infantry and a few horse soldiers in the service of the East India Company; and this force, small as it was, was distributed in about a hundred military stations over the whole of British India.* It was known that discontent existed amongst the native troops. They professed to have several causes for their mutinous disposition. Of these, the chief, however, in comparison with which all the rest sank into insignificance, was that the cartridges, used on the introduction of the Enfield rifle, had been dipped in grease, either from beef or pork, and were intended to deprive the Hindoo soldier of his caste, and to offer a studied insult to the Mahomedans and others to whom all animal lard or fat was an utter abomination. The charge was denied by the European authorities, but was not the less firmly credited by the Indian soldiers.

It was observed with much anxiety that a small

* Ball's History of the Indian Mutiny. 2 Vols. royal 8vo.

cake, or chupattie, about the size of a large nut, was banded from one soldier to another throughout the native regiments. But our English officers were unable to discover the meaning of this evidently significant portent; it soon appeared, however, that it served the same purpose as did the fiery cross to the Highlander of former days: it announced a bloody conflict, and called on each man to be prepared, when the signal fires blazed upon the mountain-tops, to take his share in it. What the signal should be for a general rising amongst our Indian troops, their European officers could never learn.

Colonel Finnis was the first victim. He was in command of the native troops at Meerut. He heard a noise of firing, and immediately rode to the parade-ground, and endeavoured, by haranguing the men, to induce them to return to their duty as soldiers; he exhorted them by their former good character and the confidence that had always been deservedly reposed in their loyalty and obedience, to remain true to their colours, and to avoid the stain that a useless attempt at mutiny would indelibly inflict upon the regiment.

He appealed to them as their Colonel and as their friend; but the reply to this appeal was a shot from a Sepoy of the 20th regiment, which struck him in the back as he uttered his last sentence. A volley from the muskets of the tumultuous rabble instantly followed this signal, and the Colonel fell from his horse riddled by bullets. Dreadful scenes followed. The Indian troops were now in full mutiny, and their

determination to slaughter every European in India was no longer concealed. English ladies and their infant children fell victims to their hideous cruelty, under circumstances too horrible to be narrated. The insurrection spread; Delhi, the sacred city of the Hindus, was soon in their hands, and, with it, their other sacred cities and places. No man forsook his post, no acts of cowardice disgraced the British soldier; but he remained only to die with his wife and infants, often slain after the most dreadful tortures. The tide of battle was first really turned by General Havelock. On the seventh of July he marched with 1700 men from Allahabad for Cawnpore. General Renauld cleared the way for him, every obstacle that appeared in his path being promptly thrust aside or trampled down. The process was abrupt, and might have been deemed cruel but for the too painfully acquired knowledge that to show mercy to the men in arms against the whole European community was simply to abet a system of indescribable ferocity, and to encourage the most revolting outrages. At length the enemy were in sight and opened fire at a long range, as if daring our troops to the attack. "Highlanders!" exclaimed Havelock, as he rode along the column, "when we were going to Mohamrah, I promised you a field-day. I could not give it you then, as the Persians ran away; but, Highlanders, we will have it to-day, and let yonder fellows see what you are made of." The first struggle was decided at Futtehpore, on the 12th of July. On the following morning the

General recognised the gallant services of the troops under his command in the following address:—

"Morning Order, — July 13th, 1857. Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B., thanks his soldiers for their arduous services yesterday, which produced in four hours the strange result of a whole army driven from a strong position, eleven guns captured, and their whole force scattered to the winds, *without the loss* of a single British soldier!

"To what is this astonishing effect to be attributed? To the fire of the British artillery, exceeding in rapidity and precision all that the Brigadier-General has ever witnessed in his not short career; to the power of the Enfield rifle in British hands; to British pluck—that good quality which has survived the revolution of the hour; and to the blessing of Almighty God on a most righteous cause—the cause of justice, humanity, truth, and good government in India."

It is painful to have to record that such was the low state of religion, that this reference to the assistance of Almighty God was received with contempt and scorn; but Europeans in India had soon to learn that it was only through the help of God, and by those who were not ashamed to acknowledge Him, that victory was to be achieved.

The Nana Sahib, a native prince, possessed of vast power and a great extent of territory, was indebted to the British Government for the assistance they had rendered him when attacked by other native princes.

He professed the warmest attachment to the British Government in India, and was entirely in their confidence. He lived in a magnificent castle, situate on the summit of a lofty hill; it was built in the 17th century, when Delhi was in its greatest blaze of glory, frequented by tens of thousands of fanatical pilgrims—the greatest of their sacred cities. We do not exaggerate when we say that, with the exception of Windsor Castle, there is nothing in England that would bear comparison with this gorgeous pile; it was a strong fortress, and seemed calculated to stand a siege, even were cannon brought to bear upon it. Here the Nana lived, and when he appeared in public he was seated on a richly caparisoned elephant, loaded with jewels, and surrounded by an armed troop of well mounted cavalry. Yet, when the Indian regiments were now in full mutiny, and it seemed but too probable that they would fulfil their threat and exterminate every European—soldiers and civilians, ladies and their infants—Nana proved a traitor, betrayed the most ferocious disposition, and prompted the most heartrending of the dreadful scenes which followed. We cannot pursue the history of the Mutiny through all its details; we must fix our attention upon the great centres;—the tragedies of Lucknow and Cawnpore.

Sir Colin Campbell had now arrived under orders from the Commander-in-Chief to assist in the great work of finally crushing the rebellion. To him, therefore, Sir Henry Havelock and Sir James Outram

gave place, and as soon as the way was sufficiently cleared—for the enemy were still in the whole neighbourhood in vast numbers—they hastened their return to Cawnpore. When Sir Colin fought his way into the Residency, no joyful acclamations greeted him; a dead silence reigned. On entering it a dismal spectacle presented itself: the court-yard flowed with blood, the mangled remains, and the rent clothing of officers, their wives and infants, were strewn upon the ground; and looking into the well the blood of the bravest ran cold when they saw it filled with the mangled remains of officers, their wives, and infants. A few of the native soldiers were still faithful to the English cause, and escaped; and the story they told raised to the highest pitch the fury of the Scotch and English troops. The English ladies had clung to their husbands with a convulsive grasp, so that even the frenzied and infuriated rebels could not separate them. The mortal stroke intended for the husband cut down with him his tender and devoted wife; who had previously seen her infants hewn to pieces with horrible barbarity, and to her the bitterness of death was past. Such was the concluding story of Cawnpore.

Our handful of troops at Lucknow, after bravely attempting to subdue a far superior force, well armed, and mad with religious frenzy, were driven to take refuge in their own barrack, around which they threw a hurried breastwork of hurdles and such other materials as could at a moment's notice be supplied.

The siege of Lucknow commenced on the 1st of July, and Sir Henry Lawrence was amongst the first who fell. A shell from a battery of the rebels entered the small apartment in which he was sitting, and inflicted a wound which was immediately known to be mortal; he lingered to the 4th in great agony, when death came to his relief. His funeral was like that of Sir John Moore in the Peninsula. No military honours marked his funeral rites; there was neither time nor opportunity for the pomp of grief: a hurried prayer was offered up amidst the booming of the cannon; and volleys of hostile musketry formed the soldier's requiem, as a few spadefuls of earth fell on the mortal remains of one whose name is inscribed among the most noble of the sons of England. He was a good man, and his last hours were full of peace.

Hitherto, however, the garrison were in good spirits, hoping shortly to be relieved; but week after week passed: they were distressed every day by the assaults of the rebels, and no relief appeared. Their ladies suffered even more than themselves; all privacy was at an end; they had to perform the most menial offices, and the shot and shells cut them off daily. They had heard of Havelock's victories, and contrived to send him an urgent request that he would hurry to their assistance. Thus week after week passed. Havelock promised to hasten, but could not engage to be with them for some time. The reward of 5000 rupees was given to the spy when, in the third week of their captivity, he returned with an answer. The

imprisoned garrison now heard the sound of the enemies' pickaxes underneath them. They were opening a mine. The British soldiers opened another. On the 18th, however, a terrible explosion took place, and a breach of thirty feet was made in the defence boundary; instantly boxes, planks, doors, and beams were brought to fill up the gap; while muskets and pistols were brought to bear upon the assailants. Not only did the gallant men within the enclosure repel the enemy, but they made a sortie and blew up some of the exterior buildings.* Amidst these horrors the 8th, 9th, and 10th weeks passed away; their nights even more wearisome than the day, for the enemy kept up an incessant fire of musketry close to the walls. At length, in the 12th week of their captivity, Havelock appeared, and the brave garrison was rescued. The thought of surrender had never once occurred to them. The campaign of General Havelock up to this time had been most extraordinary. Between the 12th of July and the 17th of August he had fought and won three battles in the Doab, east of Cawnpore; three in the vicinity of Cawnpore and Bithoor; and four in Oude—making ten battles in thirty-seven days: and this unbroken chain of triumph was won from an enemy immensely superior in numbers, by an army which naturally became weaker with each victory, until at length its fighting power was nearly exhausted. Three times in one day did the

* Ball's History. Reports in the Times, &c.

brave and pious Havelock, in pitched battles, utterly route the insurgents. It was after the second of these engagements that his soldiers, completely exhausted, were crowded together on the bridge near to Lucknow. Havelock wished to pass by, and there was a cry of make way for the General. "You have done that twice already, my brave men," said Havelock; to which there was an instant response, "God bless you, General."* But tidings arrived that the enemy, twice beaten, had taken heart again, and were in force once more. Havelock for a third time summoned his men to advance, and a third time his efforts were crowned with a victorious result. The neck of the rebellion was now broken: the brave garrison was relieved, after sufferings such as have seldom been recorded, cooped up as they were with their wives and children.

It was the evening of the 25th of September, when Havelock, accompanied by Sir James Outram, fought his way through a continual line of streets to the Residency enclosure. Their advance was not unlike the dreadful cavalry charge at Balaklava, and the result was similar. Havelock lost one-third of his gallant band, for they were obliged to march for two miles under a shower of shot and shell, which they were unable to return. But Havelock felt that every hour was of inestimable value, and so it proved. The rebels had succeeded in driving two mines; and the garrison, greatly diminished, and worn out with hunger and distress, were now

* Marshman's Life of Havelock.

at their mercy. The next day would probably have witnessed a massacre not surpassed in its horrors by that of Cawnpore.

A lady who was an eye witness of the scene, in her diary of the siege, writes thus:—"We had no idea they were so near, not expecting they could reach us for several days; when suddenly, just at dark, we heard a very sharp fire of musketry close by, and then a tremendous cheering. An instant after, the sound of bagpipes, then soldiers running up the road, our compound and verandah filled with our deliverers, and all of us shaking hands frantically, and exchanging fervent 'God bless you's!' with the gallant men and officers of the 78th Highlanders. Sir James Outram and staff were the next to come in, and the state of joyful confusion and excitement was beyond all description. The big rough-bearded soldiers were seizing the little children out of our arms, kissing them with tears rolling down their cheeks, and thanking God they had come in time to save them from the fate of those at Cawnpore. We were all rushing about to give the poor fellows water, for they were perfectly exhausted; and tea was made, of which a large party of tired thirsty officers partook. We had nothing to give them to eat. Every one's tongue seemed going at once, with so much to ask and to tell; and the faces of utter strangers beamed upon each other like those of dearest friends and brothers."

General Havelock left Lucknow, and hastened to Cawnpore as soon as the road was clear, for the enemy were still in vast numbers in the whole neighbourhood.

Here another battle was fought against forces far superior to his own. An officer attached to his little army writes thus:—"On the 6th of August, a memorable day for India, we started at a quarter-past four in the morning, and at about half-past six came in sight of the enemy, about ten thousand strong, with many guns, and about two thousand cavalry: our little army consisted of only nine hundred infantry, eighty-five cavalry, and fifteen guns." The Nana Sahib was at the head of these insurgents. His castle was seized by a mere handful of the British forces, and it was supposed that he himself had fled; but he was never heard of again, and he probably lies undistinguished amongst the heaps of dead who, by a righteous retribution, fell in this engagement. But we draw our hasty sketch to a close.

But Havelock himself seems to have anticipated, what too soon occurred, his own death, from excessive fatigue, or the prevailing malady, which had already seized upon his troops, the Indian cholera. In the midst of his galaxy of triumph his heart was still kept humble; he ascribes the glory to Him to whom it is due; and thus he wrote to Lady Havelock:—"I have fought seven fights with the enemy, and, by God's blessing, have beat them in every one of them. Things are in a most perilous state; if we succeed at last in restoring anything, it will be by God's special and extraordinary mercy. I must now write as one you may never see more, for the chances of war are heavy at this crisis. Thank God for my hope in the Saviour! We shall meet in heaven."

On the 19th of November, he again wrote to Lady Havelock in good health, as follows:—"Sir Colin Campbell has come up with 5000 men, and much altered the state of affairs. The papers of the 26th September came with him, announcing my elevation to the Companionship of the Bath for my three first battles. I have fought nine since. . . . . Dear Harry (his son) has been a second time wounded in the same left arm. He is in good spirits, and doing well. Love to the children. . . . . I do not, after all, see my elevation in the 'Gazette;' but Sir Colin addresses me as Sir Henry Havelock."

Other honours had been showered upon him, but these he never knew. The nation was dissatisfied, and almost indignant, that he was only knighted, when it was felt that he deserved a peerage. On the 29th of September he was raised to the rank of Major-General; on the 26th of November he was created a baronet; and on the meeting of Parliament, "Her Majesty being desirous of conferring a signal mark of her favour and approbation on Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, Bart., K.C.B., recommended to the House of Commons to grant him a pension of £1000 a-year for life." But these honours came too late. The good and gallant Havelock had already passed beyond the reach of human applause or the need of human recompense.

On the 20th of November symptoms of diarrhœa appeared as he lay before Lucknow. The next day his complaint assumed a more serious aspect, and he

was carried in a doolie to Dilkooshie, where a soldier's tent was pitched for him. The enemy's bullets fell thick around it, and he was carried to a more sheltered spot. The next day he felt that he was a dying man. He repeatedly exclaimed, "I die happy and contented." His son, who had been severely wounded, his arm hanging in a sling, had the high satisfaction of ministering to all his father's wants; the General, indeed, would allow no other attendant to wait upon him. At one time he called to him and said;—"See how a Christian can die." In the afternoon Sir James Outram came to visit his expiring comrade; and to him he said, "I have for forty years so ruled my life, that when death came I might face it without fear."* On the morning of the 24th, he calmly resigned his spirit into the hands of his Redeemer, full of the blessed hope of immortality. He died at the advanced age of sixty-three, but in the noontide of his glory. His sun set amidst victories, rendered more bright by the gloom which surrounded them; and he affords the rare instance of a man conscious of his own powers, and always eager for an opportunity of exerting them, constantly beaten back by adverse influences, and, at the eleventh hour, when hope was well nigh extinct, suddenly raised to supreme command, and reaching at once the summit of professional eminence.

When Nelson died, all England felt that the

* Life of Havelock, by John Clarke Marshman.

victory of Trafalgar was dimmed. When the tidings of Havelock's death reached England, even the suppression of the Indian mutiny was felt to have been purchased dearly. A statue to his memory was erected in Trafalgar Square. It bears upon its pedestal the following inscription, being his own words addressed in a General Order to his victorious army, when, after days of long and wearisome marching, he had fought his first great battle, and won a victory which was a presage to all that were to follow:—"Soldiers, your labours, your privations, your sufferings, and your valour, will not be forgotten by a grateful country."

When the Mutiny was finally crushed, its causes, and the means to prevent a repetition of its outrages, became the subject of discussion in both Houses of Parliament; a public meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was held, when Dr. Sumner, the Archbishop of Canterbury, presided. Both his Grace and the Bishops of London and Oxford spoke with great feeling on the necessity of teaching Christianity to our Indian subjects. But why, we ask, was not this said, not at Willis's Rooms, but in the House of Lords? The Archbishop's high position, the simplicity of his character, and the veneration due to his years, would have secured for him a more than respectful hearing. The eloquence of the other prelates would there have found its proper field. We cannot avoid this expression of our own opinion; and we cannot say less

than this, that, although the right things were said, they were not said in the right place.

It was not so that Canon Stowell approached the subject. He threw himself at once, with all his usual ardour, into the midst of it; like Havelock's soldiers, he did not fight at a distance, but hand to hand.

His first public endeavour to expose the sins of which England had been guilty towards the millions of her Indian subjects was made in a Sermon entitled "God's Visitation in India." It was delivered upon the Day of Humiliation, which had been appointed in consequence of the dreadful and uncertain state of things which still existed in our Indian Empire, from the text, Jeremiah ix. 9,—"Shall I not visit them for these things? saith the Lord." He plunges at once, like Job's war-horse, into the thickest of the fight; and he begins thus:—

"It has been said with startling truth and force, 'there is no day of judgment for nations.' For individuals God has appointed a day in the which He will judge all men according to the deeds done in the body, whether they have been good or whether they have been bad. Partially and imperfectly, therefore, are they judged in this world. But nations have their existence here, and only here; here, therefore, and only here, can they be subjects of moral retribution. Yet, that they are the subjects of such retribution, is just as clear from Scripture, as that there is

a retribution for individuals,—the difference being, that the latter will be rendered in the future chiefly, the former is rendered exclusively in the present state. Neither can there be the least doubt that, as individual punishment is never inflicted without guilt on the part of the sufferer, so national visitation never takes place without national desert. Whenever, therefore, God visits a people, the first inquiry they should make is, why does the Lord thus deal with us? What is His purpose in this visitation? What says the rod? Instead of this, to be looking at this juncture, first and mainly to our fleets and armies, our statesmen and generals, our power and our resources, is to do as Israel did when they went down into Egypt for chariots and horses, trusting to an arm of flesh and provoking the living God. If God be for us, He can save with the few as well as with the many; but if God be against us, He can discomfit the many by the few. That God has a controversy with us at this moment in the most important and immense of all our foreign territories, needs no proof; the sad evidences have burst upon us like the rush of many waters, in sounds of 'mourning, lamentation, and woe!' Atrocities have been perpetrated, horrors undergone, and agonies endured, in hapless India, almost unparalleled and unimaginable. We may well cry out with the prophet, 'Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people.'"

He briefly defends himself from the imputation thrown upon him, that he forsook the preaching of the Gospel and gave himself up to political and factious teaching. "The ministers of God," he says, "are not to daub the wall, nor to cry, 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace.' Is there not, then, a cause why I should this evening diverge from the ordinary tenor of my ministrations, by turning your thoughts for a season from your own more immediate spiritual interests, and directing them to a question of a public and national character? Ought I to be deterred because my doing so may be branded as political? Political!—Is it political to interpret the dealings of God with us as a people? Is it political to argue that He is over all, and in all, and that whatever befalls communities, no less than individuals, He permits and overrules with infallible justice and wisdom? Besides, how are the people to be influenced aright, and how are the sentiments of the people to be salutarily impressed upon our rulers, but by means of sound instruction and information? And who are to give such instruction and information, if not the ministers of the national church, set upon the walls of the national establishment by God, their Church, their country, and their Queen?"

He divides his subject thus: he calls upon his hearers to consider, in the first place, what may be presumed to be the chief moral causes of the visitation they all deplore; in the next place, the character of the visitation itself; and, in the last place, he would direct

their attention to some of the lessons which the visitation proclaimed. There were four moral causes which appeared to him to have more especially brought down upon us the displeasure of Almighty God. In the first place, he would specify our unfaithfulness to the stupendous trust committed to us in having peoples, multitudinous as the sand upon the sea shore, placed under our sway. In the history of the world there is perhaps no parallel to the way in which nations teeming and mighty as those of the great peninsula have been given to this little isle. It would hardly be exaggeration to state, that there are 200,000,000 of human beings under our dominion in the East; yet, if we go back about a century, from what small beginnings did this unimaginable accession of empire take its rise. It was after England had become a Protestant nation;—it was after the pure Word of God had been given into her custody, and the pure reformed worship of God established amongst her children, that God took from papal nations the portions of territory they had won there, and, transferring them to her, gave her a scanty footing in the land. Afterwards, by a kind of necessity, one vast territory after another was forced upon us. Territorial grasping was not, formerly at least, one of our crying crimes in that country. But, in self-defence, and in order to retain what we possessed, we were in some sort compelled to take one fragment of the illimitable land after another, until nearly the entire of the teeming, exuberant, and magnificent country came

under our dominion, the shadow of our throne, and the shelter of our laws. Then the way in which our land has maintained her power there—the way in which, by moral far more than by military superiority, she has held in subjection uncounted multitudes with a handful of men, has been little short of a constant miracle. Does not, then, the question force itself upon every thinking mind, Why did God grant and retain to us this incomparable sovereignty? Was it to pamper our pride, to swell our power, to fill our coffers, or to expand our commerce? Can any who believe the Scriptures hesitate to answer? No! He gave us these mighty nations in charge, that we might evangelize them for Himself. He gave them to us as stewards, and it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful. The critical inquiry then is, How have we discharged our stewardship? "And, here, let it not be supposed that I am going to level charges against one Indian administration rather than another. It is the entire course of policy pursued towards that country—an unchristian, we had almost said till recently an anti-christian policy, that we reprobate. That policy, instead of furthering, effectually hindered the progress of the Gospel there. For a lengthened period ingress for the truth was jealously barred. This was the course adopted by the ruling powers there, and sanctioned or connived at by the Government here. It has doubtless been a sad thing for India that she has had a twofold government. Infallibility tells us that 'no man can serve two

masters;' and it is equally true that no nation can serve two rulers. A divided responsibility is a powerless responsibility. And, no doubt, had not the overwhelming responsibility of governing India been dislocated, that land would have fared far better. But be that as it may, wherever the blame may rest, the fact is too notorious to be gainsaid, that for the greater portion of the period during which we have held Hindostan, so far were the authorities from furthering or fostering the work of evangelization, that they proscribed it, thwarted it, and withstood it to the uttermost of their power." Those who are old enough—and there may be some now old enough—to remember the intense struggle which the two Grants, Wilberforce, Buchanan, and others had to wage in order to win a way for any missionary to plant his steps on the shores of India,—such will bear us out in reiterating the statement, that it was the deliberate policy of the Indian Government to keep that country hermetically sealed against missionary effort. Nor was it through their instrumentality, but rather in spite of their prejudices, that the ambassadors of Heaven at length gained access to the immortal myriads of the East. Whatever the Church of Christ may have done there, she has done by her own zeal and bounty. Till of late years, at least, never was she cheered or abetted in her benign task by the civil power. This charge is not at all affected by the fact, that clergymen were supported, and the ministrations of Christianity established, by authority in India.

They were not for the natives; they were exclusively for the British residents there. Yea, most jealously were they long precluded from all attempts to impart one ray of light divine to the sunken, sensual, savage aborigines. Let facts speak for themselves. What are the consequences? Does not the horrible manifestation of the native mind at the late terrific crisis bear witness to our unfaithfulness? Is it imaginable that after so long and abundant an opportunity as we have enjoyed for leavening the population, and especially our own servants, with the spirit of Christianity,—is it imaginable that, if we had been true to our trust, there would have been developed amongst the very men who have eaten our salt and broken our bread, the fiendish cruelty and the unutterable brutality which have astounded and appalled the whole civilized world? Our mere secular influence seems to have done nothing more than add subtlety to their treachery and ingenuity to their ferocity.

But even the guilt of our unfaithfulness is cast into the shade by the guilt of our countenance of, and complicity with, native superstition and idolatry. "The pitiful policy pursued went on the principle that we must maintain our ascendancy by truckling to Mahomedan bigotry and pandering to Hindoo fanaticism. Hence our disgraceful compromises and concessions. Here, however, let me not be misunderstood. I advocate the fullest, widest toleration consistent with liberty and equity. I would deprecate the idea of outraging or coercing native usages, pre-

judices, or even idolatries, except when trampling upon the claims of justice. But it is one thing to coerce and outrage; another thing to sanction and uphold." Had the Government of India contented itself with leaving the monstrous religious systems of the country alone, save to restrain them when they inflicted social wrong, a fearful weight in the scale of our guilt would have been wanting. We cannot, surely, be wrong in regarding it in this light, when we find in Holy Scripture, that, of all the provocations that brought down God's judgments on Israel, there was none that did so more surely or severely than their defiling themselves in any way with idolatry. Their doing so was followed with divine vengeance as infallibly as the thunder-peal follows the lightning-flash. Sad and sickening are the evidences of our guilt in this matter. Let a few suffice. How long did we uphold the worship of Juggernaut, with all its infernal enormities? We went so far as to levy a pilgrim tax on the superstition of the wretched devotees who flocked to the yearly sanguinary festival of the horrible idol, and thus defiled our coffers with what might be styled the price of blood. Besides this, how often were our military required to give attendance at idolatrous ceremonies and processions—as though we either secretly approved them, or were utterly sceptical and indifferent. In like manner we long connived at, if we did not concur in, the murderous suttee. And, to crown our shame, we actually supplied, if we do not still supply, revenues to certain

idols and idol temples, for the direct support of idolatry! And all this was meantime aggravated by the policy of the authorities towards our own faith. "It may be said that Christianity alone met with intolerance at their hands. Let me adduce one very ominous and significant fact, to which I shall have occasion to advert again. In 1819, a Mahomedan soldier in our service, a man of high caste, embraced Christianity, and was baptized at Meerut. The event—then, I believe, unprecedented—excited a great sensation in India. A court-martial was held on the case, and the convert was sentenced to be cashiered. The case was subsequently referred to the authorities at home, and the sentence was confirmed, and the man sent adrift, for the crime of becoming a Christian! Not only so, but it was decided that no native soldier should be allowed to embrace Christianity and receive baptism without incurring the penalty of dismissal. Neither were Christian teachers to be allowed in any way to attempt the conversion of the sepoys. This was virtually to say that when a native became a soldier of the cross he became disqualified to fight our country's battles. He must continue to be a slave of the false prophet or a votary of idolatry, in order to be employed by this great Christian nation!" Doubtless, such was not the mind or meaning of our authorities. But was not such the practical import of their policy? They feared to alarm the prejudices, and rouse the fanaticism, of the population. They were apprehensive that India might be set in a blaze.

Woe unto us that we are so often betrayed by this kind of faithless, godless expediency! "Is it right or wrong to trust God, do our duty, and leave the consequences with Him? If it is wrong, then such a policy is wise: if it is right, then such policy is fatally foolish. Let results decide. Surely, whilst in fairness bound to shun anything approaching to the appearance of employing our power to influence the consciences, or violate the prejudices, of our native troops, we were at least equally bound to leave them at liberty to have their souls saved."

He was willing to acknowledge, and he did it thankfully and most heartily, that a great and salutary improvement had latterly characterised the administration of the affairs of India. The bloody suttee had been put a stop to; the loathsome Juggernaut pilgrim tax no longer polluted our treasury; from many Eastern defilements we had washed our hands. Yet all this does not obliterate our past guilt, nor prevent it from being reckoned with our present deserts. The life-time of nations is to be measured by centuries; that of individuals by years. Hence the cup of national demerit is long in filling, and it is not till it brims that judgment descends. So it was with the Amorities; Israel was not suffered to overwhelm them until their iniquities were full. Neither in such a case will partial reformations and temporary repentances long avert the punishment provoked. We know that when Israel had well nigh provoked the Lord to the uttermost, and His threat-

ened judgments were ready to fall upon them, there arose the good king Josiah, who wrought a marvellous moral change, took away the idols, purified the temple, and turned to God with all his heart and with all his soul, so that before him there had been none like unto him. Yet we read that, "Notwithstanding the Lord turned not from the fierceness of his great wrath, wherewith his anger was kindled against Judah, because of all the provocations that Manasseh had provoked him withal." The long score of our offences in India still stands against us; and are we not yet adding to them?

"In my view, another moral cause of the visitation under which we groan is the manner in which God's Word has been dishonoured by us in India. We owe everything as a nation to the Bible. Our empire, so boundless; our laws, so equitable; our commerce, so exuberant; our courage, so indomitable; our incomparable constitution, our unrivalled liberty, our high moral character, our marvellous social order and domestic happiness—all, all is directly or indirectly due to a free Bible; and had it not been freed, we should have been slaves at this moment. Britain is what the Bible has made her. We ought to emblazon the blessed book on our banner. We ought to glory in it as our richest heritage. Instead of holding forth the Word of Life amongst their heathen subjects, and regarding it as their standard and their diadem of beauty, they have treated it as though it were a dangerous and proscribed volume. The fact is no-

torious, that from all the Government schools for the education of the natives, the Bible is systematically and utterly shut out. The Koran, the Shaster, the Vedah have unrestricted admission; but the Word of God must not cross the threshold of British schools, supported with British money, for British subjects! To have forced it on the pupils, would no doubt have been wrong; but was it not still worse to withhold it from them altogether? What have been the consequences? The immediate consequence was, that we intellectualized the Indian youth, but we did not moralize them. We cast out the unclean spirit of their native superstition, but it was replaced by the evil spirit of Infidelity. We have trained a host of men with intellects the most acute, but divorced from all religious principle. Their last state is worse than their first. Superstition itself is better than the absence of all belief,—a heartless, hopeless, desperate atheism."

There is another moral cause of the judgment inflicted upon us in India which must not be overlooked. "It is in sorrow," says the preacher, "that I speak, but faithfulness forbids silence. The cupidity of gain fostered, and, in some instances, the unbridled licentiousness connived at by Indian rulers have cried to Heaven for retribution. Nor must we, in this connection, favourably and flatteringly contrast ourselves with the Mahomedan dynasty which aforetime ground the Hindoos to the dust, and boast how much India has been benefitted by our rule; how she has enjoyed

a measure of order, protection, and prosperity, such as she never enjoyed before; how she has been exempted from the famishing poverty and the desolating commotions to which she was subject under her former rulers. All this is true; but it could not be otherwise under our sway, unless we had altogether belied our country, and lost everything of Englishmen but the name. To contrast ourselves with Mahomedans and Pagans, is not wise; we ought rather to compare what we have done with what we ought to have done, and the results of our dominion with the vastness of our opportunities. Not unfrequently, too, greediness of wealth has led men in authority to wink at the iniquitous extortions of their subordinates, satisfied if only money, money were multiplied. And here, though not exactly falling under this head, we must not overlook the odious opium trade. Why have the rulers of India persevered in poisoning China? Why have they conduced largely to our present embroilments with that country? The only answer to these questions is—through lust of gain. All considerations of justice, morality, mercy, and even ultimate interest, have been sacrificed at the shrine of Mammon."

He proceeds, now, in the second place, to consider the character of the visitation. The remarks which follow are striking, and to a great extent original.

"If you examine the histories of the Bible, you will find that, in cases both of individual and national retribution, you may generally trace the occasion of the

punishment in the nature and circumstances of the judgments inflicted. You may read upon the brow of the avenger the reason why he has been sent. So it was in the retribution meted out to Ahab, to Jacob, and to Jacob's sons.

"In the outset, it is clear that it is in India we have sinned, for it is in India we are corrected. In the next place, how strongly do the instruments employed to scourge us indicate wherein we have specially transgressed. The very sepoys, whom we have petted and countenanced in their vile superstitions, and whom we have utterly secluded from all Christian influence, these diabolical men have become our sanguinary scourge. We have reminded you that it was at Meerut, about thirty-seven years ago, God was insulted by the dismissal of a man from our standard, for no other reason than because he had enlisted under the banner of God's dear Son. Now, mark it—it is at Meerut the horrible mutiny began. Some may smile at the notice of this strange coincidence, as a very small and insignificant matter. But God is often discerned in the little. His whispers are no less eloquent than His thunders. In illustration, let me recall to your minds how the prophet, commissioned by God to rebuke Ahab after he had murdered Naboth, said unto him, "Thus saith the Lord, in the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." And so it came to pass. Scarcely less emphatical is the fact, that in the place where we inaugurated our godless policy to-

wards the native army, in that very place has that very army broken out into disorders and excesses of an enormity scarcely paralleled in the records of the world. Not from foreign aggression, not from famine or from pestilence, are we suffering, but from swords ourselves have furnished, furbished, and whetted. Our foes are they of our own household. And is there not a cause? Can we doubt that in the case of our native soldiery we have been verily guilty? Had we wisely, tolerantly, and equitably used our influence to leaven them with the truth, would they thus have turned upon us? Then another instrument of our disasters has been a vile, revolutionary, infidel, incendiary, native press. This has greatly tended to kindle and fan the flame of rebellion. But who are the reckless, talented men that have worked and wielded this pestilent press? The very men, accomplished in our national schools, whom we have armed with intellectual power, but left destitute of holy principle. Here again has not our sin forged the weapons of our punishment?"

He remarks that people in England were not yet half alive to the terrible character of the scenes and sufferings in India. This was but too true. The sufferings of our garrison at Lucknow, and the horrors of the well at Cawnpore, were not yet known at home. Havelock was still living, and the most dreadful atrocities indeed had not yet occurred; yet wonderful scenes of Christian heroism had taken place. "I cannot forbear," writes Canon Stowell, in a note,

"adorning my page by making it the vehicle of giving fresh circulation to the subjoined most touching story of a youthful martyr:—When the wretched 6th Regiment mutinied at Allahabad and murdered their officers, an ensign, only sixteen years of age, who was left for dead among the rest, escaped in the darkness to a neighbouring ravine. Here he found a stream, the waters of which sustained his life for four days and nights. Although desperately wounded, he contrived to raise himself into a tree during the night for protection from wild beasts. Poor boy! he had a high commission to fulfil before death released him from his sufferings. On the fifth day he was discovered, and dragged by the brutal sepoys before one of their leaders to have the little life left in him extinguished. There he found another prisoner, a Christian catechist, formerly a Mahomedan, whom the sepoys were endeavouring to torment and terrify into a recantation. The firmness of the native was giving way as he knelt amidst his persecutors, with no human sympathy to support him. The boy-officer, after anxiously watching him for a short time, cried out, 'Oh, my friend, come what may, do not deny the Lord Jesus.' Just at this moment, the alarm of a sudden attack by the gallant Colonel Neill, with his Madras Fusileers, caused the instant flight of the murderous fanatics. The catechist's life was saved. He turned to bless the boy whose faith had strengthened his faltering spirit. But the young martyr had passed beyond all reach of human cruelty. He had entered into rest."

The sermon closes with some topics of consolation, and some suggestions of each man's personal duty.

"All, however, is not dark. We have sinned, and God has smitten, 'Whom I love I rebuke and chasten,' holds true in relation to a people as well as an individual. But then there will be traces of love in the visitation. Blessed be God, such are not wanting here. There are indications that He was correcting us in judgment, not in anger, to bring us to nothing. That man must be blind who does not perceive that God has loved and borne long with our country for the last three hundred years. He must be blinder still if he does not see that in the present instance God has in wrath remembered mercy towards us. He hath stayed His rough wind in the day of His east wind. For suppose these disasters had befallen us when we were in the midst of the dread struggle with Russia, in the heart of the desolating winter in the Crimea; or let it be imagined that they had happened even when we were embroiled so recently with Persia, and who can imagine what might have been the terrible consequences? God fixes the times and the seasons, and He graciously fixed the period for this outbreak at a juncture when we had our fleets and armies at liberty, when the country was in full prosperity, and when she could send her forces to the scene of action with the least possible delay. Mark again the mercy of God indicated in the places in which the commotions broke forth. If they had burst out in Calcutta, and the seat of Government,

with all its wealth and stores, been seized upon, how much aggravated would have been our calamity. Peradventure no Englishman would have survived to tell the dread tale, and India been lost to England. Then, again, cannot we see many indications of God's forbearance, in the marvellous and almost miraculous escapes and deliverances of hundreds snatched from the very jaws of death, as well as in the raising up of noble men for the emergency. How, too, have glorious instances of faith and fortitude, disinterestedness and magnanimity, shone forth amid surrounding horrors. How many of the heroes who have shone forth are men of God! To instance one, Havelock,—the ubiquitous, dauntless, glorious Havelock,—Havelock is a man of prayer, a man who goes to battle in the name of the Lord God of hosts. Nor may we forget the good hand of God in the marvellous health and buoyant spirits which our troops have enjoyed amid circumstances of season, climate, and exposure the most deleterious. Another characteristic of this visitation is, that it promises to issue in blessings to India and to ourselves. When God deals with a man or a nation, in vengeance, His visitations are utterly destructive; but when He deals with a people in faithfulness for correction, He tempers judgment with mercy, and the visitation tends not to ruin but to reformation. So in India. This dire scourge bids fair to rouse us to redress the wrongs of our fellow-subjects there; to awake us to our stupendous responsibilities as stewards of the Gospel for

that boundless land; and to prepare the way of truth, by breaking down that hateful barrier of caste which we have unwisely countenanced, when we ought to have done all in our power to dissolve it utterly. Yes, there is much to cheer whilst there is more to humble us. If only we repent and bring forth fruits meet for repentance, we shall reap in joy, even after having sowed in tears of blood. Therefore, let us thank God and take courage. We are not about to lose India. It may be by fearful struggles, and through awful suffering, that we shall reduce her to order; but by God's help it will be done. Meantime we bless God for what through His grace has been effected there by our various missionary efforts, as well as by numbers of holy individuals; for no place has nobler specimens of British Christians, both in the military and the civil service, than our Eastern empire. Let us entreat God to influence the hearts of our rulers, so that they may resolve to make it their noble ambition henceforth to bind India to us by bands of truth and cords of love; by a full share in all our privileges, and, above all, in the blessings of the gospel of peace. Thus, and thus only, should England retain her conquests, and not by bloodshed and oppression."

With a few practical lessons his address is brought to a close. The first is, that "instead of having had too much missionary effort in India, we have had far too little. To charge upon these efforts our calamities, can spring only from the grossest ignorance or the most disingenuous unfairness. What shadow of proof

can be adduced? Has one convert joined the standard of revolt? Who are the men that have turned their swords against us? Are they the men whom we have sought to win from their cruel and idolatrous superstitions to the faith of Christ? No; these, wherever they have appeared, have appeared as our supporters and friends. But the butchers of our men, women, and children have been the very men whom we fenced against all Christian influence, and taught that it was criminal to become Christians. These are the men who have lifted up their heads against us. Granted, that there may have been a few good men striving to benefit the population, whose zeal has been greater than their discretion, and who may have unadvisedly shocked or inflamed the prejudices of the natives: are these scanty exceptions to be used as stones to cast at the whole work of evangelisation? or ought even they to be dealt with harshly and inconsiderately? Alas, alas! there is but little zeal in this cold, selfish world of ours; and if that little sometimes breaks out into an eccentric and devious flame, we ought at least to treat it tenderly. Be assured of this, that if we are to retain India, we must strive to christianize India."

He draws a second lesson. "Instead of self-justification and pride, let there be deep abasement before God. The pages of our Indian history, the more they are scrutinised, the more will they disclose what calls for humiliation. Oh that there might be poured upon us the spirit of grace and supplication! United, believing

prayer has wondrous power with God. Let us not content ourselves with outcries against the incarnate demons who have perpetrated such unheard-of atrocities, but ascertain what we have done or left undone that such a scathing scourge should have been allowed to lash and lacerate us.

"Nor let me here forget to warn you and to bear my testimony against that vengeful spirit breathed by many,—by some from whom it was not to be expected. We have nothing to do with revenge. We know who hath said, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' Are we to arrogate His dread prerogative, and snatch the sword from the Omnipotent hand? God forbid! Justice is ours: let justice, the fullest, sternest, most unsparing justice, be done on the miscreants who have revelled in human blood. I have no sympathy whatever with the mawkish sentimentality which would spare the murderer. 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed,' is the law of our Creator—a law based on an immutable principle, and therefore of perpetual obligation. Let there be the completest justice; but sully it not with vengeance. Let it be discriminating as well as decided —deliberate as well as inflexible. Oh that our country may rise to the occasion, and show to the world that, as Christian Protestant England knows how to bear adversity with noble fortitude and equanimity, she no less knows how to do what is a far harder, and therefore nobler thing to do—demean herself, in the hour of victory and triumph, with majestic calmness,

forbearance, meekness. It is no less true of a people than of a person,—'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.'"

He bids his hearers learn, too, one lesson more—a practical and personal one, one to be pondered in their closets. "Let the unutterable enormities which we hear of, not so much rouse us to exclaim against the sepoys, as to stand aghast at this fresh and monstrous disclosure of how dark and devilish a thing is the heart of man when left to itself;—all its bad passions stirred from their depths, all its furies let loose. Man then becomes more ferocious than the tiger, and more unfeeling than the rock of adamant. Yes, it is a nauseous potion for our pride, but a salutary one, that you and I are of the same nature with those monsters in human form; were born with *the same* evil hearts, and, left to ourselves, might have been even as they. Who and what has made us to differ? Brought up as they were, breaking loose as they have done, we should have rivalled them in crime. Our Christianity, our Bibles, our education, our institutions, have made us to differ. All is of God. Yea, and still, except we have a new heart, and a right spirit created in us, we know not what, if left to ourselves, we may become. 'O God, deliver me from myself!'—each one of us may well pray. And that we may be delivered, let us look to Him alone who came to earth, and bled and died, that whosoever believeth in Him might be saved from self, and Satan,

and hell, and purified and lifted up for ever, in light, and love, and glory."

Canon Stowell addressed his congregation a second time, in a sermon entitled "England's Duty to India." His subject is, "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." (Matthew xii. 30.) And he bends it gracefully and without an effort to the consideration of our duty, as soldiers of the Cross, to be courageous and determined in our conduct towards the millions of our heathen subjects in India. The favourite doctrine of our Government at this period was Neutrality. The Secretary of State for India, in the House of Commons, adopted the policy with which he identified his administrations,—that of perfect neutrality in matters affecting the religion of the people of India. Canon Stowell scattered to the winds this scheme of government, equally false and futile, in a few pertinent questions:—

"Now this avowed neutrality, what does it mean? If it means anything, it means this,—'We are neither with Christ nor against Christ; we are neither with Mahomedanism nor against Mahomedanism; we are neither with Hindooism nor against Hindooism. We are neutral; we have nothing at all to do with religion, but we must have toleration!' Put the expression into plain, distinct language, and is not that its meaning? Tolerate? Yes. Tolerate to the utmost, but do not countenance, and do not conceal your own principles and your own faith. Toleration is one

thing; countenance is another. We tolerate what we disapprove; we sanction what enjoys our approval. Let there be toleration to the fullest extent. God forbid that we should ever forget that toleration is of the very genius of Christianity; it does not allow us to coerce, to interfere between a man's conscience and his religion, whatever it may be; but, at the same time, if we are so neutral that it is not known whether our government is Christian or unchristian, whether this great land worships the true God or worships Juggernaut, whether this great Christian country holds by the Bible or holds by the Koran or the Shaster,—if this is to be the aspect that our Christian government is to wear in India, then emphatically we are not with Christ, and therefore we are against Him; we gather not with Him, and therefore, as a nation—I speak not of the Church—we scatter abroad.

"But look again. Is this vaunted neutrality practicable? Has it been found practicable? Has it been carried out? Has it been honest? Has it been consistent? Is it worthy of the honour and truth of the nation? Have we kept faith with the Hindoo, in holding neutrality forth as our watchword? Far from it. We have interfered with and put an end to the Suttee, which was deemed an essential part of the Hindoo's religion. Was it neutrality to put an end to it? We have put a stop to infanticide and the murder of parents deserted on the banks of the Ganges. These were parts of their religion. Were we right or wrong in interfering with them? On the

ground of neutrality we were wrong, for these interpositions were infringements on their religion. We have interfered with the distribution of the property of the Hindoo, and the distribution of property in India was part of their religious creed. Were we right or wrong in interfering with it? We were wrong if we were honestly intending to observe neutrality. We have interfered again with public displays of an indecent and demoralising character. Who would dare to say that that was wrong? And yet on the principle of a professed neutrality it was wrong, for it was incongruous with that profession. We have outraged native prejudices by conducting water from their sacred river, the Ganges, to irrigate the desert plains and fields, and cover them with fertility. Were we right or wrong in so doing? We were right, if you regard the interest and advantage of the people; but we were wrong, if we intended to maintain a neutrality such as we professed; for the Ganges is one of their gods, and they regard our touching its water, much more our using it for agricultural and secular purposes, as a dark profanation. The fact is, that Hindooism is so interwoven with all the social, commercial, political, private, and public life of the Hindoos, that it is utterly impossible for England to rule India and maintain religious neutrality. She cannot do it. She ought, therefore, either to abandon the country altogether, or to abandon the miserable hypocritical pretext of a neutrality she cannot keep, and never has kept. Honesty is surely the best policy; and for a great nation to avow

what it intends, and do what it avows, is far more noble than, out of a pitiful, temporising policy, to hold out one thing as its profession, and do another thing as its practice. Besides, neutrality has not only not been observed in regard to Hindooism, but neither has it been observed with regard to Christianity; for the rulers of India, sensible that they were often infringing upon the Hindoo's religion, and must do it necessarily and inevitably, in order to trim the balance and adjust the scale, have oftentimes acted unfairly and unfavourably towards Christianity, admitting heathen books into the schools, and excluding the Word of God; admitting the professors of false religion into their colleges, putting out two professors, at least, because they were Christians; putting a man out of the army because he became a Christian; while, if a Christian had become a Mahomedan or a Hindoo, he would not have been interfered with, but would have retained his position in the regiment; not giving to Christianity any support in its missionary efforts, and yet constituting the State a trustee for thousands of idol temples, and collecting the rentals of the property devised to those temples, and dealing it out to them in various proportions. Thus, the great Protestant Christian nation, that is the most noted and the most noticed on the face of the world, becomes the collector and the steward for a host of loathsome idols, which are but personifications of devils, whose worship is impurity, and their service pollution. And this has been pleaded for, on the ground that they were ancient trusts, and we had no

right to alienate them from their object. Never alienate them, never pillage, never by force or fraud take property that is not ours; but leave it to Baal to support Baal, and let those that are idolaters be the trustees of the property of idols. Let not England soil her hand with the unclean thing, much less take the accursed thing into her keeping, lest haply He that discomfited Israel, because the accursed thing was taken into the camp, should visit England with His righteous and just displeasure, as indeed He hath already done. Neutrality is impossible; and if it were possible, oh! what an unreal, ignoble, and undignified aspect must it wear in the sight of the Mahomedans and idolaters of India! They are not ashamed of their false gods; are we to be ashamed of the true God? They glory in their lying fables and traditions; are we to be ashamed of the eternal truth of God? They revel in their abominations, and are not ashamed of them even in the light of day; are we ashamed of the glorious light which reproves all such abominations, and chases them before its bright beams as the sun chases the mists of the morning? They glory in their shame; we are ashamed of our glory. They bow down to idols and fear not the foreigner's gaze; we are almost ashamed to be seen kneeling down, and owning the God of heaven and earth whose we are, and in whom we live, and move, and have our being. 'Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord, and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?' Except we repent and bring forth fruits meet

for repentance in India, neutrality will be our ruin, as neutrality is our disgrace. Besides, be assured of this, the Hindoos, crafty, dishonest as they are, know and respect honesty, and trust and confide in integrity. How blind, how base the policy that holds out neutrality with the right hand, and violates it with the left—that ignores our own faith, and yet cannot keep faith with others! This is alike enfeebling to our moral influence, and dishonourable to our great name. Then, let me add, and above all, 'Them that honour me,' says God, 'I will honour.' Do good, fear God, and leave the issue to Him. As God liveth, we have abundant evidence that it is not our fidelity to Him, not our Christain efforts which have been scanty and small, not our missionary labours, not our native Christians, that have brought about, or in any wise been the occasion of, the late outbreak; but rather has it been the result of this incongruous, inconsistent course of temporising neutrality, which has shaken the confidence of the people, and led them to suspect that we had some dark secret purpose hidden under all. And would not the natives respect us more if they saw us serve the God we profess to belong to? It was long a question with many of them whether the white man had any God, and they who ascribed to their false gods what we too often do not practically attribute to the true God, marvelled that we had victory over them when they were sincere and we appeared to be sceptical or hypocritical. Will not an honest, bold avowal, that whilst we will in no wise coerce or constrain their

consciences, or interpose between them and their religion, where their religion does not interpose between them and outward morality and public rectitude, and the fair dealing of man with man, and the dispensing of equal justice to all—will not such a policy infallibly disarm their prejudices, impress them with our real greatness, and, giving honour to God, reflect that honour back on our own land?

"Before I advert to our beloved Queen's Proclamation, I must for a moment call your attention to the further sentiments in relation to India, uttered by the present Secretary of State for India. In his conference with the deputation which waited upon him, he uttered this sentiment:—'The sphere of government, and the sphere of theological belief, are absolutely and entirely separate.' Is not that tantamount to saying, 'God and nations have no connection. He may sway the man, but He does not sway the community; He is God of the family, but He is not God of the people'? Let us test this dogma by the character of our own constitution, and by the tenure of the Crown, in virtue of which our Queen sits upon the throne of the House of Brunswick. In the coronation of our beloved Queen—and that has been the beautiful service since the establishment of the Reformation amongst us—the Archbishop administers to her an oath to this effect, that she will to the utmost of her power maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed religion established by law. Is the obligation of this

oath confined to her subjects in England? Does it not extend to the whole of her territories? Are not her dominions one? Is she not bound to the best of her ability, so far as opportunity and the conditions of the case will permit, is she not bound in India to uphold to the utmost the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed religion? Then again, the Archbishop, putting into her hands an orb, as a sign of the world, and a cross upon that orb, thus addresses her, 'When you see this orb set under the cross, remember that the whole world is subject to the power and the empire of Christ the Redeemer, that He is Prince of the kings of the earth, King of kings, and Lord of lords, so that no one can reign happily who derives not his authority from Him, and directs not all his actions according to His laws.' And then, to crown all, the blessed Bible is placed in her hands, in symbol and sign that by this she was to rule the Christian people, and according to its principles she was to govern herself and the realm committed to her by God. O beautiful character of the Christian monarchy of England! Was it in harmony and keeping with this, for her responsible adviser with regard to India to state, that 'the sphere of theological belief and of civil government are absolutely and entirely separate'? Was he then breathing the spirit of the British constitution? Was he honouring the Queen he serves by the expression of such sentiments? Then again, he added at the same memorable interview, that 'There are certain

principles which were perhaps before all forms of belief, and peradventure will be after them all.' Now, what did this mean? If we are to understand it by the rule of ordinary expression, it intimated that the eternal principles of right and wrong are not ours by Christianity, by the revelation of God's Word, but that, irrespective of that Word, we have principles to guide and to govern us. Now I ask, if such be the case, why have not the Hindoos a right to be governed by the principles of right and wrong, which they believe to be true, as well as love? What right have we to say that the Suttee is contrary to justice and truth? What right have we to denounce the abominable slavery into which nine-tenths of the whole Hindoo race are hopelessly born, and in which they are brought up, as to be the most abject slaves of the Brahminical caste? What right have we to say that it is wrong for the Brahmin to be as a God, and the Pariah to be as the vilest reptile that crawls the earth? What right have we to reverse the law, that the Brahmin is never to be punished with death, and never to be visited with condign punishment, whilst the poor wretch that he tramples in the dust may be killed, and it is not considered a crime, and there is no redress? What right have we to say, that to expose the aged parent on the banks of the Ganges, fill his mouth with mire to stop his cries, and leave him to be sepulchred in the alligator—what right have we to say that this is not according to eternal truth and justice? The Hindoo says, 'That is my

view of it,' and are we to say our view is contrary? No! Ours is the true view, because it is the view of God, as His own Word teaches us. It has been argued in reply that there are in man's nature, fallen as it is, certain latent traces of what he once knew, what was once written on his heart, of the principles of truth, justice, and mercy. But do *we* know these principles by nature and by reason? No; for before the Gospel came we were more barbarous and degraded, more cruel and bloody, than they? Whence and why the difference? Because we have the Bible, and they have not. The latent principles in our hearts have been woke up, as the echo is woke by the voice. But an echo cannot wake itself: there must be a voice to awaken it; it is there, but it is silent till it is roused. So our hearts and consciences echo the voice of the lively oracles, which is one of the demonstrations to a man that it is the voice of the true God, because he is a witness to Himself, and the manifestation of the truth commends itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. But we could never have made out the rules of truth, mercy, and righteousness of ourselves. 'The world by wisdom knew not God,' knows Him not, and never can know Him. It is the revelation of God's truth which challenges and commands the response, as well as the submission of man's conscience to his Maker.

"I must say, therefore, with all regard and respect for authority, that I deplore such sentiments, and that if such are to be carried out practically in the

future government of India, we shall be in no better position than we were before this dread outbreak, nay, we shall be in a much worse; for if, after that, we are not more faithful to God and our duty, we shall be without excuse, and we shall become worse and worse.

"And now I have brought before you our duty in regard to India, and also the present aspect and bearing of our relations to her, and I put it to you, is not this a momentous crisis? We must not have India so governed that it shall any longer seem as if the labours of the missionaries there were for a religion that the country does not hold, or that we are ashamed to avow. We must not have the government 'scattering' and the Church 'gathering;' we must not have our rule in India identified with those that are against Christ, but with those that are for Christ. Our government must hinder or help; they must appear Christian or unchristian; neutrality is impossible, and if possible it is base, dishonourable, and unworthy of our land. . . . .

"Let us get rid of the mammon, the gain of ungodliness and unrighteousness, and God is able to make a recompense. As the prophet said to the king of Israel, when he asked, 'What shall we do for the hundred talents?'—'The Lord is able to give thee much more than this.'

"Lastly, we should demand that no bar or hindrance shall ever be put in the way of a man's becoming a Christian, and that none shall suffer any disparagement, or degradation, or loss of office and

confidence, because he may embrace the truth. And, on the other hand, surely we should require, that no countenance whatever be given to idolatrous processions, or to impure ceremonies and rites, but that England stand aloof in majestic separation from all these abominations; tolerating, but not sanctioning; enduring, but never endorsing. Surely this is what we ought all to demand, and what a Christian government and senate cannot refuse. Be assured of it, there is need of our doing our duty at this juncture, and rising to the emergency.

"But, after all, and when I have said all, I should have said nothing as I ought to say it, if I did not add, the government is not to evangelize or proselytize, or be the supporters of missions; the Christian Church in all its true branches is called upon to seize the opportunity. In vain we call on Government, if we do not bestir ourselves; in vain we ask them to make a highway for the Gospel, if we be not prepared to avail ourselves of it; to open a door, if we be not ready to enter in. We ought to be enlarged in regard to India; we should delight to give our gold and silver, and we want our young men to offer themselves for that glorious work. Are the youthful soldiers of Christ ready to stand forward and step in to take the place of those that fall—fall in a far more glorious warfare than ever British soldiers carried on, or ever British valour won; they do it for a corruptible crown, for a name or fame, which is but a breath, a meteor; the champions of the cross do it for a glory

that is imperishable, and a crown of righteousness that fadeth not away. Oh! young men, think of it, ponder over it, pray over it. There are some of you who should dedicate yourselves to the work; and let me say to those who cannot, or are not called to go forth in the name of God, consider it as your privilege, your delight rather than your sacrifice and self-denial, to give largely and freely as the occasion demands. You will never repent it. In time it will be your solace, and in eternity your joy. You will bless God for the little you did, and only wish you had done more. As a holy minister of Christ said when dying, 'I am not afraid to meet my Master and Lord, but I am ashamed to meet Him; ashamed that I have done so little, sacrificed so little, and suffered so little for Him, when He gave Himself for me.' Oh! then, freely give, as you have freely received; and in giving, and after giving, remember that you are only the deeper debtor to Him who gave you all."

Canon Stowell had through life an intense hatred of oppression: few rejoiced more heartily than he when our own slaves were emancipated. He it was who suggested, in a vast meeting at Exeter Hall, that a copy of the New Testament should be presented to each emancipated negro. The suggestion was eagerly seized, and happily carried into effect. For some years, missionaries and others wrote cheering accounts of the good done in many a negro's hut by these messengers which told of a liberty even far more ennobling than that which England had conferred upon them. But another generation has arisen, and the

negro of this day is by no means anxious to perpetuate the memory of the wrong done, and the cruelty endured, for no fault of theirs, by his forefathers.

Rumours were published in abundance, after the close of the Indian mutiny, of the cruelties which Englishmen, officers, and even civilians who filled the high position of judge in the native courts, had been guilty in this respect. Much of this was mere exaggeration; for there are always men at home whose delight it is to detract from the merits, and even to traduce the characters, of our officials abroad. Yet some truth there must have been mixed up with these foul aspersions. Years after the mutiny had been quelled, the Governor-general wrote a severe remonstrance especially intended for Englishmen, whether holding civil or military posts, to treat the native Indians with respect and courtesy. They were charged to avoid grossly insulting language, such as styling them "niggers" in conversation with each other; and no longer, in addressing them, to indulge in an imperious, overbearing manner. The Governor-general well remarked that these Indian races had one and all of them a high civilization of their own, ages before England or any European nation had emerged from the lowest state of ignorance and savage brutality. We believe that since the mutiny the tone of feeling in India on all subjects connected with the happiness, the morals, and the religion of the Hindoos and other races, has greatly improved.

CHAPTER XI.

CANON STOWELL'S SERMON ON RELIGIOUS REVIVALS—THREE GREAT REVIVALS IN OUR OWN CHURCH; FIRST AT THE REFORMATION, THEN IN THE PURITAN AGE, AND THIRDLY, IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: ALL PRECEDED BY A REMARKABLE OUTPOURING OF THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER—THE REVIVAL IN OUR OWN TIMES—CANON STOWELL'S WISE TREATMENT OF IT—REMARKS UPON THESE REVIVALS—ROBERT HALL'S IMPRESSIVE AND ELOQUENT WORDS—CANON STOWELL'S SERMON AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY IN 1859; OUTLINE OF THE SERMON—PROTESTANT TRACTS—CANON STOWELL WRITES THE FIRST—HIS SERMON ON THE DEATH OF CHANCELLOR RAIKES—HIS UNITARIAN CONTROVERSY.

NONE of our readers can have forgotten that a great religious revival visited the Churches at home and abroad in the year 1859. Canon Stowell preached at home upon the subject, from Acts xiv. 31—33, with a degree of caution and discrimination, but at the same time with a hearty expression of his entire confidence in the reality of that great work, which, together, placed his address amongst the most valuable of those which have been written upon the subject. He sets out with a caution against the wildness of enthusiasm. There are many who cherish a strong prejudice against anything beyond the ordinary quiet routine, oftentimes dead as well as quiet, of worship and ministration to which they have been accustomed. He proceeded thus:—

"That was a blessed quickening, comforting, strengthening of Christ's little faithful band; and beautiful and refreshing were its results upon others. And yet there are many who cherish a strong prejudice against anything that passes out of the ordinary quiet routine; they have a horror of enthusiasm, a dread of fanaticism and excitement, a dread of what is desultory and, as they deem it, extravagant.

"That a holy caution is necessary, the wisest will be the readiest to admit. That there is such a thing as enthusiasm, and that it is a sad and an evil thing; and that there is such a thing as fanaticism, and that it brings God's Word and work into disrepute,—that there is such a thing as vain excitement, and that it ministers rather to Satan's work than to Christ's work,—none, at all conversant with the history of the Church, will for a moment deny. But the more cautious we are against the mere semblance, the more zealous we ought to be for the reality. The more we dread a wild enthusiasm, the more we should pray and look and long for the holy, solemn, deep reality, the work of the Spirit of God. Our safest plan is always to bring everything that occurs in the history of the Church, in the experience of our own hearts, and in what we witness around us, to the law and to the testimony. If it will bear the touchstone of divine truth, then let it stand; if it abide not that test, then let it be condemned."

He then goes on to show that religious awakenings, revivals, or quickenings, by which names they were

known, had really taken place in various ages of the Church; but that in every case they are consequent, as in apostolic times, upon an outpouring of the spirit of prayer. Three revivals especially are recorded in our own Church: the first at the Reformation; the second in the seventeenth century; and the third in our own times. In each case the spirit of union and godly love accompanied the spirit of prayer, and with it a remarkable degree of boldness: the fear of man was lost in the fear of God, "out of weakness they were made strong, and they spake with demonstration of the Spirit and with much assurance." Then, with regard to our own country, he reminds his hearers that there have been three wondrous quickenings of vital religion amongst us in three consecutive centuries; and this is very remarkable. "The first was in the sixteenth century—that extraordinary awakening of the national mind from the dark slumber of the Papacy. How the whole nation was woke up, aroused by our Latimers, and Cranmers, and Ridleys at home, and by the Luthers, Melancthons, and Calvins abroad; God's Word, wielded by God's Holy Spirit, broke the yoke of the oppressor, dispelled the thick darkness, and raised the dead Church from her sepulchre, breathing into her heart the breath of life, so that she awoke and went forth again on her mission, fair as the moon and terrible as an army with banners. Noble were the fruits of the Reformation in that glorious army of martyrs! There was genuineness, there was power, there was prin-

ciple, there was the triumph of faith; and all was due to the Holy Ghost."

There was a second such revival in the seventeenth century. The Church had already relapsed into her formal and frigid state. The light, and with it the warmth, of the Reformation had passed away, and even its doctrines were almost forgotten. Then came the Puritan awakening. For whatever may have been the extravagances into which it ran, who can deny that in the works of Owen, Baxter, Howe, and other kindred divines, there was a glorious reality; and that a new impulse was given to vital godliness in the country, and that its influence lasted through the century.

Who now preaches as Henry Smith once preached at St. Clement Danes, or Marshall at Covent Garden, or the two Calamys, or John Howe, the last of the Puritans? Who, that has read the expositions of these and other men of the Puritan period, does not feel that for depth of piety, and depth of thought, and not unfrequently of critical acumen, strange indeed for the age in which it was produced, these men cast into the shade all who have succeeded them.

Still who can deny that Watts, Matthew Henry, and Doddridge among Dissenters; and the Wesleys, Whitfield, Rowland Hill, Venn, and Berridge—eccentric Berridge in our own Church—were the instruments under God of promoting a great revival of pure religion in the land. They were like the Apostles, "filled with the Holy Ghost, and spake the word with

boldness," and though not in the face of persecution and death, yet in the face of derision, scorn, and contumely. Who will deny that hundreds of thousands then were awakened to repentance, led to Jesus, exemplified in their life and conversation the mighty change that had taken place, and lived and died filled with peace, and having brought forth all the fruits of holiness.

We come lastly to the awakenings and remarkable conversions of our own day, more especially those of which Canon Stowell spoke. Many of the facts will be new to our readers; and the remembrance of them ought not to perish. They seem to have first appeared in the United States. "After weighing," says the preacher, "what I have read carefully, my own conviction is this, that whilst the movement has had its shadows, while the water from heaven has contracted some of the impurity of the soil over which it flowed, while there has been much of man in it, there has been more of God, for the water has come down from heaven." In one district of the United States alone, one hundred and thirty-six thousand members had been added, in the space of a year and a half, to one Christian denomination. In Wales there had been conversions of a very remarkable character. Into these the preacher had himself had an opportunity of inquiring. The Welsh, he says, are an enthusiastic people; they love their mighty gatherings and their camp-meetings, which are of doubtful utility, and more likely to minister to animal excitement than to

spiritual edification. The instance he mentions occurred amongst the North Welsh mountains, inhabited by miners—a population of about two thousand—the Minister, a man of no special gifts, and of no remarkable power, but of great simplicity of doctrine and of great holiness of life. Some few of his people—they scarcely knew why or how—were constrained to pray much to God that He would give their minister the spirit of power and love, and bless his ministrations to them. They formed little knots for prayer, and gradually the people flocked to the houses of prayer. The church was filled to overflowing; and in short, according to the testimony of the pastor, all drunkenness, immorality, and crime had disappeared, and there was not a single family which had not family prayer, nor an individual of sufficient age who was not a communicant.

Admitting that this were to some extent an exaggerated statement, yet any approach to it ought to fill us with humility and earnest desire. "Oh, that this parish," he exclaimed, "in any degree resembled it! Who will not say, May God work such a work among ourselves!"

Canon Stowell next alludes to the revival then going forward in its might in Scotland and the north of Ireland; and mentions several instances in which the power of the Holy Spirit had overtaken those who were least expecting it: not while they were in the public assembly for prayer, but at their ordinary work, in the workshop or the factory. The

ultimate test, he adds, is the fruit. "It may be thought that years must elapse before the fruit can be fully tested; but even the blossom which precedes the fruit gives promise. So far, the fruits have been invariably meet for repentance. I would not give a fraction for the work of a manufactured revival, where the persons were found afterwards in the mire of impurity. But when there is an abandonment of drunkenness by the drunkard, of uncleanness by the unclean, of harshness by the churl, of dishonesty by the fraudulent, of profaneness by the blasphemer, then I say this is not the work of hell, but of heaven; these are not the fruits of the spirit of evil, but of the Spirit of God."

On this subject we wish to offer a few remarks. It is no disparagement to these revivals that they are of unfrequent occurrence, and never last; for this was the case in the primitive Church. St. Paul very soon had occasion to deplore the indifference into which some of those Churches had fallen who had been refreshed by the dews of heaven on the day of Pentecost. The Galatians must have experienced all its blessedness; yet how soon had Paul to address them thus, in the bitterness of his soul:—"Where is then the blessedness ye spake of? for I bear you record, that, if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me." But their first love had soon disappeared.

Neither, again, ought it to afford us any matter of surprise that such revivals are of very unfrequent occurrence. After the day of Pentecost we read of

them no more. The Spirit of God seems to have resumed His wonted operations, and to have brooded silently over the primitive Church; while "some believed the words which were spoken, and some believed not."

Yet we are taught to wait for such manifestations of the Divine power, and even to expect more of "these times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." Robert Hall, in the conclusion of his tract on the work of the Holy Spirit, writes admirably thus:—

"You have sometimes found, instead of a reluctance to pray, a powerful impulse to that exercise, so that you felt as if you could do nothing else. Have you always complied with these motions, and suffered nothing but claims of absolute necessity to divert you from pouring out your hearts at the throne of grace? The Spirit is said to make intercession for saints, with groanings which cannot be uttered. When you have felt these ineffable longings after God, have you indulged them to the utmost? Have you stretched every sail, launched forth into the deep of Divine perfections and promises, and possessed yourselves as much as possible of the fulness of God? There are moments when the conscience of a good man is more tender, has a nicer and more discriminating touch, than usual; the evil of sin in general, and of his own in particular, appears in a more pure and piercing light. Have you availed yourselves of such seasons as these for searching into the chambers of imagery, and, while you detected greater and greater abomina-

tions, been at pains to bring them out and slay them before the Lord?

"There are moments in the experience of a good man, when he feels a more than ordinary softness of mind; the frost of selfishness dissolves, and his heart flows forth in love to God and his fellow-creatures. How careful should he be to cherish such a frame, and to embrace the opportunity of subduing resentments, and of healing those sore wounds which it is scarcely possible to avoid in passing through this unquiet world."

In 1859 Canon Stowell preached his first sermon at Westminster Abbey. His text was—"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36.) He treats the subject with his usual simplicity, but with a truly awful solemnity. He argues the worth of a soul from various considerations,—First, its wonderful capacities and powers. "What a capability it has," he exclaims, "of enjoyment! what a capability of endurance! Can any mind fathom or any tongue tell, what the soul has endured in its own deep remorse and dark despair? 'The spirit of a man can sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit,' a soul self-tortured—a soul tormented—the worm that never dieth, 'who can bear?' Yes; I well remember one who had undergone much physical torture in the course of his long life, and who in his latter days suffered deep melancholy and black despair: how he told me, when God was pleased to

shine on him again, and give him hope and joy, that if all the physical sufferings he had ever undergone had been concentrated into one hour of bitterness, that hour of bitterness would not have equalled one hour of the remorse and despair which had agonised him. The soul is the seat and centre of anguish or of ecstacy; there real feeling dwells, there real emotion. Yes! if the soul of man is mighty to endure, it is no less mighty to enjoy. What are all the poor delights of sense, what all the gratifications of lust, what all the pomps and pleasures of a vain world, when compared to the conscious joy of faith, love, hope, and holiness! The truest happiness is within, 'the well of water springing up into everlasting life,' that tide which flows through the soul's channel from its fountain in heaven."

"There is no joy like that joy; it is such that it can make the pains of the body unfelt. The martyr's agony was often swallowed up in this transport, as one of them said when burning at the stake—'You ask for a miracle, behold one; these flames are to me as a bed of roses.' Yet there was no miracle, it was the joy he had in the love of God shed abroad in his heart, passing all understanding, that made him insensible to the agony of the body: therefore the flames were to him as a bed of roses. There is no joy like the joy of the spirit; there is no torment like the torment of the spirit. So marvellous is the soul in its attributes; so mighty to enjoy, so mighty to endure. Is it not then to every man his one

pearl, his treasure of untold value? What would he be profited if he were to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" He argues the value of the soul still more emphatically from its dread immortality; then from the fact that it was redeemed at an awful price. There was but one sacrifice in the universe that could take away one sin, or rescue one soul. He was God's only begotten Son, the brightness of His Father's glory, the express image of His person. "Go, heedless sinner, go to Gethsemane, behold His agony and bloody sweat, listen to His awful prayer—'O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' Go to the foot of Calvary, and behold the darkening sun, the trembling earth, the rending rocks, the yawning graves; and hearken to that fearful cry: 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' and we learn the worth of the dread spirit, so prized by the Father, that He withheld not His only Son from us, that He shrunk not from the Virgin's womb, recoiled not from the agony of the garden, forewent not the anguish of the cross, the shame, the curse, the death. Weigh thy soul in the balances of redemption; and then say, what would it profit thee to gain the whole world and lose thy own soul?" Thence he proceeds to consider the loss of the soul: if its worth is so immense, the loss of it must be tremendous; it involves the sacrifice and shipwreck of all for which man was first created, and which Christ has redeemed to Him by His atoning blood—all that God can bestow or man can receive.

"Oh then to lose all! No paradise—no hope—no holiness—no reconcilement—no reception into those beauteous mansions—no restoration to Divine favour—no peace and joy in believing—no fellowship with the Father and the Son—no restoration of the ruin—no return of God to His temple—no holy and blessed communion on earth—no treasure beyond—no one thing of which we can say, 'This shall go with me,' save our sin, our unpardoned, inexpiable sin! To have before us an eternity of despair—never to hear God's voice as a Father—never to pray to Him with a child's love—never to know the smile of His countenance—to be cast off for ever—to be shut out from the mansions of our Father—to be stripped for ever of the blessed prospects we might have had—to have the soul, the glorious soul, a wretched wreck, dark and desolate, haunted by impure spirits, at once tormented and tormenting. Who can conceive the loss of that soul? None but He that inhabiteth eternity. Oh! 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

"Neither is this all: there is not only privation of all that is good and glorious—there is also the endurance of God's everlasting anger, whose frown is death and whose smile is life; there is the perpetual gnawing despair of one that has made shipwreck of his all; there is the smouldering remorse, the worm that never dieth. We are told of the 'blackness of darkness for ever;' we are told of the 'weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth;' we are told of the

lake which 'burneth with brimstone and fire;' we are told of the never dying death, and immortality of dying. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?

"There will not be, as some presume to say, an eternity of suffering for a transient transgression, an infinite punishment for a finite iniquity: no, but everlasting sin, and therefore everlasting punishment! For if here there be no repentance—if here no return to God—how shall it be there? But because they sin on, they must suffer on. If it is just they should suffer at all, it is just they should suffer while they sin. If, then, the sin be everlasting, the torment must be everlasting. The loss of the soul must then be an irreparable loss! 'What then shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

"Beloved, let me entreat you, if your own souls be safely lodged in Christ's keeping, to have compassion on the multitude of souls around you that are passing on to eternity, dead to their own destiny, unconscious of their own awful attributes, and alive only to sense and time. Fellow-workers with us in the Lord! do what you can to heal the sick and save the lost. Heaven is moved from above, and hell is moved from beneath; there is a mighty warfare going on, the attention of the universe is concentrated in the mighty struggle; Satan and his agents are struggling to destroy; Christ and all holy beings are striving to save: be then on the Lord's side, fight the good fight

of faith, glorify your Saviour! We need this: the country is filled with iniquity, false doctrines, heresies, and schisms.

"Let every individual do what lieth in him: let him be the salt of the earth, and the light of the world in his measure and proportion, and God, even our own God, will give us His blessing.

"We want living souls, and there can be no living soul without the Spirit, which is the life of the soul: for as the body without the soul is dead, so the soul is dead without the Holy Ghost. The abiding greatness and grandeur of the soul depend on Him alone, 'the author and giver of life;' who makes the soul a temple meet for Himself, to resound His praise, to offer the sacrifices He loves, the sacrifices of humble adoration and loving praise."

This was the most active period of Canon Stowell's life, and he seems to have been well prepared to employ either his voice or his pen in whatever way seemed at the time to be most conducive to the glory of the Master whom he always delighted to serve.

Thus, when a series of Manchester Protestant Tracts was projected, he wrote the first. It was his earnest wish to arm our Protestant operatives for the righteous war with Popery, and he gives them some advice, admirable for the good sense it displays.

"The wisdom and policy of our friends is," he says, "to question, and not to submit to be questioned; and they should always stipulate, that at the least, where they answer one question, they should be allowed to

ask another. The whole stock in hand of the common class of Roman disputants—and there are few Romanists who are not ready for controversy—consists of a few commonplaces—a few crafty questions which they have been taught to wield from their cradle, and which constitute almost the whole of their theological education. These cunning, though shallow queries—such as, 'Where was your Church before Luther?' 'How can you prove the Bible without the Church?'—are ever on the tongue of the whole multitude of simple Papists, from the infant scholar up to the grey-headed man." And here follows a series of questions for Papists:—"You say, 'How can you prove the Bible without the Church?' we reply, 'How can you prove the Church without the Bible?' 'How do you know that there is such a thing as a Church?' 'How can you know what marks distinguish a true Church until you accept the Bible?' Thus, you see, you put the effect before the cause, instead of the cause before the effect." But these queries had already appeared in *The Protestant Witness*, and we need not quote more of them. The suggestion, that a Protestant should never allow himself to be put on the defensive, but to become in his turn the assailant, seems to us too important to be omitted.

Next we take up a funeral sermon, in memory of the late Chancellor Raikes, preached in the Church of Saint John, Chester, on the 10th of December, 1854.

Canon Stowell was always happy on these occasions, both in his choice of an appropriate subject, and

in his treatment of it. Those who remember Chancellor Raikes, will admit the faithfulness of the following portrait:—

"Let us begin with the first element of excellence. His *simplicity* and *godly sincerity* gave reality and genuineness to his whole character. Where these are wanting, all is unsound. But you could not come into contact with him and not feel that he was real. There was a truthfulness, a transparency, a sterlingness about all that he said or did, which was most refreshing. He commanded your confidence whilst he won your respect. The love of truth was in his heart, and the law of truth upon his tongue. His mien, his manners, his looks, his bearing, were beautified by naturalness. He combined the simplicity of a child with the sagacity of a sage, the playfulness of an infant with the gravity of a philosopher. You were ready to say when you saw him, 'Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.'

"Akin to his simplicity was his touching *humility*. He had much that might have furnished fuel to natural pride. His personal endowments were distinguished, his mind of no ordinary compass and power, his imagination rich, his taste refined, his literary attainments varied and elegant, his fortune ample, the respect paid him universal, the prospects held out to his ambition full of promise; yet was he perfectly free from arrogance or assumption; 'he put on lowliness of mind;' he was 'clothed with humility.' There was about him a native dignity,—but his humility softened his

dignity, whilst his dignity graced his humility. He 'condescended to men of low estate.' He was as accessible to the poor as to the rich. It was touching to see his stately figure bent down to hearken to the tale of some ragged mendicant, or to catch the accents of some suppliant child. There was no affectation about his lowliness; it sat on him like a garment which had been long and constantly worn. How humbly he walked with God, will be indicated when we come to trace the features of his inner life.

"Closely allied to his simplicity and humility were his *patience* and *gentleness*. He drank deeply of the cup of bodily suffering in his latter days, but he drank of it without a murmur. Not even his own family suspected the anguish he must have undergone, so signally was it veiled by his patience. There were, sometimes, traces of acute pain on his countenance, but in no other way was his agony betrayed. Towards men he was patient and placable. He suffered long and was kind. As a public man, he had his share of provocations, misrepresentations, and unkindnesses to bear; but he bore them, like his Lord, in meekness and in silence. Evil he overcame with good, and enemies he transmuted into friends. His gentleness was never ruffled, it was the lamb lying down with the lion. Whilst *men* approached him with reverence, *little children* were drawn to his arms by cords of love.

"His overflowing *benevolence* and *kindness* can hardly be overdrawn. They were fountains deep, and ever welling out. He delighted in doing good; his

sweetest pleasure was to give pleasure. His bountifulness was something wonderful. The extent of it will not be known till the disclosures of the last day. His left hand knew not what his right hand gave. Large as were the sums annexed to his name in public benefactions, they were as nothing to the amounts which he dispensed in secret. There are few of the necessitous clergy, in this or the adjoining diocese, who have not tasted of his generosity; whilst numbers, both clerical and lay, who from all parts of the kingdom sought his succour, can testify how munificently it was given. Many a widow he raised from the dust; for many an orphan he provided; many a student for the ministry he aided in his academical course; to many an ill-worked parish he helped to supply additional spiritual advantages. 'God loveth a cheerful giver,' and he gave cheerfully. A clergyman told me but yesterday, that when he went, as a perfect stranger, to the deceased, for the purpose of acknowledging one hundred pounds placed at his disposal, through the intervention of a common friend, to enable him to prosecute his studies for the ministry, the noble benefactor addressed him as one who was *receiving* rather than *bestowing* a favour; so truly did he impersonate the god-like sentiment—'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' * * * *

"Kindly affectioned towards all, he was peculiarly so towards the poor. He not only relieved, but '*considered* the poor and needy.' Their tedious tales did not weary, nor their frequent attempts at imposture chill, his

charity. He was almost always waylaid by them as he left his door, and his treatment of them has been thus touchingly described by his coachman, who resided in the yard of his mansion:—'I seem to see him still, crossing and re-crossing the court, and again and again interrupted by some poor petitioner; yet saying to each in his own kind tone, 'Well, my good man,' or, 'Well, my good woman, what can I do for you?' He tired not of their importunities, because he felt that He who was rich, and yet for our sakes became poor, never tired of hearkening to him. He was, however, a prudent as well as a bounteous steward of 'his Lord's money,' and spared no pains to detect fraud and unmask hypocrisy.

"His '*moderation* was known unto all men,' and so was his *forbearance*. Earnest in his views, he was yet sober; fervent in his feelings, he was yet temperate. Hence, he was never carried away either by the flood of ecclesiastical pretension on the one hand, or by the refluent tide of latitudinarian laxity on the other. He kept the even tenor of his course through all the conflicting currents of his times. You might find others drifting, but he was still the same. Hence his spirit never became harsh or narrow. Hence, too, he was loved by all good men, whether of our Church or not; so in your own city, Nonconformists have vied with Churchmen in showing reverence to his memory. Hence, also, extreme men amongst ourselves, however censuring his sentiments, could not bring themselves to say hard things of himself. His forbearance and

tenderness mellowed to the last. He, more and more, pitied where others blamed, and merged his indignation against the sin in his compassion for the sinner.

"But he was a Minister of Christ, and we must not pass by his *zeal for God*, and his *diligence* in setting forward the salvation of men. For many years he had no Church of his own; yet had he, in some sort, 'the care of all the Churches.' He not only preached with what Herbert has beautifully styled 'the visible rhetoric of a holy life,' but he preached 'the word,' 'instant in season, out of season.' Never, unless from infirmity, was he a Sunday silent. And you can witness that though, *physically*, his trumpet might be feeble, *spiritually* it never gave an uncertain sound. He did not take 'the water of life' at second hand from human cisterns, but went direct to 'the Fountain of living waters.' Day by day he took his pitcher to 'the wells of salvation,' and drew water for himself, and drank, and gave to the people, that they might drink that water fresh and pure. His sermons were strictly evangelical,—full of 'the gospel of the grace of God.' At the same time, they were free from distasteful peculiarities, from the 'shibboleths' of any party. Had his voice and physical force been equal to his compositions, he would have been a prince amongst preachers. * * * *

"It was not in the pulpit alone he loved to tell the message of peace. How often did he bear the lamp of life to the cottage fire-side! How often did he point the sick or dying poor man to 'the balm in Gilead,

and to the physician there!' Whilst he was a *diocesan* preacher and speaker, he was a *city* pastor and teacher. * * * *

"There was a happy balance in his graces. He was firm, but he was not wilful; he was gentle, but he was not pliant; he was cautious, but he was not timid; he was zealous, but he was not intolerant; he was liberal, but he was not lavish; he was bold, but he was not rash. A woman in tenderness, he was a man in energy; in principle an oak, in courtesy a willow; for truth he would have died a martyr, but for party he would have made no sacrifice; he valued 'a good name,' but he never courted popularity; he loved to give pleasure, but he did not study to please. * * *

"Whilst rejoicing in 'the testimony of his conscience,' he knew, and groaned under, 'the plague of his own heart.' The last entry in his diary, written so recently as the middle of last month, breathed the deepest humiliation, together with the simplest trust in mercy, and the fullest submission to the will of God. On his death-bed no one could approach him and not be impressed by his lowliness. As I stood beside him a few days before his departure, he clasped his hands with intense fervour, and said, 'O my friend, what would a death-bed be without the gospel!' On another occasion, when moved by the tender assiduity of his children, who were ministering to him, watching his every look, and anticipating his every wish, he remarked with indescribable pathos, 'How much is done for the servant, how little was

done for the Lord!' The last words he was heard to utter, as he was sinking into that sleep out of which he was never to awaken in this world, were, 'God be merciful to me a sinner! Lord, have mercy upon us!' Blessed plea, with which to meet the 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!'"

Shall we apologize for having thus endeavoured, in Canon Stowell's own words, to prolong, and, were it possible, deepen and extend amongst another generation the memory of one who, in the words of the preacher himself, was a model at once of the Christian gentleman and the Christian Minister? We cannot persuade ourselves that any such apology is requisite.

Canon Stowell was unexpectedly drawn into a controversy on Socinianism: it was in consequence of a speech which he had made at Bristol. After he had returned home, he was charged with having fiercely attacked Socinians in a speech made before the Bible Society, and with having classed them with Infidels and Atheists; and that he had said of a Socinian who wished to address the meeting, that, with every friendly feeling toward him, he could not call him a Christian brother. "Now these words," he says, "constitute the gravamen of my offence. They have startled some of my friends little less than they have exasperated my assailants. Nevertheless, I cannot retract them. Loyalty to my Master forbids. Nay, however painful to my natural feelings it may be to do so, I think myself bound to substantiate what I said." "I am,"

he adds, "an outspoken man, and not only try to mean what I say, but to say what I mean. However I may co-operate with Socinians in circulating the unmutilated Bible, I cannot on that account fraternize with them. I can meet them with all courtesy as fellow-citizens and gentlemen, on the Board of an Infirmary, or the Committee of a Sanitary Association; but I cannot have fellowship with them as Christians. Here there is a wide chasm between us; one which cannot be fathomed, and ought not to be concealed. This is my deep and solemn conviction. And surely the avowal of it is demanded by charity no less than consistency."

A controversy on the Unitarian or Socinian creed, compressed within a few pages, cannot of course present anything beyond the writer's personal views in the briefest space. The heads of the orthodox creed are well drawn out, but the subject is far too large to be discussed, to the satisfaction of those who are anxiously seeking for instruction, within the compass of a tract. All our readers will, however, heartily join in Canon Stowell's concluding prayer, that "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, would shine in their hearts, to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ—until convinced, overawed, transported, each one of them shall cry out to Jesus as the adoring Thomas did—'My Lord and my God.'"

CHAPTER XII.

ADDRESS TO THE MANCHESTER VOLUNTEERS—BEGINS WITH PRAYER—PROTEST AGAINST VOLUNTEERS' BALLS—CONTRAST BETWEEN ROBERT HALL AND CANON STOWELL—MODERN SERMONS: WHAT THEY OUGHT TO BE—SERMON ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT—HIS LETTERS BECOME MORE FREQUENT: THEIR CHARACTER AND CONTENTS—SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO CANON STOWELL AT BISHOPWEARMOUTH—HIS ATTACHMENT TO HIS CONGREGATION—REFUSES VALUABLE PREFERMENTS—URGES THE OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH—THE POSTMEN OF MANCHESTER GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE HIS EXERTIONS ON THEIR BEHALF.

On the formation of the Corps of Manchester Rifle Volunteers, Canon Stowell was readily persuaded to give an inaugural address. This may seem to be a subject of purely local interest; and yet there is something in his treatment of it which scarcely permits us to pass it by unnoticed. The address was delivered in the Free Trade Hall, on Thursday evening, the 19th of January, 1860. Canon Stowell requested leave to begin with prayer: the whole audience instantly rose, while he offered up an extempore prayer, solemn and appropriate, though brief,—a model of what prayer should be. The Riflemen and the vast audience joined for the most part in the Lord's Prayer.

He does not merely excuse the profession of a soldier, he goes the whole length of giving it his hearty commendation: — "I regard your movement as *legitimate*. I know that there are those whose con-

sciences we must respect, but whose understandings we cannot very highly estimate, who look upon war of every description as unlawful, unscriptural, and reprehensible. I go with them to the uttermost in all that they can say in relation to the hatefulness of war. I do not hesitate to say that hell has no darker offspring, sin no more fearful scourge, and heaven no more tremendous judgment to inflict upon guilty mankind, than war. I hesitate not to say that the battle-field, in the eventide of the day of conflict, soaked with the blood of the brave, strewn with the mangled, the dying, and the dead, ringing with the groans and hollow moanings of the mighty in their last dread agony, presents a spectacle the most horrible and appalling that earth ever exhibits. It is the most frightful commentary on the fall of our nature, the ruin of our world, and the desperate wickedness of the human heart, on which angels ever look down with pity, and over which fiends exult with hellish triumph. Am I exaggerating? Every virtuous, benevolent man must regard war with loathing and horror; and no man, as the great Duke of Wellington once said to a lady who was talking lightly of war—no man who has witnessed its horrors can fail to contemplate it without the deepest emotion. But though war be thus hideous and horrible, there is such a thing as a righteous warfare, and there is such a person as a holy and a gracious soldier; and a good soldier may be as much a devoted soldier of the Cross whilst a soldier of his country, as any other man can be who

occupies a lawful position in society. *That* war at least is *defensible* which is itself *defensive*. Aggressive war, it appears to me, hardly ever admits of vindication; but defensive war is assuredly not forbidden in Scripture, and cannot be avoided so long as sin reigns in the world. It is not prohibited by Scripture. I know that there are many of my friends—there may be some even here—who argue to the contrary, and hold as conscientiously the opposite opinion as I hold my own conviction. But I have not so read the Bible as not to learn that God allows self-defence; and if self-defence in the case of the individual, then self-defence in the case of the nation."

Our own experience exactly coincides with his, when he speaks of the deep piety, and, we would add, the tenderness, and almost childlike gentleness, of some of our bravest soldiers:—

"Nor let it be forgotten, that God in latter times has had many of His most faithful soldiers in the camp of their country. Have we forgotten the name of Colonel Gardiner? Have we forgotten the name of Henry Havelock? Have we forgotten the name of Hedley Vicars? Have we forgotten, in the navy, the name of Lord Gambier? Have we forgotten, in the army, the late Sir Henry Lawrence?—a man as earnest and loyal in the service of his God, as he was skilful and fearless in the battles of his country? Have we forgotten in the Crimea, how, under many a gorse bush, on many a heathy knoll—how, in many a ravine, and in many a dell, all cold and damp and

dark as was the scene, little knots of brave soldiers used to meet in the evening hour, and sometimes far on to midnight, to sing and pray together, and read God's blessed Word? And these were the bold and the brave in the day of battle; they feared God, and therefore feared nought beside: they could look death steadily in the face, and therefore they could gaze fearlessly on the serried ranks of war; for the man who is truly, and intelligently, and believingly prepared to die, is prepared for everything; he fears nought who perfectly fears God, and therefore he fears not death because he fears his God."

His advice to the youthful Volunteers is very good. The following good-humoured stroke carries with it, as usual, an excellent moral:—

"But I further contend that your movement is wholesome because it has not only quickened your patriotism, but it has tended to harmonize your hearts. The weakness of a nation is often its own divisions—party against party—sect against sect; a house divided against itself cannot stand, and a kingdom divided against itself must fall; and what is more fitted to bring men together than common interests, common sympathies, common dangers, and a common object? Are not all these concentrated in your movement? I doubt not there are before me Whigs, Tories, and Radicals; I doubt not there are before me Christians of every sect and denomination, but they hold in abeyance their party and their religious controversies, that they may be as one in the

defence of their common country, their Queen, and the civil and religious liberties of dear old England. And is not this a wholesome influence and effect? It was produced in Jerusalem of old, torn as she was by faction and party—Simon and John, each leading a fierce faction which hated the other more than they hated the very Romans; yet as soon as one assault was made by the besieging army, they were at once as one; they combined their troops, and fought side by side and hand to hand till they had repulsed the besiegers. I trust that your union, though produced perhaps now chiefly by a sense of common interest and danger, will be cemented more and more by mutual intercourse, and finding that, however you differ in other matters, most of you unite in great essentials, in the love to your country and zeal for your Bible; you hold your very differences in the spirit of a common charity. In another point of view let me prove that yours is a wholesome movement. It is wholesome, because it is one from which you yourselves, I trust, are deriving benefit. If you do not abuse this movement, but use it aright, it is a manly movement. It will straighten the limbs of some of you, and expand your chests and improve your figures, and make you more graceful in your movements; not holding down your heads as if you were always poring over the desk, but lifting them up towards the clear heavens. And depend upon it, it will have another advantage, it will prevent the danger of young men becoming too fastidious and foppish, too anxious about having no speck

on their dress, no mire on their boots, no rain or wind to disarrange their locks. Depend upon it, it will do you good now and then to wade through the miry road, to leap the ditch, to encounter the shower, and battle with the hail-storm. How would you meet a hail-storm of bullets, if you are afraid to meet an ordinary tempest?"

We would add the following remarks. We protest against the practice of connecting the Volunteer movement with the ball-room. Now, we shall not enter into any argument as to the lawfulness of dancing. It is sufficient that numbers of our young men, religiously brought up, have been taught to avoid what their parents consider to be inconsistent with the Christian character: this ought to decide the matter. Sixty years ago, the Sunday drill excluded many a pious youth from the Volunteer service. The Volunteers' ball has precisely the same effect at present on many, who would be found amongst the most efficient of the corps.

"But, my young friends, I have proved, as I trust sufficiently, that your movement is legitimate; that it is needful, that it is wholesome, that it is noble, and that it is successful. Now, mark me, I do not venture to predict your future success except with one proviso, that your movement does not deviate into doubtful and dangerous paths, not prove a snare to yourselves, and lead you into excesses, neglect of business, expensive habits, and disturbance of your social relationships. Now observe, I am not joining

with those who say, 'Oh, it is nothing better than a snare for our young men, betraying them into taverns, leading them to champagne suppers, self-indulgence, neglect of their regular duties and responsibilities.' Remember, I do not say so. But there are hundreds that do. More than this has been said, has been written, has been published—it is for you to furnish the refutation. As the Apostle says, 'By well doing put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.' By well doing:—yes, by sobriety, by order, by subordination, by the absence of all profaneness, by steady, determined application to business or professional pursuits, or whatever else may be your calling. Account this movement as your pleasant exercise, your recreation, to strengthen you and stimulate you for your honest callings, and your higher duties. Now, let me not be misunderstood. I admit, from the bottom of my heart, that while I rejoice, I rejoice with trembling. When many of my own dear young parishioners or hearers have become members of your body, I have been glad, for I account yours a righteous movement; but I have feared whilst I have been glad, lest it should prove a snare to them. Many a father's heart has misgiven him, many a mother's heart has throbbed and trembled, whilst her son, it may have been, has been asleep upon his pillow, lest he should tarnish his moral conduct, abandon his sobriety, his manliness, and his virtue, and become the prey of habits which degrade for time, and ruin for eternity.

"There are many—most I would trust, would

that I could say all of you—who will eschew the tavern, who will shrink from the gaming table, and turn their back upon the champagne supper; who will not go to scenes whose impurity and dissipation make havoc of the fair flower and the noble promise of our rising generation. Then you who join them with thoughtlessness and run into these dangers as 'the ox goeth to the slaughter,' or 'the fool to the correction of the stocks,' ought to remember that if you choose to disgrace yourselves, who have no right to disgrace the sober-minded men with whom you are associated. No, you are responsible to your order and to the nation for your conduct; the moral weight of this movement will depend upon the morality of the movement. If you play the fool and the dissipated profligate in connection with it, be assured that our enemies abroad, and your opponents at home, will point the finger of scorn at you, and say, 'There is the grand denouement, the thing issues in many wallowing with the swine in the mire.' Understand me, I am not speaking to those of you who do not feel that what I say fits your consciences, but to those who do. Surely they should resolve, if it strikes them, that they will henceforward, by the help of God, watch and pray, and shun temptations, as they would the plague. Let me just remind you, that if you undertake to be stewards of your country's good name and fame, you will be traitors to her, as well as false to your order, if, by bringing degradation upon your order, you bring degradation on your land. * * * *

"And our own beloved Queen, so beautiful in domestic virtues, so exemplary as a wife, such a pattern as a mother, such a kind mistress, managing her own household well, and so showing that she is fit to manage the national household—she too, the Queen of peace and love and gentleness, would, if needs were, like Elizabeth of old, not indeed put on the cuirass and wear the helmet, but in her own simple, womanly attire, would mount her charger and ride up and down through the ranks of her embattled nation, defending these shores; and with her own soft, silvery, penetrating, persuasive voice, stir them up to a spirit of enthusiasm, and nerve and strengthen them for the defence of her throne. * * * *

"But let me add a word or two more. Beware of temptation. My young friends, those of you who pray—and is there a man who does not pray to his God? Alas, for him who does not—the very Mahomedan prays, the very idolator prays, the lowest tribes of men in the world pray; and shall it be that intelligent, rational, scriptural, nominally Christian Englishmen can live without honouring their Maker, and preparing to meet Him? If you pray, you doubtlessly pray daily, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.' Now, if you mean what you pray, you will avoid temptation. Oh, how many a hopeful young man have I known since I came to this large commercial town, who came here in the bloom of youth, and the opening faculties of his manhood; who was his mother's hope and his father's joy; sent out

into this wide and wicked world with many a blessing, many a tear, and many a prayer; who, after all, having gone on wisely and warily and prosperously for a time, had, because he made light of temptation and trifled with danger, been like the infatuated moth that circles round the flame of the candle, more distantly at first, till, nearing in every circle, it has at last rushed into the flame and been consumed! I could draw up a melancholy record of such wrecks as would make the hardest heart soften, and the most presumptuous quail!—I could, indeed, my young friends. God grant that none of you may add to the melancholy chronicle.

"Finally, my young friends, those of you especially who were baptized in the Church of England, do not forget the solemn vow of your baptism, that you should be Christ's faithful soldiers and servants, and fight manfully under his banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto your lives' end."

Our readers, especially our clerical readers, would do well to compare this address of Canon Stowell with that of Robert Hall (the most eloquent preacher of the last generation) on a kindred subject. His sermon to the Cambridge Volunteers, though not the greatest of his few published sermons, was yet by no means an inferior effort of a great mind, consecrated to the service of its Lord. We have seen it asserted that Canon Stowell in his eloquence resembled Robert

Hall. No two preachers were ever more unlike. We can remember several sermons of the latter preached at Cambridge when he was in the noontide of his fame. They were a perfect contrast to those of Canon Stowell; so that, unless each had been heard, it would seem impossible that the very same effects should be produced by methods so dissimilar. Each suited the age in which he lived. The exquisite, or almost fastidious, taste of Robert Hall led him to form a style of the utmost purity: its fault was that it seemed to soar above common humanity, and to be addressed only to the learned and thoughtful. And yet tradesmen, and the poor who filled the benches, were enraptured with it. He was listened to with breathless attention, and when he sat down one universal sigh or deep-drawn sob relieved the over-wrought excitement of the hearer. He never spoke upon the platform, with the exception of an address which he was persuaded to deliver at Leicester, on the death of his friend Mr. Robinson, Vicar of St. Mary's. Churchmen may well be grateful for this one solitary exception. It was in the course of it that he expressed, in one of the most beautiful sentences he ever uttered, his admiration of our Liturgy. "I believe," said he, "that the evangelical purity of its sentiments, the chastised fervour of its devotion, and the majestic simplicity of its language, have combined to place it in the very first rank of uninspired compositions."

The present generation requires a style more terse and biting, and, if it be not vulgar, it will endure something

much more homely. Those who aspire to be spiritual guides and teachers ought to study the contrast we have attempted to describe. It is only thus that wisdom can be learnt; it is only thus that the pulpit can be made once more powerful. The preacher must be rich in thought as well as deep in piety. He must be competent in learning, no doubt; but the mere learning of a preacher will not now command the attention of a congregation of whatever rank.

A sermon on the death of the Prince Consort, again, may recall to mind that of Robert Hall on the death of the Princess Charlotte. Here, too, the contrast presents itself: the lessons drawn are not dissimilar; they are such as naturally force themselves upon the mind:—the emptiness of all earthly distinctions; the nearness of death to all; and the awful consequences of death, which places all upon a level. One passage of deepest pathos we may quote:—

"But, if we have reason to mourn for the mighty dead, we have still greater reason to mourn with the bereaved living—with our agonised Queen. She has indeed a claim on the sympathy of every British heart that can feel,—endeared as she is to this nation as no monarch besides was ever endeared. As a widow, how deeply is she entitled to condolence. Under any circumstances, whether amid the poverty of the cottage or the splendour of the palace, the very name 'widow' carries with it a most pathetic knell, and is identified with deepest desolation. A widow only

can know a widow's woe, and who but the Divine Husband of the widow can heal that woe? How truly our Queen loved! How deeply devoted was she to him who is gone! Everything we know of her domestic life is eloquent of her conjugal love. But, in proportion to the intensity of her affection must be the bitterness of her grief. Surely, then, we ought to look up to the God of all comfort, that He would bind up her broken heart, and pour the oil of holy consolation into her wounded spirit. Surely we ought to uphold her with our prayers, for that is the only way in which we can reach her; but that only way is the best way, the one effectual way. And are we not the more moved to thrilling sympathy with her because of the suddenness of the blow which has overwhelmed her? The Prince was in the prime of his manhood. He was blest with unbroken health. He had hardly, so far as we are aware, known what serious ailment meant. He seemed to be likely to live to a good old age, and doubtless the Queen had counted on many years of continued endearment and sweet social intercourse. But the shaft had struck him without warning; he was scarcely laid on a bed of sickness till it proved to be a bed of death."

As we approach the latter years of Canon Stowell's still active life, his correspondence becomes more frequent; and he opens his own heart with less reserve. Some of his correspondence shows how heartily he could "rejoice with them that do rejoice;"

some of it with what a depth of sympathy he could "weep with them that weep." His letters are chiefly addressed to his sister, Mrs. Gill, though sometimes to other friends. A remark in the conclusion of that which we now give, leads us to observe that he made his Curates personal friends: they now speak of him with the greatest affection, some of them after a separation of many years.

"January 10, 1860.

"Dearest Sister,—

"Every blessing crown you and yours this Sabbatical new year! Beginning on the Lord's Day may every day of it be a day consecrated to the Lord! How soon we shall be where time is no longer. Oh how happy the thought that sin, too, will be no longer. We are, through mercy, entering on the year in health, only that dear —— is in bed upstairs with a very bad cold. Do you know that she is engaged to my senior Curate? He is a very pleasing, amiable, and gentlemanly man. Above all, a devoted Christian; and I trust they will be happy. Much love and good wishes from all to all.

"Your devoted

"Hugh."

The ordination of his two sons called forth expressions of the tenderest regard, and of the joy he felt at seeing them enter upon their work in a spirit not unlike his own; but we feel that we should betray the confidence so kindly reposed in us were we to lay these before the public. We must therefore withhold what many Christian parents, whose sons are entering on the work of the ministry, would no doubt have

regarded as amongst the most valuable which our discerning and most affectionate friend has left behind him.

He was, indeed, "in labours more abundant," and never seemed to grow weary of his work. He was blessed with a degree of health which few enjoy: his work, too, was a constant source of pleasure. We cannot read without surprise, that although he was never from home on the Sunday, except during his autumnal holiday, he preached in above eight hundred churches. It seemed as though the Church might reasonably have anticipated a long life of usefulness from one so eminently qualified for his Master's service. The letters which follow bear no dates, but there is a painful reference to the sufferings of the operatives, which fixes the time as the period of the cotton famine, at the opening of the American civil war. The letter dated from Waterloo, on the seashore near Liverpool, tells that he was the guest of his early friend, Archdeacon Jones. He seems never to have lost a friend, or to have slighted a friendship once formed. He had no intermittent fevers in his friendships; when he had once grasped your hand, he was your friend through life. The letter from Bath was probably written in the year 1860.

"Waterloo, December 14th.

"Dearest Ann,—

"How much I value your likeness. It is very good and very pleasing. It shall have a special niche in my study. I saw Wm. and his wife in London. She

looked very well, he rather fagged. What a pity F. B. did not come and speak to me. I expected her. My sermon was almost wholly to the Clergy, as the occasion was a meeting of the Clerical Societies of Cheshire and Staffordshire.

"We are all in fair health—my wife and myself never stronger. I hope dear E. is quite well again. I should like to peep at T. and his wife in their snug cot. Assure them of my devout wishes for their holiness and happiness.

"Love to you and all.

"Every blessing crown your eventide.

"Your most affectionate brother,

"HUGH."

"Bath, November 27th.

"My dearest Sister,—

"How are you all at Malew? I quite hoped that you would have visited us before now. Cannot you come at Christmas? Since our long journey we have all been wondrously well, save, latterly, a general attack of influenza. For my own part, so good is God to me, that I can speak, lecture, and preach with less mental effort, and less bodily fatigue, than when I was thirty. I lectured last night in the Bath Assembly Rooms for two hours, and yet was not in the least exhausted. I am now up at 4.45 writing to you, and hope (D.V.) to be in Manchester at 2.5 to visit my sick people, and lecture at night. Have I not reason to bless our Gracious God!

"We have overwhelming labours at home—so great

is the distress. But the sympathy towards our poor operatives is wonderful, and their conduct beyond praise.

"How is Mr. G.? And how are —— and ——? Love to them all. God be with and bless my own precious sister.

"Your most affectionate brother,

"Hugh Stowell."

In 1862, while visiting Bishopwearmouth, to deliver a lecture for the Church Defence Association, Canon Stowell met with a painful accident which shook him very much; and some who loved him well could perceive a decline in his vigorous powers from that time. He was the guest of the Rector, the Honourable and Reverend Mr. Eden: he had the misfortune to fall down, and very seriously injure his knee-cap. He had but just arrived, and was descending the oaken stairs to the dining-room when the accident happened. Yet, although his pain was great, he caused himself to be carried to the Hall, where he was advertised to address a public meeting, and there in a reclining posture, with a surgeon on each side of him, he delivered an eloquent address to a crowded meeting, and, as the newspaper report adds, in his happiest and best style. But his pain was such that he fainted in the evening. He felt that he was considerably shaken by the fall; and the consequence was, that for a few weeks he was compelled to absent himself from the duties of his sacred office. After his return home he was still a

sufferer when he attempted to resume his duties. It was observed that while preaching his first sermon he was evidently in great pain; he endeavoured to relieve himself by holding up the injured limb by its bandages, resting his weight upon the cushion on which his right arm reposed. But he was soon in full work again. His buoyant spirits never forsook him until he was at length borne down by increasing infirmities; and the few years that follow are not the least interesting portion of his life.

We shall bring this chapter to a close by placing before the reader various incidents which have no great connection with each other, but which are, one and all, too valuable to be lost. Thus, a very intimate friend of his writes—"The most tender affection existed between him and his flock. Hence, although, I believe, he had various offers of preferment with greater emolument elsewhere, nothing could induce him to leave his beloved parishioners. I recollect, on one occasion, when taking tea at my house, he wrote a note, and took out of his pocket a letter to get the address. Just as he was putting the note in an envelope, he said, handing the letter and note to me across the table, 'I need not withhold this from an old friend.' On reading them, I found the letter conveyed the offer of a living worth almost three times the amount of his own; his reply was, as nearly as I can recollect, simply thanking the gentlemen for their kind offer; but adding, that if they knew how happy he was in his present position, and,

he trusted, useful likewise, they would not be surprised that he should decline accepting it. I have reason to believe, too, that he refused a Canonry, because it would have involved non-residence, which he did not think consistent." His flock acknowledged his affection and faithfulness in various ways.

The Bishop of Manchester, by whom he was much beloved and valued, always spoke of him with high regard. He was private chaplain to the Bishop, an office which gave him the opportunity of frequent visits to his Lordship; and he might be seen early in the morning driving through the town on his way to Mauldreth Hall, the Bishop's residence, to breakfast with his diocesan.

"He had the deepest sense of the obligation to keep holy the Sabbath day, and ever strove to promote its better observance. He struggled hard to get the postmen of Manchester and Salford relieved from the delivery of letters on the Sunday; and the efforts he made were successful for a time. They expressed their gratitude by coming in procession, on the following Sunday, to Christ Church, where he delivered to them an excellent sermon, suitable for the occasion."

During some of his later years it was observed that Canon Stowell did not take his usual interest in Church-building, and seemed rather studious to avoid the subject when it was discussed. His conduct admits of an easy explanation; he would not discourage others, but he felt, no doubt, as many of the best

friends of the Church had begun to feel, that it was unwise to build material churches where the spiritual Church of living stones had not yet been builded together by the hand of God. A well-known nobleman, whose zeal on behalf of religion and the best interests of the Church of England has never been called in question, declared about the same time, at a public meeting in London, that however large a sum of money might be at his disposal, he would give nothing towards building churches where the demand for them had not yet been created. Of the noble fund, so generously contributed to aid the exertions of the Bishop of London to meet the spiritual wants of his vast diocese, it is now universally admitted that what has been spent on Scripture-readers is not the least fruitful. Canon Stowell, however, was by no means slow to promote the erection of churches where he felt that they were required.

The spring before his death he announced to his congregation his desire to build a church for the more distant part of his large parish, and some steps were taken in consequence. It was arranged that on his return from Grasmere, which he was about to visit, the scheme should be revived; his congregation would by that time have re-assembled for the winter. It was meant as a memorial church and parsonage—a fitting tribute from his congregation to himself; but his death interrupted the project, which, however, has lately been revived, and the church, with its schools and parsonage, have been erected.

CHAPTER XIII.

LECTURE ON THE MODERATION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND—CORRESPONDENCE RESUMED ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS—PREACHES AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY—INTERVIEW WITH THE DEAN—FURTHER MISCELLANEOUS CORRESPONDENCE—GREAT NUMBER OF HIS COMMUNICANTS—FRUITS OF HIS MINISTRY—MEETING WITH SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS AND DISTRICT VISITORS.

Our chapters are parallel rather than consecutive. In writing a history this is scarcely to be avoided; but in writing a biography, provided the narrative be clear, it is of no importance. It is better to pursue a subject to its close, than to leave it unfinished for the sake of chronological order, and then to be obliged to return again to the same subject.

In the year 1861, Canon Stowell delivered a lecture in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, *On the Moderation of the Church of England.* His health began to fail soon afterwards, and this was one of his last efforts of the kind. He takes the Articles one by one, and shows without difficulty, how, amidst difficulties such as few men encountered, the framers of our Prayer-Book were enabled to preserve a wise moderation such as no other Church of the Reformation has displayed. His task, therefore, was an easy one. His well-known principles forbad him to entertain the question of any alteration in the Arti-

cles or Liturgy. On the thirty-seventh Article, *Of the Civil Magistrate*—"The Queen's Majesty hath the chief power in this realm of England and other her dominions, unto whom the chief Government of all the Estates of this Realm, whether they be Ecclesiastical or Civil, in all causes doth appertain, and is not, nor ought to be, subject to any foreign jurisdiction:" he takes into consideration the right claimed by the Sovereign by a *Congé d'élire* to fill up a vacant Bishoprick. He speaks as follows:—

"This is the gist of the alliance between State and Church. We give to our monarchs, we give to our gracious and beloved Queen, no power to draw up or to alter our Articles of Faith; no power in anywise to trench upon the peculiar and appropriate functions of the ordained ministers of our Church. The Crown may appoint to a See, but it cannot consecrate the bishop so appointed. It may hold the patronage of a living, but as it has no power to ordain, so has it no power to induct the incumbent. The monarch does, it is true, send a *Congé d'élire*, and there may be differences of opinion with regard to that exercise of authority. But I am not here to defend everything in connection with our Establishment; and for my part, I believe it would be much better if the people and the clergy had a voice in the election of their bishops. At the same time, though there be a kind of irresponsible authority in this matter exercised by the Sovereign, it is not in consequence of any decision on the part of the Church, but is rather the result of certain

complications which have gradually embarrassed some of the relations between the Church and the State. I am specially anxious that my Dissenting brethren should distinctly apprehend these points, and that I should be able to disabuse their minds of some at least of the misconceptions under which they labour. The monarch has no more right to interfere arbitrarily with our Church than with their chapels; nor can the Queen deal with us except to enforce the laws, those very laws which protect us in our properties and privileges. The Dissenters are under the Queen just as much as Churchmen are."

These views are just. We have only to regret that Canon Stowell did not in a more decided manner protest against this invasion of the Church's undoubted rights under the shelter of the *Congé d'élire*. Our service for the Ordination of Bishops is evidently drawn up with the expectation that the capitular bodies, with the assistance of the clergy, should elect to the vacant Bishoprick. Prayer is made to the Holy Ghost for special guidance, in one of those metrical hymns which are the only hymns of the kind which the Church acknowledges. And there is something painful in the reflection, that, immediately after the *Congé d'élire* has been read, this solemn invocation to the Holy Spirit should be used. The remark, that Dissenters no less than Churchmen do, in fact, acknowledge the royal supremacy, and make their appeal to the State as the ultimate judge in their divisions amongst themselves, ought, we think, to abate their

animosity against those who hold the lawfulness, and rejoice in the protection, of a State Church.

We resume our extracts from Canon Stowell's correspondence; and the first letters which we publish show a Christian family in prosperity, where all is peace. The present of "the new greenhouse" was an offering, it appears, of filial affection, on which Canon Stowell banters his sister. A wedding follows, and the remarks of the affectionate writer may, perhaps, provoke a smile.

"My dearest Sister,—

"Your last letter pleased and amused me very much; you were as much transported with your new greenhouse as a child with its first doll. It is a mercy to retain one's feelings in such freshness and simplicity, even to old age, and then the unity, the generosity, and the delicacy and unexpectedness of the offering of filial love enhanced the pleasure sevenfold. The Lord shelter and foster you in His own garden!

"Dear Z. writes to me from Dover; all bright with her, dear girl: she is a precious child. We miss her much. How wonderfully was she supported throughout her marriage day. She was devout as a martyr, and calm as a Madonna; she never shed a tear. How are all around you? Love to Mr. G., Z., and all your tribe.

"Peace be your portion!

"Your most affectionate brother,

Nov. 19. "Hugh Stowell."

The next letter was written after his accident.

"March 16th.

"Dearest Ann,—

A line to ask how you all are? It has been a trying winter; but we are all pretty well, save that I am very lame, obliged to ride everywhere. However, I bless God that I am as I am. I am very glad that T. is to be one of our Manchester clerical staff. He will have a fine field for usefulness. I trust that he will come to it in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace. Mr. —— and one of the trustees are very anxious that he should be appointed to St. Jude's new church. It would be nicer in some respects, but more in the heart of the town.

"Grace and peace be multiplied upon you.

"Your most affectionate

"Hugh Stowell."

The next letters show how swiftly the lights and shadows chase each other in this changing world. The following short note conveys the tidings of the loss of his beloved daughter, Annie, within one short year of her marriage.

"My dear Mr. ——, — The Lord has taken to Himself the soul of my beloved Annie. Will you kindly write at once to obtain permission for her interment in our vault, at Christ Church? They cannot refuse.

"Most patient, most submissive, was our lamb.

"Yours ever affectionately,

"Oldham, Friday. "Hugh Stowell."

Permission was readily granted by the Home authorities, with many expressions of deep condolence; and the bodies of Mrs. Keene, with her babe, repose in the same tomb in which Canon Stowell lies, till the day when this corruptible shall put on incorruption. The widowed husband has also been laid beside the body of his beloved wife and her infant.

He was soon called to share the sorrows of his sister and her husband, to whom the following letter was addressed. The reader need scarcely be told that a son of great promise had been snatched from them, when just entering upon his work.

"Dunoon, August.

"My dear Brother and Sister,—

"What shall I say to you, or how approach you in your deep woe? I can only echo the voice of our Master, 'It is I; be still.' Yes; and the Comforter will help you to answer, however tremblingly, 'It is the Lord.' 'The Lord hath taken away.' 'Thy will be done.'

"One of the chief staffs of your age has been stricken from your hand, but the 'everlasting arms are underneath you.' Your dear lad was soon to be a Presbyter; but God has made him a Priest and a king. Dear fellow! he was very honest, simple, and conscientious. All who knew him well, loved him. Yet 'God can give you more than this.' Is not the Saviour's message, 'As many as I love I rebuke and chasten.' Another token, then, of His love has come to

you with dark aspect, but on some gracious errand. Oh, may you sow in tears to reap in joy! And may your surviving children be all decided to be always ready, by living always to the Lord. My older children were much moved when they heard of the mysterious event. Mrs. Stowell and all unite in deepest sympathy. The Lord comfort you.

"Your's most affectionately,

"HUGH STOWELL."

Again:—

"My beloved Sister,—

"How fares it with you? It gave joy to my heart to learn how the Lord had made your consolation to abound, even as your consolation abounded. And I long to hear from yourself how your health is. Dear Evan! what he now knows and feels! How many blessed friends has he met! I often think of him. How does T. prosper; he will now be his father's staff? . . . .

"The God of peace give you abundance of peace and holy consolation.

"Your most affectionate brother,

"HUGH STOWELL."

"Nov. 12th."

We add a few more of these interesting letters, each of which contains some reflection, or pious sentiment, too important to be lost.

"Dearest Ann,—

"All the best blessings crown your year. I

hope this changeable winter has not tried your health; and that all around you are well. Poor Mr. G., I feel much for him, that he should have no prospect of immediate help, now that dear Evan has been taken home. I hope T. may be spared to be his fellow helper. How the closing and opening year remind us of all passing away, save the word and work of Jesus. May we have 'one heart and one way'! Dear Ellen Barnes Le Mare—how sweetly she died!—unloosed her hold of everything here, and said, 'I am so happy, so happy, trusting in Jesus. When shall I be with Jesus?' Oh, is it not blessed thus to see the King of Terrors vanquished by the weakest, through Him whose strength is made perfect in weakness! You have seen this beautifully. . . . .

"Your most affectionate Brother,

"Jan. 19th." "HUGH STOWELL."

A note apparently written about the same time shows that he had abated nothing of his toil in the work he so much loved. "At length," he says, "I am able to fix (D.V.) the Sunday for Mona. My Assize sermon in Chester Cathedral is to be on the first Sunday in next month, so that I must not be with you before the fourth Sunday in August. That, I hope, we may regard as settled. I anticipate with lively interest our meeting once more in the flesh. How have you and I, the oldest of the family, been allowed so long to outlive all the rest! Oh that we may accomplish the design of Our Father in heaven in sparing us!"

These letters receive additional value from their unreserved confidence. Everything studied or artificial was foreign to the character of Canon Stowell. The fountain of his affections seems to gush out fresh and lovely as in the days of youth, only that here is added the wisdom of mature age. Still more is this the case with the correspondence of his latest days.

In 1864 his health was so far restored that he was able to preach once more, to a vast congregation in the nave of Westminster Abbey. He called upon us a few days afterwards, and it proved to be our last interview. We spoke of the pleasure which we felt in hearing that he had been able once more to raise his voice in his Master's cause before such a congregation. He added, with evident delight, that the Dean had kindly invited him to be his guest; and then went on to describe the interview almost in the very words of the following letter.

"Deanery, Westminster; April 14th.

"My beloved Sister,—

You have passed through much since I wrote to you. How awfully sudden poor M. La Mothe's death! How blessed beyond hope B.'s death!—he must have walked secretly and closely with God. Dear L. is still very weak, but I hope recruiting; all besides are well at home. I am here staying with Dean Stanley. I preached last evening to a magnificent congregation in the Abbey; and was, I trust, enabled to speak boldly, as I ought to speak. I

have had much highly interesting, but not quite satisfactory, discussion with Dean Stanley. Best regards to Mr. Gill, and love to all the young folks. The Lord be your Sun and your Shield, prays

"Your most affectionate brother,

"HUGH STOWELL."

"Aberystwith; July 25th.

"My beloved Sister,—

"Having a little leisure at the sea-side, I am endeavouring to liquidate my arrears of correspondence. You have a prior claim. How are all your manifold circle? A., I hope, is quite restored. Tell my godson, with my love, that he shall have his promised Bible as soon as I return and meet with a messenger. . . . .

"God gave me much strength and comfort in London. Dean Stanley and I had two hours' discussion on Sunday night, after my sermon in the Abbey, and he yielded one or two important points.

"Poor dear Jane, how unexpected to us all her departure! I deeply feel for the afflicted sister. Oh! may we all 'be found of Him in peace.'

"Yours most affectionately,

"HUGH STOWELL."

But the wearied soldier of the cross was obliged at last to confess his almost exhausted powers. There is something very affecting in the following letter. Many a believer sinking into the grave, who finds, like Job, that sleepless nights and wearisome days are appointed

unto him, will read it and be comforted. An eminent servant of God—one who, in *active* service at least, might have said with the apostle, "I laboured more abundantly than they all"—felt the same trials, saw, in a light in which he had never seen it before, the plague and vileness of his whole life, and found no comfort except in Jesus. Even thus it will be with them; still in the great Advocate with the Father they too will find rest and peace: the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.

"Llandudno, July 4th.

"Dearest Sister,—

"You will like to hear from my own pen how I progress. Very slowly; but I hope, please God, surely. The hot weather sadly prostrates me, and my heart continues very languid. Pray for me, that I may be refined in the furnace, and lie as clay in the hands of the potter. Oh! how deeply do sleepless nights and wearisome days open up to us the plague and vileness of our whole lives. Were it not for Jesus, and for what Jesus is, what could we do?

"We remain here (all well) another week, and then I hope I may be moving about for some months. All are well, and send love to all. All grace be with you prays

"Your affectionate brother,

"Hugh Stowell."

"December 23, 1864.

"My dearest Sister,

"I long to hear that you are stronger. Is it general debility that you are suffering from? Do be very careful. Through great mercy I am getting better, but still remain very lame; there is, however, every prospect that I shall (D.V.) be quite sound again. Graciously it is ordered that we should have these shakings of our old tabernacle, that we may realize the near approach of the time when we must put off the tent of clay. Oh that we may have holy confidence!

"I have long had by me a Bible for my dear little godson. As no private hand offers, I must send it to him by post. . . . .

"The best blessings of the season rest upon you.

"Your most affectionate brother,

"HUGH."

"September 10th.

"My dearest Sister,—

"You are I hope recruiting. Your frequent attacks make me uneasy; yet I do trust and believe all will be well with you, only we like to retain in the flesh those whom we love. Let us, however, confide all to Him who has loved us as none else could love us. . . . .

"Your most affectionate brother,

"HUGH STOWELL."

"April 24, '65.

"Dearest Sister,—

"Surely we shall see you here this year. Tell Mr. Gill that he must accompany you; and let us have a good long visit. We are getting into the twilight of life, and have not much time for delay. I am still 'Mr. Ready-to-halt,' and cannot travel much. I think T—— is, humanly speaking, sure to be appointed to St. Jude's; it will be a noble though an arduous sphere for him.

"L—— is greatly better. I hope Mr. G. is quite recruited; we had unfavourable accounts of his health sometime ago. How marvellously God has continued you and me to our families and duties, whilst all our family besides have passed into their rest! One feels more and more how unprofitable one has been. This is our only hope, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin.' Best regards to Mr. Gill, and love to C. A. and all.

"Your ever devoted brother,

"Hugh."

"April 8th.

"Dearest Anne,—

"You have relieved us much by your account of dear A——. Tell her, with my love, that Jesus whispers to her, 'It is I, be not afraid.'

"Assure dear H. of my sympathy. He and his wife have sent a pledge to Heaven.

"Your former note was mislaid, and I cannot recall

what you wanted for W——. Let me know, and he shall hear. Perhaps I may see him in London.

"We are all in fair health, and compassed with mercies. I had the largest Communion last Sunday I ever had during forty years' ministry; within 13 of 600 communicants. Oh the goodness of Jesus!

"Love from all to all.

"Yours most affectionately,

"HUGH STOWELL."

Canon Stowell's communicants were of the most healthful kind. Many of them, since departed, were eminent Christians—"read and known of all men." Others in humbler stations showed—as for instance in the cotton-famine—such fortitude under severe suffering as perhaps no body of labouring men were ever known to show before. It ought to be recorded, too, that a large number of pious clergymen, the fruits of his ministry, have been ordained in the Church of England. Many of these had been his Sunday School Teachers, and were afterwards engaged in mercantile or professional pursuits. These they forsook, some of them cheerfully sacrificing the prospect, at no distant day, of certain wealth. Many of these laboured, and are still labouring, with great success, in this country, in our colonies, or as missionaries. The "Church Missionary Intelligencer" of October last speaks of the eminent labours, for many years past, of one, in a missionary field in India. Let it not be forgotten that Canon Stowell's flock were not

led, or driven rather, to participate in "these holy mysteries" by delusive hopes of obtaining pardon by a participation in the material elements, as if this constituted them partakers in the fellowship of Christ, and were all that is meant by a spiritual union with Him.

Christmas was a happy time with Canon Stowell. We have written to but little purpose if the reader is not yet convinced that in him fervent piety, and a disposition always joyous, but never trifling, were blended. At this great festival of our Church he assembled his Sunday-School Teachers and District Visitors, provided them with tea, and then took a review of his Church, the state of the Congregation, of his Schools, District Visitors, and so forth; concluding the meeting by reading an appropriate psalm, or chapter of God's Word, and delivering a short and simple exposition; he then offered up a suitable prayer, and concluded with the hymn, "Christian Brethren, ere we part."

During the evening he would call upon his clerical brethren to address his people; the whole being conducted in his usual genial and affectionate spirit. The admission was by ticket, for which a small charge was made; the surplus fund was set aside to provide a Christmas dinner, of roast beef and plumb pudding, for his poor and aged communicants. Fifty or sixty of these partook of his Christmas feast at one of his schoolrooms, Canon Stowell presiding; and it was remarked that he never seemed happier than on these

occasions, which he concluded by reading an appropriate portion of Scripture, singing a hymn, and offering prayer and praise. On the first Thursday in each month he met his District Visitors at four o'clock, his Sunday School Teachers at eight, and his "Protestant Watchmen" at nine. At each of these a hymn was sung and Scripture read, followed by a short exposition. He then addressed them upon their duties generally, and made inquiries with respect to particular cases, with which he had made himself acquainted. His "Protestant Watchmen" were a band of Christian young men, who distributed Tracts among the Romanists, watched the movements of their priests, counteracting their insidious attempts at making proselytes, or drawing Protestant children into their schools.

In the midst of severer toil, it was a refreshment to him to write a hymn. Each Christmas, in general, produced a new one; and had he cultivated his poetical taste, he would no doubt have been amongst the best of our writers of sacred poetry. We conclude our chapter with the last he ever wrote. The friend to whom we are much indebted for the incidents of his private life, remarks upon it: "It is touchingly appropriate, and seems to breathe a presentiment of his death, with the glorious prospect he had in view."

"Pilgrims in the narrow way,
Jesus be our constant stay;
As we journey, go before,
Keep us, cheer us, evermore.

Whatever perils may betide,
Be Thou still our watchful guide;
Do not scorn our little fears,
Our temptations, or our tears.

All our wants we bring to Thee,
Thine own fulness is our plea;
Weakness, is our strongest prayer,—
Need, our passport to Thy care.

In all trials Thou art nigh,
Listening to our faintest cry:
What then have the flock to fear,
When the Shepherd is so near?

To the manger, cross, and grave,
Thou didst come to seek and save;
What can rob us of our rest?
What can pluck us from Thy breast?

In Thy footsteps may we tread;
More than death Thine anger dread;
More than life Thy favour prize,
Ours the cross, the crown, the skies."

Canon Stowell had for many years ceased to walk with his schools in the great annual procession, which numbered from 15,000 to 18,000 children. He was always averse to display, and no doubt rightly judged that his own school anniversary could be spent more profitably, as well as more pleasantly, at home.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR WISH TO PRESENT A FAITHFUL PORTRAIT OF CANON STOWELL'S LIFE AND LABOURS—LETTER FROM MR. RIGG, HIS FIRST CURATE—VARIOUS ANECDOTES—JOINS THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT WITH GOOD RESULTS — HIS HOME WORK — TOUCHING INTERVIEW WITH MR. WYNDHAM MADDEN—LETTER FROM THE REV. CHAS. HODGSON, OF BARTON-LE-STREET—THEIR JOURNIES TOGETHER FOR THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY—VISIT TO SCOTLAND IN FEBRUARY, 1839—FATIGUES ATTENDING IT—COACH OVERTURNED ON HIS WAY TO LONDON—HIS SPEECH AT EXETER HALL THE NEXT DAY—LETTER FROM THE REV. C. OVERTON, VICAR OF COTTINGHAM—IMPRESSION WHICH MR. STOWELL'S SPEECH MADE UPON HIM WHEN FIRST HEARD IN 1840—OUTLINE OF THE SPEECH—LETTER FROM THE REV. W. ROBINSON, THE LATEST OF HIS CURATES—LETTER FROM THE REV. J. HASLEGRAVE — LAST SERMON AT CHRIST CHURCH — HIS FAILING STRENGTH, BUT PERSEVERING LABOURS.

We are anxious to lay before our readers a summary of Canon Stowell's life and labours taken from various and independent sources. We would have it to be known in what light he appeared to others. We are aware of the infirmity which leads a writer to become so absorbed in his subject, whatever it may be, as to cease to be impartial. Most of all is this the case with a writer of memoirs, especially in the biography of a departed friend. We have, therefore, applied to several well-known friends who at different periods were acquainted with Canon Stowell, to furnish us with such views of his life and

character, and such memorials of his labours when in the noon-tide of his ever active life, as they might be disposed to furnish. We have received, in answer to our request, several communications, which we think all our readers will appreciate. We omit nothing except some kind expressions, which, however gratifying to ourselves, are not important to others. Of these communications, the first comes from the Rev. Richard Rigg, his Curate when they both entered, in the freshness of youth, on the great work of the ministry at Christ Church, Salford, where Canon Stowell lived and died.

My dear Friend,—

It is with considerable diffidence that I accede to your request to give you some reminiscences of my former Incumbent and friend. I became acquainted with him in 1833, the year of my ordination. He was then, as always, greatly valued by an affectionate and beloved flock, over which he exercised a large measure of holy influence. At that time he had no Curate, and was not called so much from home in the work of his Divine Master. His labours among his people were incessant, his pastoral visits were greatly desired, and his ministrations were attended with an evident blessing from on high.

In addition to his labours in the public and pastoral work of the ministry, he was throwing his influence, as a servant of Christ and as a pattern of temperate habits, into the temperance movement at

that time assuming more the form of temperance than teetotalism. By his powerful eloquence he collected large numbers, before whom he pleaded with great earnestness; and in this work and labour of love God owned his efforts. Not a few relinquished their evil habits, became attendants on his ministry, and through the teaching of the Holy Spirit became new creatures in Christ Jesus, and manifested the power of divine grace by their future consistent conduct, as was evidenced by their godly lives when I was Curate of Christ Church, or, as he always introduced me, his fellow labourer. This was in 1836.

And during the six years nearly that I remained at Christ Church, no one can fully conceive the incessant labours, at home and abroad, which he was enabled to undergo, casting his influence into every work by which he thought evil might be restrained, good promoted, and the kingdom of our Lord advanced. And for that work he was peculiarly constituted by our gracious God. He had strength to endure considerable bodily fatigue; his mind was stored with useful learning; his talents to communicate what he knew were beyond those granted to most men. His persuasive eloquence, remarkable not only for elegance of diction, but equally so for elegance of sentiment, he consecrated to the most glorious objects, the winning of souls to Jesus, and in building them up in their most holy faith. And in this work he was prospered above many ministers of late years. Seals to his ministry were given in the various places he went to plead his

Saviour's cause, and the last day only will reveal the large measure of success which followed his efforts.

He had in an uncommon degree the faculty of throwing his energies into any work in which he engaged, and the power of turning with rapidity from one subject to another, so that during the day he would earnestly engage in various objects, but all bearing, either directly or indirectly, on the glorious work of his Divine Master. He was a man who had wholly given himself to the service of that one Master, and Him and His service he loved: it was with him perfect freedom, so that it may be said of him, all his powers with all their might in God's sole glory were united.

His preaching was full of unction. He might truly be said to preach in the Spirit, and to pray in the Spirit. His manner of preaching had more of the encouragement of the sinner to repent, than of a stern rebuke of the careless. He preached repentance because the kingdom of God was at hand, and he delighted to dwell on the simplicity and yet the fulness that is in Christ Jesus. And in his bringing forth the fulness that is in Christ, the power of his remarkable eloquence would sometimes burst forth with a force and an energy which carried captive the souls of many of his hearers.

"The word of God dwelt in him richly," and from the inexhaustible treasury of the Holy Scriptures, he would bring forth passages to warn the unruly, to comfort the sorrowing, to rouse the fallen, to stir up the lethargic, and to urge to duty almost every one of

his hearers, and he seemed to impart to others some of his own energy in the active service of his Lord and Saviour.

The peace of God ruled in his heart, and he lived in the almost constant enjoyment of that peace which passeth all understanding; and walking in the light of God's countenance, there was about him a beaming of holy and heavenly love, so that sorrow seemed banished, trials drove him nearer his refuge, and he received balm to heal his wounds and to come forth with renewed energy and living power. Difficulties which would discourage many he would face with calm confidence, looking over them to the Almighty power above; and whilst looking upwards, he rose to accomplish great undertakings, whilst others would be considering and planning, or giving way to despondency. If the work was evidently for his Divine Master, his plans were broad, his aspirations high, and his efforts great and persevering; and when the end was attained, his thanksgivings were abundant.

The joy of God's salvation was his strength; and while entirely resting on God's mercy in Christ Jesus, he enjoyed in a large measure the comfort of being justified freely by God's grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, and in His strength he both fought the good fight of faith by labouring and enduring hardships, and he was filled with the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ, and which were greatly blessed unto the glory and praise of God.

In the house of mourning he could weep with

those who wept; and in the abode of joy and gladness he rejoiced with those who did rejoice. By the bed of sickness and languishing, he shewed a wonderful amount of sympathy and tenderness. He could be, in a remarkable manner, all things to all men, that he might win souls to Christ.

His fervid imagination occasionally led him to give a colouring to incidents or sentiments expressed by others which were sometimes bordering on the fanciful, rather than reality; but this, not from any idea of falsifying, but rather intensifying, the statement. His charity towards others was much in accordance with the Apostle's description of that grace. It hopeth all things; and this extended both to the statements and conduct of others in many matters. He appeared to take into his calculations the difficulties which encompass men, and this sometimes led him to form too favourable an opinion of men with whom he was brought in contact; particularly if they added to their expressions words of flattery, or of their having received benefits through his preaching; and thus sometimes he appeared to be an uncertain friend; for when he perceived his mistake, he would readily withdraw his countenance and approval: still this feature of his character sometimes involved difficulties, if not signs of inconstancy.

He was a warm admirer of the Liturgy and Articles of our Church, and was truly a Churchman; but could include in his Christian embraces all who loved Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.

His warm and earnest endeavours in the support of Protestantism, and his bold and what some were pleased to call violent and uncharitable attacks on Popery and all leanings towards it, arose from his deep love to souls, fully believing that, through the errors of the Roman Catholic Church, numberless souls were being led astray. He entered fully into the spirit of St. Paul, when writing to the Galatians, i. 8, 9.

He took a great interest in the young, as his large Sunday schools and week-day catechetical classes evidently shewed. He had a happy talent in enlisting the efforts of others in every good work he undertook. He would cause all who professed to love the Lord Jesus Christ, to prove their love by working in some way or other for the advancement of his kingdom; and the monthly meetings of his Sunday School teachers and District Visitors were kept up with wonderful regularity considering his multiplied engagements.

There was one peculiar feature which I have not seen so fully manifested in any other individual—his powers of abstraction from the scenes around him, when not particularly engaged; and to help this, he said he was in the habit generally of having a daily text of Scripture on which his mind would rest as on a perch, and from which he could readily dart with a rapidity and energy which would lead you to imagine he had been dwelling on the subject for some time. And a little incident on his way to a meeting, or a sentiment advanced by another, would be a germ of thought which he could expand with, I think, one may

almost say his unequalled powers of description and variety of illustration, as was evident both in his speaking and preaching. Wherever he went, he never forgot that he was an ambassador of Christ; and whether in the hour of death, or at the marriage feast, or at an evening gathering of friends, a suitable portion of Scripture was read, a few appropriate observations made, concluding with a solemn prayer. This he was enabled to do with a high degree of unction, and a manner very forcible and persuasive.

There was another feature of his character, which I should have mentioned in an earlier part of this letter, viz., his reverence for his excellent and patriarchal father; of whom he would observe, to those who had known him, "We have met with men of greater grasp of intellect, but a more holy man we may say we have never met." His father, from what I recollect of him, was one who had come forth from the garden of spices, and he retained much of the holy fragrance in his gentle manner and heavenly conversation. He was the writer of several memoirs, among others, of the good bishop Wilson of Sodor and Man; and I hope some one will be found to put forth a memorial of him, for which certain materials were partially prepared by his son and other members of his family.

There was one scene of which I have a very vivid recollection; and as it occurred on his last visit to Norfolk, where he had come to plead the cause of the Church Missionary, Bible, and Jews Societies, I may mention it. There was then confined to his house a

friend of his early days. They had been Curates together at Huddersfield, about forty years before; they had met occasionally during that period. Mr. Stowell wished to go and see this friend of long standing, the late Rev. W. C. Madden, then Rector of Burghampton. To lengthen his days, an incision had been made in the windpipe, and he spoke through a tube which was inserted with great care; his articulation was, of course, rather indistinct. He had been raised up from the very borders of eternity by this incision. The meeting together of these two noble men was truly affecting. Of the appearance of one, I need not speak; the other was equally commanding in his attitude and stature, a fine old retired officer, who had been wounded in the Peninsular war. It was a scene not easily to be forgotten. The meeting was most touching; it deeply affected poor Madden: the joy at seeing again his old friend beamed forth from his then much altered countenance. It caused the most fearful struggle. We sat perfectly quiet for several minutes, for we thought he was dying; and the only thing which gave any hope of his recovery from the attack, was, as we both observed, the calmness with which his dear wife looked on. It passed away, and then he who had been brought so near death and eternity said: "It is not death; it is life; life begun here; life in Christ here, with Christ hereafter;" they spoke of the joy in Christ now, and the joy of being with Him for ever. After a few words of solemn prayer and praise, these two parted on

earth, little expecting that they should meet again so shortly in the presence of their Saviour.

I could write much about him. I fear I have already written too much.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

RICHARD RIGG.

Our second letter is from the pen of the Rev. Charles Hodgson, who for many years was the able and much beloved representative of the Church Missionary Society in the North of England.

Barton-le-Street;

Nov. 5, 1867.

My dear Friend,—

I feel assured that, in the forthcoming memoir of our dear friend H. Stowell, you will not omit to give due prominence to the immense amount of valuable aid, which for a long course of years he rendered to our religious Societies, and especially to our Church Missionary Society, which he so dearly loved. Having had the privilege of being officially connected with the latter for nearly a quarter of a century, and having had to arrange for it sermons and meetings in this Northern part of the kingdom above thirty years ago, when travelling was a very different thing from what it has become of late years, I must bear my humble testimony to his cheerful, self-denying, and unwearied efforts in this blessed service.

It was my lot to take many pleasant and profitable journeys with him; and I can even now remember one of his impressive sermons, which I heard him preach in Douglas, the chief town of his native island, above thirty years ago. His text was, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" Most eloquently did he enlarge on "the immeasurable magnitude" of this great salvation, and the fearful danger of neglecting it. They were most forcible and solemn words, not easily forgotten.

In February 1839, we had a very cold journey into Scotland to attend the Anniversaries of our Associations in Glasgow, Edinburgh, &c. These meetings are always held at a cold season, before the winter is quite over, and many of the residents dispersed to their country quarters; but in that year the weather was unusually severe. We commenced our work at Durham, on the Friday evening, where we had a very hearty public meeting; the good Bishop of Chester, Dr. Sumner, then Prebendary of Durham, in the chair. After which we made the best of our way to Newcastle-on-Tyne, intending to leave it very early next morning by coach for Edinburgh. Judge our dismay to find that none of the coaches would attempt the journey. We were assured that the snow was drifted so deep in some places as to render the roads impassable. The opinion was expressed that the afternoon coach might leave Berwick as usual, and that the roads in Scotland were clear. But how to reach Berwick was the question. We were both

announced for several sermons on the Sunday, and we could not content ourselves to sit still at Newcastle. So we resolved to test the state of the roads in a postchaise—a somewhat serious undertaking; for the county is a very long one, and the expense would be great. We found, however, that there was no insuperable impediment in Northumberland, and we reached Berwick in good time. But here again we were disappointed to find that, owing to the tempestuous weather, the coaches had ceased to run. There was nothing for it but the continuance of the postchaise; which, it was hinted, with the help of a few spades and shovels, might bring us to Edinburgh by Sunday morning. And true enough we did reach that city at a most unseasonable hour—between three and four o'clock on the Sunday morning. I well remember the scene: it was a brilliant night, intensely cold and clear. The stillness of the fine city, with its streets covered deeply with snow, and its entire population asleep, was very remarkable. The stately buildings, with the long icicles hanging from their eaves, had a noble effect. From the absence of all living creatures in the streets, it was not easy to discover the particular row of palace-like buildings, in one of which our good friend was expected to take up his abode as a guest. This, however, through the good hand of our God upon us, was accomplished at last; and after a short sleep he was enabled to occupy the two pulpits, and preach the three sermons, which had been pro-

posed for him, obtaining above a hundred pounds in the form of collections.

But here his work did not cease. Two more sermons were announced for him in the churches of St. Peter and St. James, for the following day; and, true to one of his favourite texts,* both opportunities were duly improved.

How many a deputation might justly have craved a respite from these Monday sermons, especially after the fatigues he had so recently undergone, with a view to prepare for the Annual Meeting, which took place on the Tuesday; Sir Andrew Agnew presided, and the collection amounted to above £83.

I know not how often our dear brother visited Scotland in the service of the Church Missionary Society; but I know that his visits were always hailed with thankfulness, and that a cordial welcome ever awaited him.

If you will allow me, I should like to record another journey, which I had with him, of a somewhat disastrous kind; as it signally manifests the guardian care of our Heavenly Father over His poor unworthy children.

The week before one of our Society's Anniversary Meetings in London, I met Mr. Stowell, when engaged in attending Missionary Meetings in the neighbourhood of Manchester. I found that he was going on

* "As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men," was a text which often furnished him with a sermon on public occasions.

the following Monday to the London Meeting, and had taken his place by a day coach for this purpose; which he pronounced to be an excellent conveyance, accomplishing the whole distance, about 200 miles, within one day. I also was intending to go to London on the same day; and it was arranged that he should try to secure for me an outside place by the same coach, which might take me up in Stockport, its first stage, where I was engaged to preach on the Sunday. Thus, early on the Monday morning, I found myself seated in front, on the top of this "capital coach," with my dear friend inside. We very quickly galloped to Derby, sixty miles, before breakfast; and then this "Daily Telegraph," for such was the name of the coach, if I am not mistaken, galloped to Northampton to dinner; where we had what ought to have been a sufficient warning of the danger which awaited us, in the cap of one of the front wheels coming off. This cap was deemed to be a mere ornament, and of little importance; but it proved to be otherwise, for when descending a hill at its usual pace, on the London side of Dunstable, this wheel flew off, and down came the coach with a tremendous crash. The shock was such that every horse was unloosed by it from the coach, and the four poor creatures stood huddled together in the ditch, trembling with fright. My first thought, after thankfulness that my own limbs were not broken, was for my friend's safety; the extrication of whom from his inside place was a service of difficulty. One of the four unhappy Insides was a huge Irishman,

apparently of the soldier caste, who, having got his head through the window, was unwilling to relinquish the position. With the coach laid on its side, we had to persuade him that the door could not be opened till he did so. When this was accomplished, our dear friend came out second, with his temper a little ruffled. Looking up at his bulky and selfish companion, he said, "Sir, you were trampling on my cheek," intimating that such treatment could not be endured. I was right glad to find that he was neither disabled nor disfigured by the upset of this perilous vehicle.

Medical advice for some of the passengers, who were severely injured, and post-chaises, were soon on the spot, and in one of the latter we proceeded together to London. It was a tedious affair, for post-horses were very difficult to obtain in the dead of the night, and it was nearly five o'clock in the morning before we reached the Bull and Mouth, the old coaching inn. Every bed was full; but the chamber-maid intimated that their occupants would soon be getting up for the early coaches, when our wants should be supplied. This we declined, and gladly left the inn for a quieter scene.

It will be readily allowed that the proceedings of the night were a bad preparative for an important engagement in Exeter Hall; but the God of all grace supplied His servant's necessities, and he addressed the vast assembly with his usual power and unction.

C. H.

Our third letter is from the Rev. C. Overton, Vicar of Cottingham, near Hull.

Cottingham; Oct. 16, 1867.

My Dear Sir,—

You ask me if I have anything to communicate respecting dear Mr. Stowell. I loved him very much, and prized him very dearly. I think the first time that I met him was at a great Protestant meeting in Lancaster, in the year 1840. That meeting made an indelible impression upon me. Stowell's speech was, I think, the most genuine burst of real eloquence which I ever heard, either before or since. To use his own simile, I think it inoculated me with a *Protestant virus*, which is not yet worn out; and yet I had taken with me a *little shred* of the Protestant mantle of which he spoke.

When I got home (I was then Vicar of Clapham, and only 20 miles from Lancaster), I wrote down in my commonplace-book, from memory, the speech which had interested and electrified me so much. I have referred to my old memorandum-book, and have copied out for you what I then wrote. I send it to you, and it is entirely at your service to make what use of it you like. Of course I cannot vouch for the *ipsissima verba*, though there are many of these; and all the sentiments are purely Stowell's.

I think it was in the year 1848 he paid us a visit here, and preached a marvellous sermon in our church on Rev. xvii. 6. What especially was to be

noticed in dear Mr. Stowell was this:—When you had the privilege of receiving him into your house, the great and eloquent orator was completely merged in the loving, and humble, and gentle spirit of a good minister of Jesus Christ. This was invariably my experience of him, whenever I met him in private; and I have repeatedly heard the same testimony from others. He was a frequent inmate of Newland Grove, and was a special favourite of our late venerable friend Mr. Terry.*

From year to year I frequently listened to Mr. Stowell's thrilling eloquence in Exeter Hall: but my first love and admiration of him was kindled at the Lancaster meeting.

Ever, my dear Sir, Yours, most sincerely,

C. Overton.

Personal recollections of the great Protestant Meeting in Lancaster, April, 1840. *The Rev. H. Stowell and Dr. McNeile.—C. O.*

Mr. Stowell said,—It is always considered both a joyful and a spirit-stirring thing to witness the launching of a new ship. I feel both joyful and stirred up in my spirit, in being present at the launch of another ship, which is to swell the number of that

* Avison Terry, Esq., was the early patron, and through life the intimate friend, of the venerable Samuel Marsden, who has been aptly styled the Apostle of New Zealand. Mr. Marsden's Correspondence with him is not the least interesting portion of the Memoir of his Life, published by the Religious Tract Society.

Protestant fleet, upon which the safety of our beloved country far more entirely depends than upon those wooden walls which have so long been accounted the defence of old England. We have now arrived at a great crisis in our history. There is a time of peace and a time of war. Should Protestants be folding their hands and sleep when Romanists are busily collecting their forces and preparing for battle? It is time now, high time, to awake out of sleep. The adversaries have laid their heads together, and taken counsel craftily, for the expulsion of Protestant truth from this Protestant land. Oh what a motley group do they form! The Infidel and the Papist, the Chartist and the Liberal, have united their forces, and are advancing in one compact battalion; and shame, shame upon them, among their ranks are seen some that profess to fight under the broad banner of the Church of England! How marvellous to see such discordant elements combined for one purpose! "They have said, Come, and let us root them out, that they be no more a people. Gebal, and Ammon, and, Amalek; the Philistines, with them that dwell at Tyre; Assur also is joined with them." We must awake, but we must not despond. Only let us be faithful to our principles, and lift up our eyes to the hills from whence cometh our help. Then, in the anticipation of our approaching deliverance, we may lift up our voice and sing, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed." What has Jacob to fear when Jacob's God

is his refuge? Then he shall thrash the mountains, and wax valiant in fight, and put to flight the armies of the aliens. The little band that is defending the ark of God is certain to be triumphant at last. The Lord his God is with him, and the shout of a King is among them. Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, nor any divination against Israel.

Dear Christian friends, in striving to enlist your most zealous services in this glorious warfare, there is one thing which I wish above everything most deeply to impress upon your hearts and minds. I want you to engage in this holy war in a right spirit. I want to enlist alike both your *zeal* and *love*. I want your most zealous inveterate *hatred* of Popery, as a system, to be combined with the most fervent and unbounded love and compassion for those that are deceived by it. Do not say this is an incongruous union, and that this love and hatred can never combine. It is not incongruous: they can combine: they must combine: they have been combined. They are combined in the redemption of the world by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Oh the unutterable hatred of Almighty God to sin, when before it could be expiated His incarnate Son must agonize and die on Calvary's Cross! Oh the unspeakable love of Almighty God to sinful men, when He spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all! Keep this divine example ever before you, in all the attempts which you make for the benefit of sinful and erring men. Be ye therefore perfect as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect.

Another thing, which I wish most thoroughly to impress upon you, is the inseparable connection between the safety of our beloved country and her faithful adherence to her Protestant principles. You know what became of Samson after he had been lulled to sleep on the harlot's lap, and when she had shorn off the locks wherein his great strength consisted. What these locks were to Samson, Protestant principle is to England. It is the lock of her strength, the nerve of her arm, the sinew of her frame, the jewel of her crown. Rifled of this, her strength is gone, her arm is paralized, her crown is fallen, her glory is departed! Oh that the genuine mantle of Protestant zeal might again descend upon us, to guide and direct us, and keep and support us in these days of blasphemy and rebuke. Thank God it is not altogether withheld from us. Our Protestant witnesses are neither slain nor silent. Sure I am, that not only the whole mantle of Protestantism, but a double portion of its spirit, has fallen upon Magee and Sullivan, and M'Neile, who are here before us. And last of all, and less than the least of these, and not meet to be numbered with such mighty champions, upon me also has descended, as I humbly trust, some small fragment of the glorious mantle. (No words can describe the thrilling effect which this burst of eloquence produced upon the whole meeting. Now, at the distance of twenty-seven years, I have a vivid recollection of it as I recall the scene, and repeat the words.) We want to awaken in the mind and heart of every man, woman, and child throughout the

length and the breadth of this Protestant land that wholesome fear and that salutary dread of Popery that pervaded the whole souls of our forefathers. While the fire and the fagot were yet hot, and the smoke was yet ascending from the ashes of the noble army of our Marian martyrs, oh how did English men, and English women, and English children look upon Popery then? Ah, they had seen the harlot in her drunken fits, and they were not to be deceived by any of her blandishments. They had seen "the woman drunken with the blood of the Saints and of the Martyrs of Jesus," and they believed her not when she *spoke fair*. They were afraid to approach the doors of her house. They stood afar off from her. The most malignant plague, the most dreadful pestilence, the most terrible evil under the sun, was not, in those days, more dreaded than Popery. It was thought impossible by our fathers to abhor and detest "the mystery of iniquity" too much.

We are unable to find space for the remainder of Mr. Overton's notes. They refer chiefly to the state of Ireland, then disturbed by the agitation of Daniel O'Connell, under the hollow pretext of a demand for the repeal of the Union. The still more fierce, though scarcely more unprincipled, outrage of the modern Fenians shows how truly Canon Stowell, guided simply by past experience and the Word of God, predicted, with all but prophetic truth, the sure effects of the policy which our Government then pursued.

We present to the reader another tribute to his memory, drawn by the hand of the latest of his Curates, the Rev. W. Robinson. It contains a few remarks which have been already presented to the reader; but even these, coming from another source, are fresh and full of interest.

I commenced my labours at Christ Church, Salford, as Curate to the late Canon Stowell, in January 1864. Before that time I had known him as one very distinguished in the Church for his zeal and ability. I had frequently heard him preach and lecture; and though I held him in admiration, my admiration and love for him were very much increased when I was privileged to labour with him in the ministry, and saw more of his private character. I shall ever regard the two years that I was able to call him my Rector as one of the most privileged portions of my life. I shall never forget the beautiful and benignant expression of his countenance when he entered the vestry of Christ Church to begin the labours of the Sabbath. His countenance then beamed with joy; and he appeared as if, like Moses, he had come from the Mount, where he had been holding converse with God. It has been truly said, that "his pulpit was his throne." I believe he was never more happy than when from it he was addressing his flock.

After his accident, in October, 1864, he was laid aside for a short time, and was unable to officiate in Christ Church; but during this brief period he seemed

like one held in restraint, and longed to be in his pulpit again. I think he preached for the first time after that fall on the first Sunday in November 1864, which was the anniversary of his ministry at Christ Church. On that occasion, and for some time afterwards, he ascended the pulpit stairs with great difficulty; and whilst preaching, it was evident from his countenance that he was suffering much pain. At this time, after the sermon on several Sunday mornings, many of his friends went into the vestry, and besought him to rest the remainder of the day. It would have been well, I think, had he more frequently followed their wishes; for he said to me some time afterwards, it would have been better if he had rested a much longer time after his accident, he feared his health had suffered in consequence.

On all occasions I found him a genial and kind-hearted friend. His consistency of character was much to be admired; and I have no doubt that this, added to his abilities and zeal, was one great cause of his popularity, especially among those to whom he was best known. Wherever he was, at home, in the house of a friend, at a public meeting, in his pulpit as well as out of it, he never lost sight of his office, but was always the loving and faithful minister of Christ. In private he was most agreeable.

On Saturday evening his Curates generally took tea with him at his house. After tea he retired with them into his study, where he engaged in prayer. In these prayers he never seemed to forget anything or

anybody that was of interest to him. There was great beauty and comprehensiveness in his prayers. I have known him decline tempting invitations to the houses of friends, on one occasion to meet a nobleman, on the Saturday evening, preferring to meet his fellow-labourers, and with them take counsel for the well-being of those committed to his care.

His care for the young of his flock was very great. Whilst I laboured with him, a confirmation was held in Christ Church, and the course of instruction, by which he prepared his candidates for the sacred rite, extended over a period of six months. It was his custom, I believe, to see each candidate privately in the vestry, for serious conversation and prayer, on the eve of the day of confirmation.

On one Sunday afternoon in each month the scholars, old and young, assembled in the gallery of the Church, the rest of the Church being reserved for the congregation. The Litany was read, and the second lesson for the day. Mr. Stowell then gave an address on one of the Thirty-nine Articles, taking them in consecutive order. In these addresses he touched upon the history and doctrinal teaching of each Article. It was his habit to ask questions on these occasions, which were answered by the scholars. Thus he sought to ground the lambs of his flock in the fundamentals of our holy religion, to make them steadfast in the faith once delivered to the saints. On these occasions one of the hymns which he composed was sung with much spirit by the scholars. These

Sunday afternoons were much enjoyed, and will not soon be forgotten by those who were usually present.

I never mention his name now but with feelings of great veneration.

Yours faithfully,

W. Robinson.

Mr. Haslegrave, whose letter follows, was acquainted with Canon Stowell at the earliest period of his ministry at Salford.

My dear Friend,—

With pleasure I comply with your request.

It was my privilege, as you are aware, to enjoy the intimate friendship of the late Reverend Canon Stowell, whilst at the same time I was fortunate enough to be able, consistently with my other duties, to hear him preach, during my residence in Manchester, in his own church on the Sunday mornings, and to assist in the evening service. At that time Mr. Stowell's pulpit and platform powers were the theme of universal admiration. Commanding in person, dignified in manner, persuasive in tone, powerful in appeal, he never failed to command the rivetted attention of crowded audiences. I can never forget the effect which his preaching always seemed to produce.

In his morning sermons more especially, there was a quiet in manner, and originality and power of thought, which showed how fully and deeply the subject had engaged his mind; so that, though extempo-

raneous in expression, there was all the fulness and completeness of matured reflection.

I believe his sermons—I mean those I am now referring to—had been carefully arranged and prepared in his mind, so that nothing was wanting in matter, whilst his eloquent lips never lacked the fitting expression. He had indeed a quickness of arrangement and analysis which was quite surprising to those who were best acquainted with him. As an instance, I remember a conversation which a clerical friend and myself had with him on a Good Friday evening, just before service, on the importance of selecting striking texts adapted to special occasions. My friend observed that he had once heard a text on a Good Friday peculiarly appropriate, and which ever afterwards dwelt in his mind. Mr. Stowell inquired what the text was, and on hearing it his countenance indicated how much he felt the force of the words. It was then service time. My friend took the desk. I occupied the pew with the preacher. He repeated aloud the responses, and then having ascended the pulpit, I was astonished to hear the very text given out in his own calm and simple manner—"When I see the blood, I will pass over you." The sermon was worthy of the text. Clear in arrangement, rich in doctrinal thought, pathetic yet powerful in appeal, it moved every heart in the vast congregation, and by no one could it have been imagined that it had not been the subject of hours' or days' previous thought. True that in substance the blood of atonement, in one or other of

its aspects, would enter into the mind's preparation work for the day from any of the numberless texts on the subject; but the sublime words chosen on the instant were so beautifully treated, and so replete with Scriptural imagery, and so applied to every circumstance and condition of the sinner, that to me the sermon seemed equal to what the most laboured preparation might have required.

I ought, however, to add, that it must be remembered that I am speaking of Mr. Stowell in his own church; for I have often said, and still repeat, that those who have only heard him from home can form but a very imperfect idea of what Mr. Stowell was in style and manner and power as a preacher.

I have heard him on different occasions in his visits to the metropolis, but I have often been constrained to remark, that I really never heard Mr. Stowell out of his own pulpit. I do not attempt to account for this manifest difference, or assign reasons, though some are at once obvious. I only state the fact. To me also his platform addresses for the most part are open to the same remark, and in fact I know not whether the overwhelming torrent of the one did not lead, by a similar style, to weakening the effect and disturbing the quiet of the other. I may be excused, in bringing these remarks to a close, if I venture to say, that the volume of Sermons, which I have seen published from shorthand notes since Mr. Stowell's decease, bear no comparison with the sermons of his earlier days. For my own part, I regret their publi-

cation. They bear evidence, indeed, of the waning of a power which could only for a little while continue, and then pass away in the changes to which, in this changing dying world, all things must be subject.

I have said nothing of the fearlessness and the faithfulness of Mr. Stowell's preaching; they are patent to all. Great is the loss of such a man to the Church of Christ in these perilous days, and great indeed, at this crisis, to that branch of it of which he was so distinguished an ornament, and to which through life he was so consistently, devotedly, unflinchingly attached—the Church of our Fathers—the Reformed Protestant Church of England.

I am faithfully yours,

JOSEPH HASLEGRAVE.

St. Peter's, Islington;
21 Nov. 1867.

Canon Stowell preached his last sermon to his flock at Christ Church on the morning of Trinity Sunday, 1865. His subject was, the doctrine of the Trinity; his text,—"He that is our God is the God of salvation" (Psalm lxviii. 20); and from this he showed that the doctrine of the Trinity was not a question merely for learned men to speculate upon—"not a something to be dealt with simply as a matter of intellect; but as a grand fundamental truth, existing, as it must have done, from all eternity; and developed in the latter times in its fulness and experimental

character, as interwoven with the whole work of redemption through Christ Jesus; so that it is the golden warp on which the whole weft of redemption is woven, and if you reject that blessed warp you reject the whole texture of salvation by grace through Christ for the sinner."

The sermon throughout is plain and practical, and concludes with our admirable Collect for Trinity Sunday, on which a few devout and appropriate remarks are made. No sorrow therefore depressed, no tears dimmed the eyes, either of the preacher or of his flock. They were spared the distress of parting. They hoped that he would shortly return from the visits he was about to make; and he, on his part, expected to meet them again, and prayed, no doubt, that he might come in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace.

The warm attachment that existed betwixt Canon Stowell and his flock was rendered the more remarkable by his frequent absence from home. It was said of him by one of his friends,* that he was a singular instance of a man who not only gave up much of his time to public engagements in the city where he lived, but that he was at every one's call wherever he was asked to preach and speak, and besides all this he attended carefully and punctually to his own parish duties. Everything was under his eye. He knew his people, and his people loved him. He carried on

* The Rev. B. S. Clarke, D.D., Incumbent of Christ Church, Southport.

the work in his own church as effectively as ordinary ministers who were never called to work in the wide field of the world as he was. It is remarkable to follow such a man, and to see him when he leaves his own parish; to observe how, even when he is withdrawn from his own parishioners to do his Master's work, he was still thinking of those over whom he was called to preside.

In the year preceding his death, while on a visit to Matlock, he fell again, sustaining severe injury. And it was too evident that his strength was failing. In the following month of November he was present as usual at the anniversary meeting at Christ Church, and there declared that he was in excellent health; still his appearance on that occasion was such as to draw forth many apprehensions from his friends, some of whom began to fear that his estimate of his own constitution was too sanguine, and that his ever buoyant feelings did not allow him to perceive the gradual weakness which seemed to be creeping over him, as old age drew near. In the Spring of the next year, however, the change in him was such that he was compelled to admit that his strength was declining. His medical attendant advised him to desist for a time from preaching; still he remained at his post, taking partial duty till he preached his last sermon, of which we have spoken, on the 11th of June. He then left home to visit his friends, returning occasionally, but not to preach. The three months' prohibition of his medical adviser having

expired on the first Sunday in September, Canon Stowell announced his intention to resume his pulpit ministrations; but so little improvement had taken place, that he was persuaded to seek a still further period of repose. Accordingly in the first week of September he proceeded to Grassmere; but while there, he had a severe attack of diphtheria, and was compelled to return home. In a few days the disease seemed to abate, but the symptoms became more unfavourable. Added to this, about a week before he died, congestion of the lungs set in, followed by a slight attack of paralysis, and from that time he continued gradually to sink, until the day that death terminated his sufferings.

CHAPTER XV.

REMARKS ON CANON STOWELL'S LABOURS AT HOME AS CONTRASTED WITH THOSE ELSEWHERE—ORDINATION SERMON—VISIT TO SWITZERLAND—MRS. STOWELL'S ACCOUNT OF IT—INTERMITS NONE OF HIS LABOURS—HEALTH VISIBLY FAILS—MRS. STOWELL'S NARRATIVE—RETIRES TO LLANDUDNO—LETTER TO MR. ROBINSON—RETURNS IN A STATE OF PROSTRATION — VISIT TO GRASSMERE — SUBSEQUENT ILLNESS — IS SEIZED WITH DIPHTHERIA—SHORT ILLNESS, AND PEACEFUL DEATH.

It was a high tribute to the solidity of Canon Stowell's worth and character, that, justly popular as he was from home, he was still more popular in Manchester and Salford, and most of all with his own congregation. With them popularity is but a faint term to express not only the deep interest with which they listened to his preaching, but the affection which they entertained towards him as their spiritual guide, adviser, and friend.

The virtues which are most resplendent the nearer a man approaches home are the purest and the best. They must have borne the rigorous scrutiny of years. They must have withstood the various temptations to which, in such a service as that of our departed friend, they must have been exposed from day to day. It would not be difficult to mention instances of really good men who were sadly deficient in these domestic graces; they kindle and blaze; they are eloquent and exemplary abroad; but the toils of home irritate their

tempers, or the want of a constant stimulus induces them to sink to a commonplace discharge of their duties when amongst their own people. Canon Stowell's greatest efforts were reserved for his home work. His speech on the subject of National Education, delivered at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, was listened to by a vast audience, for three hours, with breathless attention; and yet the subject is generally regarded as one of the most dry and difficult that could be chosen for a public address. His sermons were accompanied with a persuasive unction, which was felt and acknowledged even by strangers who came to hear him from motives of mere curiosity, much more by his own affectionate flock.

Soon after Canon Stowell's appointment as Chaplain to the Bishop of Manchester, he preached an Ordination Sermon, which was published, from the reporter's notes revised by himself, at the request of the clergy. It presents him in a new character; it shows that he was no less able to charm and edify the laymen of his flock than to be the wise and affectionate counsellor of the clergy, and especially of his younger brethren just entering upon their great work. It presents us, therefore, with his character taken from a fresh point of view, and for this reason we are induced to make a single extract from it. He says:—

"Many of us are fond of magnifying our office. We shall best magnify it by adorning it. We shall best evince our apostolic descent by our apostolic consistency. We may be assured of this, that these are

days when the mere prestige of office will not suffice. There must be character to embellish the position, there must be excellency to justify the elevation. If worthy to be esteemed 'very highly in love for our work's sake,' we shall assuredly (as our most Reverend Father in Christ, once the bishop of this diocese, said on an occasion kindred to the present, within these very walls) have as much deference as will be good for us, and perhaps a little more than we shall be well able to bear. Christ's ministers need only to exemplify in their lives what they inculcate with their lips, to embody in their daily conduct what they proclaim on the Sabbath, in order to enjoy a special measure of respect and esteem. Let us not forget that our lives must preach wherever we go. Eyes, searching eyes, are upon us; the eyes of foes, as well as of friends, some watching for our halting, others looking to us for guidance; and if the standard-bearer faint, it will spread dismay amongst the host—if the shepherd go astray, how will the flock be misled by him? Let us bear in mind, when we go into social circles, and mingle in the assemblies of our friends, that prying eyes are upon us. The very servants, as they wait at table, are marking the conduct of their minister, and are interpreting the sermon of yesterday by the conduct of to-day. Pointless, powerless, will be the appeal from the pulpit, if the spirit and behaviour of the pastor should show that it was but a mere professional performance. But when it is manifest that 'messenger of God' is written on the brow, the con-

duct, and the conversation of a minister, at home and abroad, in the sanctuary and in the mansion, then will the world believe he is in earnest. Nor let it be deemed impertinent that I should remind you, that if we are to be patterns in other respects, so are we to be in meek submission to constituted authority. Assuredly a democratic and revolutionary spirit is fearfully rife at the present day, and it has not been without its influence on our own order. Mournful are the examples amongst the clergy of men who idolize episcopacy in theory, and trample it under foot in practice; of men who, when a bishop corresponds to their own notions and caprices, are prepared to regard him as an angel of God, but who, when he does not suit their theories and designs, do not treat him even with common courtesy, but rather with contumacy and contempt. Would that such instances were few and insignificant. Be it ours to respect the order of the Church for conscience' sake. Be it ours to remember 'that the powers that be' in the Christian Church, as well as in the realm, 'are ordained of God;' and that 'he that resisteth the power,' unless he does so clearly and plainly from loyalty to Him who gave the power, shall receive to himself condemnation. Assuredly the more our Church is distinguished for godly order and godly subordination, the more will she be a model and example to the states of the world. How can we expect that there should prevail a loyal and submissive spirit among the masses of the community, if we ourselves do not set them the example of reverence for authority?

Once only, in the course of his life, namely in August and September 1862, did Canon Stowell visit the Continent; but he makes no reference to it in any of his letters which have fallen in our way, nor alludes to it in his public addresses. A visit to Switzerland is now so frequent an occurrence, that it would scarcely require an especial notice. The story of this visit, however, we have it in our power to give, through Mrs. Stowell's kindness, in a few words. She writes thus:—

"Having undertaken the Chaplaincy to the Episcopal Chapel at Interlachen for six weeks, my beloved husband confined himself entirely to it. So scrupulous was he in discharging his duty, that it somewhat interfered with our little excursions, as he would not be absent a single Sunday from Interlachen. The service there was very fully attended, benches being placed in all the aisles; but though great interest and deep attention were excited, I do not remember having heard of any conversions. But almost immediately after our arrival, Mr. Stowell was requested to see a young gentleman, who was dying from inflammation, brought on by a severe cold taken during his Swiss excursion, I believe by lying on the grass when much exhausted by ascending a precipice. The young man seemed greatly comforted by Mr. Stowell's conversation and prayers.

"Mr. Stowell afterwards buried him at a little Protestant Chapel on the mountain side."

This tour appears to have brought with it little in-

termission of his ministerial toil. His happiness lay, indeed, in his work, but he did not sufficiently consider what repose was due to his own health now that the noontide of life had passed.

In the month of April, 1864, he paid a visit to Bradford, where he preached and spoke with his usual animation; and his strength did not seem to be seriously impaired. But on his return home it became too apparent that his strength was undermined. His medical advisers requested him to desist for some time from his active labours, and he reluctantly consented. He left his church in the hands of his Curates, and left home to visit his friends in the adjoining counties. He occasionally visited Christ Church, and attended the service there, but he did not preach. He spent some time at Llandudno, suffering much, as the following letter from Mrs. Stowell too plainly shows.

"On the 29th of April my husband and I went to Bradford, to visit our son Alfred, in whose church he preached the following morning, Sunday, April 30, with much fervour and power, but with evident exhaustion. He had for some weeks previously been suffering from cough and difficulty of breathing; but manifested these alarming symptoms more decidedly during this visit, his breathing being very laboured in ascending any little distance, even in going up stairs, and I became very anxious he should have medical advice. He met most of the neighbouring clergy at St. Stephen's Parsonage, and exerted him-

self as usual in conversation with them, manifesting his interest in everything relating to religious and church matters. He returned home on Friday morning, as he had two classes of candidates for Confirmation on the Friday afternoon—one at four, and the other at eight. Little equal as he was to this effort after his journey, he would not be persuaded to give up either to his Curates, or to see his medical adviser, Mr. Southam, till the following day, lest his classes should be interfered with. He always took a deep interest in preparing his young people for Confirmation, and spared no pains to instruct and impress them. He saw each candidate individually before the Confirmation; and always took a large interest afterwards in his communicants. His method of questioning and addressing them on the Church Catechism was very full, clear, and original. Many have testified to the lasting benefit they derived from his preparation for Confirmation. The day after our return, he saw his medical adviser, who examined his chest and heart, and told him he was labouring under affection of the heart; but so calm and comfortable was he, when I saw him immediately afterwards, that I hoped his opinion had not been very decidedly unfavourable. He had told him that he required immediate and entire rest, but no one could persuade him to agree to this till after the Confirmation; and he went through an amount of exertion which always, even when in health, left him on similar occasions weary and needing rest. The Confirmation took place on the 3rd of June, the day

before Whitsunday. He as usual accompanied the young people to church. On the Whitsunday morning he preached from 1 John iv. 13. His last sermon was preached in Christ Church, on Trinity Sunday, June 11th. On the following Wednesday we, and our three youngest daughters, went for a month to Llandudno. It was a very warm and oppressive season, and Mr. Stowell seemed to feel very weak, which he attributed, in some degree, to the great warmth of the season, and he hoped to be better when it becamecold. He was, during his whole illness, very patient, and even cheerful—always endeavouring to conceal and to make light of his weakness and suffering. Now that he was laid aside from public duty, he was very anxious to go on with some short sermons to the sick and afflicted, which he had begun whilst he was laid up after his first accident. He often requested to be left alone to write, but when we returned to him, or he joined us out of doors, he said he had been unable to do anything. I believe he was frequently engaged during such seasons in deep meditation on eternity and communion with God. I fear also he was often too prostrate for the exertion of writing, though his self-controlled efforts to overcome his languor deceived us as to his real state. Whilst at Llandudno he usually attended the services in the church morning and evening, though not well enough to take any public part in them. He enjoyed contemplating the sea. Having passed his early years at the sea-side, he

always seemed to greet it as an early friend, ever appearing deeply impressed with the beauty and grandeur of the ocean, which seemed to symbolize to him eternity. He often recited Byron's beautiful address to the Ocean. As was his custom during his annual holiday at the coast, he generally, soon after dinner, read a chapter of the Bible with his family, questioning all around on the full meaning and force of the passage. Soon after his return home, he went to visit some dear friends, the Newtons, of Leylands, Derby. This visit he much enjoyed; and Mrs. Newton being quite an invalid, he often expounded to the family at some length, and on the Sundays took part in the Church service in the house—forgetting, in his enjoyment of it, the subsequent exhaustion. Mrs. Newton and Miss H. Newton, after this, accompanied him to the house of their friends at Winster and Bakewell. On his return home he thought himself better, but we could not see much improvement. On the 24th of August he went to Blackpool, to visit his esteemed friend, Mr. De Landfort, and thought the bracing air and warm sea-baths were favourable to him. He always spoke with grateful feelings of the watchful attention of his kind friends here. He always tried to arrange to be from home on the Sunday, as it was a great trial to him, he said—nobody knew how great a trial—to be in Christ Church without taking part in the duty. On Sunday, September 3, he read the Gospel and Epistle in the Communion Service at

Christ Church, and assisted at the administration of the Sacrament, but was much exhausted afterwards. This was his last appearance in his own church. On the 6th of September I accompanied him to Grasmere, where our kind host Mr. Ross, and his family, showed every attention and kindness; and he seemed to improve—his appetite became better, and, though very languid, he enjoyed being rowed on the lake and driving in the lovely surrounding country; but his nights were very bad, as his breathing became worse in a recumbent position. I was in a few days obliged to leave him, as our eldest surviving daughter was daily expecting her confinement. He wrote on the Monday, saying he had passed an agreeable, and he hoped a profitable, Sunday, attending the parish church in the morning, and taking the chief part in a short domestic service in the evening. The day after, he wrote saying he was worse, and that he had written to his surgeon for a fresh prescription. The next day, he wrote to say the medicine had been efficacious, and he felt much better; he thought a favourable turn had taken place. He seems at this time to have taken cold, as his throat became very sore, though he had no idea that he was attacked by diphtheria. He returned on the Saturday, September 16, very ill from a violent attack of diphtheria. Yet even then he had so much self-control, that he himself gave the gardener directions to go for his portmanteau (as he had come by an earlier train than he had specified), and by the way to send Mr. S.; though faint he could

not swallow, and Mr. S. took him up to his own room, from which he never come down."

From Llandudno he wrote the following letter to Mr. Robinson. It shows a calm and happy state of mind, and his love to his flock, and to all his Christian friends :—

"My Dear Mr. Robinson,—I would have written to you sooner, but that I have been incapable of much exertion, so greatly has the heat prostrated me, and so weak have I felt. As yet I am not much benefitted by my rest. My heart is still very languid, and my breathing laboured. However, perhaps I may derive advantage when I change. At all events, I desire to be as clay in the potter's hands.

"I rejoice to hear of the well-being of my beloved flock—my love and blessing to them all.

"You are quite at liberty to undertake Bolton, if you arrange for a substitute at Christ Church.

"My family are well. My regards to Mrs. Robinson.

"Peace be your portion.

"Yours very sincerely,

"Hugh Stowell."

"Llandudno, July 5."

After three months' silence, he would have resumed his duty, but again he was persuaded to prolong his vacation, so little improvement had taken place. In September he went to Grasmere, trusting, no doubt,

as did his friends in Manchester, that amidst the grandeur of the Lake scenery he should find refreshment, together with repose. But his race was run; he, too, had fought the good fight—had finished his course—had kept the faith, and was soon to receive his crown. A severe attack of diphtheria laid him prostrate, and he returned home to die. To diphtheria, enlargement of the heart and congestion of the lungs were added. His bodily pain for some days was great; he became restless and unconscious. Mrs. Stowell adds,—"He always expressed the greatest resignation to God's will, saying he hoped he was as willing to suffer as to do it. His last illness, after his return from Grasmere, was just three weeks. At first it was so violent that he was quite delirious, and I believe his medical man did not think he would live above a day or two; but though the delirium returned at intervals, he was sometimes so much better, that we all hoped he was recovering. He was incessantly pouring forth beautiful and earnest petitions from the Liturgy and the Word of God. His quotations expressed the deepest humility, united to loving confidence. A frequent utterance was,—'Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the light of my countenance and my God.' At all times he had a very reverent mind. I never heard him quote a text, or utter the name of God, lightly.

"When first the very serious nature of his disease was realized by him, he frequently remarked, what a stupendously solemn change to pass from time to eternity—from earth to heaven! When in his partial delirium, he incessantly, night and day, prayed and quoted Scripture, evidently exhausting his strength. Nothing calmed him but reading to him the Word of God, and singing hymns. Some of his last expressions were—'Fulness of joy,' and 'Amen and Amen,' frequently repeated."

And thus he gently fell asleep, about noon, on Sunday, October the 8th, 1865.

CHAPTER XVI.

LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE AND SYMPATHY FROM THE BISHOPS OF MANCHESTER AND RIPON—FUNERAL OF CANON STOWELL—GREAT RESPECT PAID TO HIS MEMORY—FUNERAL SERMONS BY THE REV. DR. M'NEILE, CANON OF CHESTER; THE REV. THOMAS WATSON, RECTOR OF EAST FARLEIGH, KENT; AND THE REV. JAMES BARDSLEY, RECTOR OF ST. ANN'S, MANCHESTER—TESTIMONY OF THE REV. H. W. M'GRATH—PRESENTATION OF CANON STOWELL'S PORTRAIT TO THE CORPORATION OF SALFORD—MEMORIAL CHURCH—SPEECH OF THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER—CONCLUSION.

Numerous testimonies of the deep regard in which Canon Stowell was held appeared at the time; others still more touching, because they were the confiding testimony of those who had enjoyed his friendship, were addressed to members of his mourning family. We have been permitted to read, and hope we do not transgress the bounds of propriety if we venture to quote a few lines from some of them. First we place one from his own Diocesan. The Bishop of Manchester, on the morning on which he received the sad tidings of Canon Stowell's death, wrote to the Rev. T. Alfred Stowell,—"To have known your dear father was in itself a privilege and blessing; to have enjoyed his regard and confidence, a mercy for which I shall ever be grateful. For nearly eighteen years we have been in close intercourse, and in no instance have I

known him vary from the single, unselfish, conscientious course he had prescribed himself. He will long live in the affections of those who knew him, and longer still in the memory of those who were awakened by his ministrations, and, on God's blessing, to results which will continue to eternity."

To this beautiful tribute we venture to copy another such from the gentle pen of the Bishop of Ripon :— "I cannot refrain from writing to assure you of my deep sympathy for you, and all the members of your family, under the bereavement with which it has pleased God to afflict you in the loss of your dear and singularly honoured father. Your loss is not merely a private one; it will be felt by the whole Church, and the sorrow which in its fullest measure must now be felt in your family circle is shared in many and many a household in every part of the country, wherever the privilege has been enjoyed of receiving your now sainted parent, and of listening to his fervent eloquence in witnessing for the precious truths of the Gospel. He combined in a most uncommon degree the courage and boldness of the lion with the gentleness and meekness of the lamb. No one was ever more bold in denouncing error, none more tender and loving in his treatment of those who had erred. What a comfort to look back upon his manly and straightforward consistency; on the singleness of aim with which he consecrated all his talents to the service of his blessed Master; on the disinterested manner in which, careless of flattery or reproach from the world,

he persevered even to the end. His example will be long remembered: oh! that it may be followed by very many of the Ministers of our Church. You must pardon me for having ventured to intrude at such length in this time of your sorrow; but I had a deep and affectionate regard for your beloved father, and I mourn with you in your sad loss. Yet it is his unspeakable gain! All his toil is over, and he has entered into his everlasting rest. May God give us all grace to follow him as he followed Christ."

The day of Canon Stowell's funeral presented a sight such as seldom, perhaps never, occurred at the obsequies of any private clergyman. The whole of the borough of Salford was in mourning, and the city of Manchester seemed to "sit solitary." It was a day of sorrow and of gloom. The funeral procession left his house at Barr Hill, Pendleton, at 11 o'clock on Friday the 13th of October. It was a mile in length; and the distance to his church at Salford, where his remains were interred, is so considerable that upwards of an hour was spent before it reached its destination. As it passed through the chief thoroughfares of Salford all was silence; the tradesmen closed their shutters, the private houses drew down their blinds; and long before the hour at which it had been announced that the funeral would leave the residence of the late pastor of Christ Church, all the streets were crowded. Everywhere people of all classes wore a serious and respectful aspect. Those who had been his opponents through life, were forward now to show, with a good

feeling greatly to their credit, how they honoured the man while at the same time they had disagreed with him on some great principles. In many instances, where groups of aged persons were assembled, tears coursed each other silently but quickly down their cheeks, and frequently was the expression heard, "We shall never see his like again." Besides the Bishop of the Diocese, who occupied his own carriage immediately preceding the hearse, about one hundred and sixty clergymen followed. There was also a long train of private carriages, besides others which were occupied by the representatives of public bodies. Many hundred gentlemen on foot joined the procession. The Bishop read the Burial Service. His Lordship appeared to be deeply affected; and, says the printed report which appeared the next day, "few indeed were they who refused the tribute of a tear." At some parts of the solemn ritual his utterance was choked; and the whole congregation, deeply affected, then seemed to feel the reality of their loss. Among the clergymen present were several Dissenting Ministers, who, sinking minor differences, had come forward to pay the last tribute of respect to one who in his life adorned the Gospel, of which he had been a faithful minister; and the Weseyan Ministers of Manchester and Salford formed a separate body, as the representatives of Wesleyan Methodism.

The newspapers of the next day give most feeling tribute to the memory of the great man who had departed from the midst of them. One of them

says:—"The funeral obsequies were celebrated yesterday, under circumstances which will leave a lasting impression on the minds of all who witnessed them. On every hand there was evidence that the Borough had lost a prominent resident. The shopkeepers throughout the town, and almost without exception, in Chapel-street, Salford, and Broad-street, Pendleton, had put up their shutters; while the window-blinds were drawn in most of the private houses. The union flag was displayed at half-mast from the Town Hall, the Free Library and Museum, Peel Park, the Royal Dispensary, and other public buildings, while the muffled funeral bell was solemnly tolled the whole of the morning from Christ Church, Salford, St. Thomas's, Pendleton, and other Churches in the Borough. Long before eleven o'clock, the hour at which it had been announced that the funeral *cortège* would leave the residence of the late Canon Stowell at Barr Hill on the Bolton Road, an avenue of human beings was formed, extending from that locality down the Bolton Road, Broad Street, across Windsor Bridge, to Acton-square. Ample space for the procession was kept by a cordon of the Borough police, of whom eighty had been detailed off for this duty, under the command of the chief constable, assisted by three sergeants and eight inspectors. A small body of the Fire police, aided by other members of the force, kept Acton-square clear for the funeral procession on its entrance to the Church; while others caused the ordinary omnibus and carriage traffic to debouch from the

main road by turning it up Cross-lane and Oldfield-road, so as not to break the line of procession as it approached the Church, and to prevent the chance of accident where the public interest was likely to be centred.

"Half-an-hour was occupied by the hearse and mourning coaches in traversing the distance between Barr Hill and St. Thomas' Church, Pendleton, from which point, as far as Windsor Bridge, the streets were densely crowded; while thence to Acton-square the crush was so great, that, but for the excellent police arrangements, the funeral *cortège* would have experienced some difficulty in reaching its destination. Great anxiety was manifested by the people to see the coffin removed from the hearse and borne into the church; but only the inner rows of the vast multitude were able to witness this part of the solemn events of the day. As the carriages arrived at Acton-square their occupants alighted, and, passing into the square, arranged themselves in lines on each side of the foot-path leading to the church, the carriages passing on and being drawn up in a line on the opposite side of the road. The hearse and mourning carriages reached the square soon after twelve; and as the coffin containing the remains of the late lamented clergyman was removed from the hearse and borne solemnly into the Church, many heads were reverently uncovered, and many cheeks were bathed with tears. The *cortège*, followed by the mourners, passed through the waiting and uncovered ranks of gentlemen thickly lining each

side of the footpath, who closed in after them and took their seats in the Church, as the coffin, covered by the heavy folds of the pall, was placed upon the bier."

The coffin bears the following inscription on a plain brass shield—"Hugh Stowell, born December 3rd, 1799; died, October 1865."

Mr. Stowell had nine children, three sons and six daughters, of whom two sons, both in Orders, and four daughters survive; his eldest child died in infancy, and one daughter, a child of great promise, he lost in her girlhood. Mrs. Keene, as we have before mentioned, also preceded her father to the tomb.

We are indebted to the professional gentleman who drew Mr. Stowell's Will, and to whom our grateful acknowledgments are due for much important information which we could have gained from no other source, for the following devout preface with which, after the fashion of our old divines, the Will opens:—"My soul I commit to the sovereign mercy of God in Christ Jesus, resting my hope as a miserable sinner wholly and solely on the infinite righteousness and atonement of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. My family I commend to the tender compassion and almighty care of God. Whatever they lack, may they never lack His grace: whatever they lose, may thay never lose their own souls."

Funeral sermons were preached at Christ Church, in the forenoon, by Dr. McNeile, Canon Residentiary of Chester; and in the evening, by the Rev. Thomas Watson, Rector of East Farleigh, Kent.

There were present at the delivery of Dr. M'Neile's solemn address, the Mayor and Corporation of Salford, the Bishop of the Diocese, who read the Communion Service, and a vast congregation. The appropriate hymn, "Rock of ages cleft for me," was sung before the sermon; and the text was taken from 1 Thess. iv. 16—"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout," &c. Seldom has a whole congregation been so deeply moved; yet seldomer, we may venture to suppose, has a congregation of mourners been more cheered and comforted.

"To you," said he, "who are assembled here, I need not attempt to speak of what he was to his own congregation, his friends, and his neighbours. The best praise, the most unbidden, spontaneous, unsuspicious testimony he could receive, has already been recorded in the throbbing bosoms and streaming eyes of thousands who loved him; and this is going on as one after another recalls his words, and acts of genuine kindness, his genial smile, his animating encouragement, his gentle yet solemn reproof, his friendly advice, his substantial help. Weep not for him, but for yourselves and for your children, who have lost a brother, a friend, and a father in Christ. But we must speak, or attempt to speak, God helping us, on what he was to his Church, and to his country. He was a distinguished standard-bearer of that great and noble party in the Church, rightly and truly and deservedly called Evangelical. He had no sympathy with the spurious moderation of the men whose boast

is that they belong to no party. In his estimation, to belong to no party was to have no fixed opinions, no steady principles, no strong and firm convictions for sake of which men were ready to suffer the spoiling of their goods—to suffer, if need be, even the loss of life itself. Against that laxity it was that you have heard him so often raise his manly and determined voice with that thrilling eloquence, those brilliant bursts of illustration—imaginative, picturesque, penetrating—by which his audiences were electrified into paroxysms of applause. He had no sympathy with that party which, without denying that the Bible contains an inspired revelation, do yet assert that it contains more, much more, not deciding, because they cannot agree among themselves how much more, and thereby leaving every one to decide for himself how much of it is inspired and must be received, and how much is not inspired and may be disputed or rejected. On this momentous point your dear pastor gave no uncertain sound. . . . . Again, he had no sympathy with that party in the Church which avow their disapprobation of the work of our Reformers, and some of whose leaders have told us that they become less and less the children of the Reformation. This, alas! becomes more and more manifest, not only by their unsoundness in doctrine, but by their introduction into the worship of God of that Tridentine sacramentalism, and even outward idolatries, which our Reformers most pointedly excluded. In proof of this you have only to compare our Church homily on

the use of images and pictures, with the practice now unhappily introduced in too many of our established churches. Against that defection the heart and soul of your dear pastor rose in holy indignation. How dearly he loved our Reformed Church; and how faithfully he stood by the old fathers, unseduced by temptation, undeterred and unshaken by gain! Anything like disingenuousness, anything like tampering with conviction, anything like wilful and unnatural interpretation of plain words, excited at once his abhorrence and his compassion—abhorrence of the evil, and compassion for the doer of it. Never, I believe, did man more truly deserve than he did the commendation given to the Angel of the Church of Ephesus: 'Thou canst not bear them which are evil;' and never man entered more truly into the spirit of the Psalmist when he said: 'Rivers of waters run down mine eyes because men keep not Thy law.' He was a lover of order, of peace, of conscientious submission to established authority, both ecclesiastical and civil. He was no lover of controversy, nor of contention, nor of agitations of any kind. Apart from his professional avocations, his delights were in the beauties of external nature and the higher department of poetry, and few had a keener relish than he had for the society of congenial minds; but he was never unmindful of his high calling as an ambassador for Christ, and dearly as he loved peace and union he loved purity and truth more dearly still. This was the secret of his zeal against Popery, and of

his fervour and faith in denouncing Tractarianism. There was not one particle of personal hostility in him. There was not an atom of acrimony or ill-will towards any human being in his composition. But there was an ardour for the truth of the Gospel, for the honour and glory of God, uncaring of consequences, which men of inferior natures, judging by themselves, could not understand or appreciate, and which those who were condemned by him endeavoured of course to misrepresent in order to damage his testimony. But in vain. The charge of Puritanism, so flippantly brought now against everything truly evangelical, fell lightly upon him. He was a genuine successor of our best Reformers. His soul beat in true harmony with Hooper, and Latimer, and Cranmer, and Bradford. He was the trusted, recognised, and trustworthy leader of that great party in the Church, I say again, whose distinguishing characteristic may be traced to their convictions concerning the origin and the fall of man. They believed that the whole human race was created germinally in the first man; that the whole human race was broken away from God and morally and spiritually ruined by the sin of the first man, and that no recovery from the ruin, no approach to recovery, no real desire of recovery has ever existed since, except in and through Jesus Christ; that the best works of the best men, prior to their recovery, although they may in the outward matter of them often be in harmony with the letter of God's commandments, are nevertheless not pleasing

to God because they are not done as God has willed and commanded them to be done; neither do they make the men that do them, nor tend to make them, acceptable in God's sight. They believe that the incarnation of Jesus Christ, the Eternal Word manifest in the flesh, is the only one link of re-union between God and fallen man; that the sacrifice of the death of Christ is the one only all-sufficient satisfaction for the sins of men. They believed that faith in Jesus Christ is the one only bond of union between Christ and the sinner. They believed that God the Holy Ghost is the one only originator, sustainer, and increaser of that faith in the heart of man. They believe that that faith, so originated, sustained, and increased by the Holy Ghost, is the only source of acceptable obedience in man. They believed, in the course of that obedience, that Baptism and the Lord's Supper are pledges of God's love for the continual remembrance of the life, and ministry, and death of Jesus Christ, to our great peace and comfort; and they believed that the worship of God is not to be carried on with men's hands, as though He needed anything in men's hearts but chastened, subdued, dutiful compliance with established order in the land. This is the faith of our Reformers. This is the heart and soul, pith and marrow, of our Thirty-nine Articles. This is the distinguishing characteristic of that great body in the Church, who deserve, on this very ground, to be called and considered the Reformed Church of England. . . . . This I will say of your pastor's life, that

against the fashion of the times—against the tide which was manifestly a rising tide of secular advantage and advancement—he maintained in simple dignity the integrity of his testimony for the Protestantism of the Church of England. Protestantism! Yes. The name is becoming unfashionable, but it was glorious in your pastor's lips, because it came from his heart. Yes; you remember it. You cannot but remember it. While many were forsaking the standard—while many were lowering the standard, while many were mingling its noble inscriptions with mongrel mottoes to make it pleasing to all sorts of people—Hugh Stowell, grasping the banner, and holding it aloft—that banner of the Protestant Reformers, and the liberties of the Church of England—refused to lower his tone, or to dilute his testimony; and peacefully, prayerfully, conscientiously, with his eyes open, he preferred honourable neglect—aye, and contempt and scorn—to any crooked management or disingenuousness, or even concealment of his convictions, in order to conciliate compromisers in high places. I say this for my friend with all my heart and soul. He was one of the noblest spirits we had in this realm of England. But the day arrived when the silver cord must be loosed and the golden bowl broken—when the dust must return to the earth, and the spirit to the God that gave it. We are bereaved."

In the evening the sermon was preached by Canon Stowell's oldest friend, the Rev. Thomas Watson;

whose intimacy with him, the reader will recollect, began at Oxford, when both were undergraduates. He chose for his text Isaiah xl. 6—8 :—"The voice said, Cry; and he said, What shall I cry?" &c.

"I forbear," said the preacher, "to allude at length to the many seals amongst you which God has given to his ministry—more, I believe, to his ministrations than to any man living. God, from the simplicity of his heart and the fulness of his soul, owned his ministry, and He gave him His blessing. And now allow me for a few moments to advert to myself. It has been my happiness and my joy to know our deceased brother as my bosom friend for more than forty long years. Our Christian brotherhood dates itself from our University career. There was a mutual drawing towards each other the very first day we met. Friendships then formed are often the purest, the best, and the most lasting. From that time to this, blessed be God, no cloud has intercepted our intercourse or overshadowed our brotherly love. There never has been any distance, or coldness, or distrust. It was brotherly love in its purity, it was friendship in its large-heartedness, and whatever events in after life of a more private nature came across our path, pleasing or painful, we sought each other's advice, and God knows when it was given we seemed to want no more. In our dear departed brother the graces of the Holy Spirit were found in happy combination. His Christian purity was sweetly harmonised. There was a sameness and consistency through

his whole life, and these Christian virtues consolidated his character and made it what it was. Of these graces of the spirit in which he excelled his fellow men I can only single out a very few. He was ever ready to stretch out the warm hand of friendship, and the grasp of his hand was the interpreter of his heart. In fixedness of purpose, and singleness of eye, and determination of character, in the cause of God, and in all the fundamental principles of religion, our departed brother stood pre-eminently distinguished. In him there was no halting between two opinions, no oscillating between opposite and contending parties. His motto was for his Saviour—no compromise and no surrender. He recognised his duty, and by the grace of God he kept to it. He clung to his conscientious principles, and left the result in the hands of his God. I assert it fearlessly; and those of you who knew him best, friends or foes, will agree with me, that whatever sentiments his lips gave utterance to, whether from the pulpit or the platform, were the genuine and unvarnished expressions of his own heart. They came from his heart, and therefore in most instances went directly to the heart, producing deep and lasting impressions. His was no life of ease, or self-indulgence, or independence, as it is so called. The generation in which he lived he served by the will of God, and in Divine strength he served it nobly. Truly he laboured in season and out of season, for he counted it his highest honour to win souls to the Saviour. It was the strength and vigour derived from

his Saviour and his God. Those of you who have listened to his burning eloquence, and to the deep and impassioned tones of his voice—those of you who, after his work was done for God, have witnessed his glistening eye, his beaming countenance, his loving and rejoicing spirit, will bear me out when I say that all these were the overflowings of a grateful, a loving, and heaven-born soul. Amidst the magnitude of his labours—public, private, and parochial—our deceased brother forgot himself. In the cause of humanity he imperilled his own bodily safety. The candle of life in his case was burning brightly, but it was lit at both ends. It did not occur to him that over-work was never befitted to the beginning or the end of life—neither infancy nor old age. His mental powers, great as they were, were sadly overtaxed. I foresaw this, and with a view to prolong his valuable life, unknown to himself (for he could not have borne the idea if he had known it), his claims were urged again and again in a high quarter—claims which ought to have been recognised long ago and duly rewarded. But it was not so to be. God ordained it otherwise. And now he has ascended into Mount Zion—the city of the living God—the heavenly Jerusalem. Let this unexpected and very heavy bereavement be sanctified to us all. Our dearly beloved brother is gone—his place knows him no more."

Other funeral sermons were preached, or at least solemn allusions to his death were made, in most of the churches in Manchester and Salford, and indeed

the surrounding country, and great neighbouring towns of Stockport and Liverpool—very touching ones—by the elder clergy who had known him from the days of his youthful ministry. But of most of these no lasting record has been made.

The Rev. James Bardsley, Rector of St. Ann's, Manchester, also preached a funeral sermon for his departed friend, marked, we think, by much discrimination, as well as by much affection for the deceased. Referring to the solemn scene which took place at the funeral, he said,—"I did not think there was any danger that Canon Stowell was likely to be soon forgotten. The scene that took place last Friday week was an indubitable proof of this. More than two hundred of his brethren, belonging to the same community, followed him to his grave. It would be dangerous to say what was the multitude of people lining the whole road from his habitation to his church. Suffice it to say, that never in the history of this country, nor in the history of the Church of England, had a private clergyman such a funeral. And what made it so invaluable was, that is was not pre-arranged. It was the spontaneous expression of the multitude of his fellow-townsmen. His name would be deeply and sacredly cherished by his flock, and he was enshrined in the hearts of the inhabitants of this city. His name was familiar, and was a "household word" through the length and breadth of England. It was not too much to say that the great mass of Englishmen of all classes were as familiar with his name as they were with the

names of their own parents. He had left his mark upon his age and the Church. He had stamped his sovereignty more widely and deeply upon the popular mind of the Church of England than any other man living. That that man should have died the incumbent of a voluntary church, he (the preacher) held to be the greatest blot on the age in the practical administration of the Church of England. His Master said to him, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant,' and he has been accepted. But he trusted that the inhabitants of this city would commemorate Canon Stowell by some visible monument; and, in connection with this, he would say there was nothing in which Canon Stowell took so much interest as in the erection of a hall in which religious meetings could be held. If such a memorial hall could be erected in this city, how his name would be handed down to succeeding generations! Canon Stowell was not a man of rich culture, but he was a man of varied and striking genius. He was not a man whose understanding was enriched by extensive learning, but he was a man with native refinement and dignity, and eloquence of heart. While some leading men thought *for* the people, Canon Stowell thought *with* them; and the thoughts that passed through the minds of his audience, and the feelings that surged through their hearts, were what he gave utterance to. There were some people who said there was nothing very fresh or original in his addresses. But consider how Canon Stowell lived. The great feature of his speaking was

that there was nothing prepared; that he took up something that was thrown down by other speakers, and drew something practical from it. He was remarkable for his singleness of purpose, for his elevation of mind, and for the great sympathy of his nature. He had many domestic trials. One of these was the death of his daughter at the age of eleven. Take him for all in all, they would not soon look upon his like again. During the last three weeks of his life his mind was beclouded; but while his speech was incoherent, there were utterances of spiritual things. He had now gone to his Saviour. Few men had done so much work as he had in his day. He now rested from his labours, and his works followed him. These would not be forgotten. His name would be cherished by multitudes, and he (the preacher) trusted it would assume some tangible form, and that his name would be transmitted to generations yet to follow."

Dissenters alluded to the solemn event from their own pulpits, and spoke as men should speak who felt that in everything that concerns eternity they had always been in harmony with their departed brother in Christ.

Mr. M'Grath, who formerly held the living of Kersall, near Manchester, writes thus:—

"Hugh Stowell was eminently a guileless Christian man; and his honest, unsuspecting nature led him to be too credulous in receiving statements, upon which

he publicly commented, and sometimes, but not often, found he was misinformed. Ardent—energetic—full of love—especially gifted with a vivid imagination and retentive memory.

"The text which I thought to be most appropriate to his memory, when I preached, on the occasion of his death, in my own church, was Rev. xiv. 13. 'Blessed' I am sure he is. He was a man of indefatigable 'labours,' and I believe 'his works do follow,' to tell what he was in the service of his Master. The family and trustees wished me to join with our valued friend Dr. M'Neile, in preaching one of his funeral sermons in his church. I had not nerve to do it, and therefore most reluctantly declined.

"Your's, dear Sir, most truly,

"H. W. M'Grath."

The respect for his memory among all classes was shown in various ways. A subscription was entered into for a full-length portrait, which was to be presented to some public body. The plan was eagerly followed out, and the result is said to be a very successful likeness of the Rector of Christ Church standing in his surplice and scarf by the side of his Communion-table. It was presented to the Mayor and Corporation of Salford. The gift was highly appreciated, and the portrait hangs in the Council Chamber of the Town Hall.

The church which, as already mentioned, Canon Stowell was anxious to erect in a distant part of his

now populous parish, was not proceeded with when death overtook him. It seemed then that no more becoming tribute could be offered to his memory than by the erection of a suitable church and parsonage on or near the plot of ground he had himself selected.

It was resolved that an appeal should be made to all classes, in order that, in the words of the pious advertisement issued on the occasion, "an opportunity might be given to those at a distance, who knew his worth and appreciated his labours, to join their tribute to that which was being willingly raised in Manchester, and towards which the Committee confidently anticipated a warm response and ready help from every class of the community.

"May the gracious Saviour," it is added, "in whose service Canon Stowell laboured with such unwearied zeal, bless and prosper this effort for the promotion of His own glory!"

The grounds on which so forcible an appeal was made cannot be so well stated as in the words of the appeal itself.

"*Stowell Memorial.*

"At a large and influential meeting held in the Mayor's Parlour, Town Hall, Manchester, on Monday, the 13th November last, it was unanimously agreed to erect a Church, with Schools and Parsonage, within the ancient parish of Manchester, and to found one or more Scholarships at the University of Oxford, bearing his name, as a suitable memorial of the late Rev. Canon Stowell.

"Apart from his work as the Pastor and Clergyman of a large and populous parish, in which his labours were peculiarly blessed, the late Canon Stowell was essentially a public man. While devotedly attached to the Reformed Church of England, of whose doctrine and discipline he was the earnest and eloquent defender, he maintained the true catholicity of spirit which led him, without compromising his principles, to love all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

"His eminent services to the Church of Christ and in the cause of philanthropy, as the able and ever-ready advocate of those institutions which embrace the large range of the circulation of the Holy Scriptures—the sending of the glorious Gospel of the grace of God to Jew and Gentile—the pastoral supervision of our home population—the amelioration of the social condition of the labouring classes—the education of the young—the reclaiming of the ignorant and degraded—and the recovery of the fallen, testify how truly he belonged to the Church and the country at large, and how befitting it is that some public testimony should be borne expressive of the feelings of gratitude and respect with which his memory is so widely cherished.

"Under this conviction the subscription list is thrown open."

The foundation stone of the Memorial Church, which will be a noble edifice, and is estimated to cost about £7000, was laid by the Bishop of Manchester in the last year. The inscription on the stone was—

"The foundation stone of this Church, erected to commemorate the life and labours of the Reverend Canon Stowell, was laid by James Prince Lee, Bishop of Manchester, in the year of our Lord, 1867."

His Lordship said they were assembled there that day on an occasion most solemn and important. It was a great thing at any time to be able to say that they had met together to erect a temple to the honour of Almighty God—a place where the tidings of salvation might be preached to those who were ready and willing to receive them; and God grant that there might be many such persons amongst them. They were there not merely to erect a temple for the diffusion of instruction—instruction not touching the heart alone, but they were met together to commemorate their gratitude to Almighty God for having given them for so long a period that great and good man, who had laboured so eminently in the service of Christ, and who had so lately passed from amongst them. Truly, as it had been said, to erect memorials to eminent men had been the custom in every age of Christianity; but it must be especially desirable to do so in memory of those who had not only animated, but encouraged and inspired others to profit by their convictions. No one had known the late Canon Stowell better than he had. For eighteen years he had enjoyed his friendship—his intimate friendship—and for eighteen years he had witnessed what other persons scarcely knew of, his continual appearance before the public in some good work; and he at the same time had

been no less assiduous and untiring in looking after the interests of his own parish. Little had persons thought who knew how Canon Stowell had passed, with almost the rapidity of lightning, from place to place, unceasingly and manfully advocating the cause of Christianity, how well the parish committed to his spiritual charge had been attended to during his absence. He (the Bishop) could testify from personal knowledge to the fact that every corner in his parish had been covered, and every house had been cared for by himself and curates. No complaints, however little they might be, were unheeded; for the late Canon had shown the greatest foresight, skill, Christian love, unwearying kindness and vigilance in his anxiety for others. He had recently come across a record of the ministerial affairs of the late Canon Stowell amongst his papers, showing his carefulness for others; and he thought it would well become him to dwell upon it, to show the energy and earnest clearness, and to illustrate the force with which the late Canon laid down his exposition of Scripture and the inculcation of the simple truth—for he had known of no other—of the Gospel. If he had sometimes approached to excess, or appeared to have overrun the bounds of discretion, no man, he (the Bishop) was sure, was more anxious to recall himself, and no one, if he was fairly convinced of his error—and he was amenable to reason—was more anxious to withdraw or soften what he might think had given pain to others. In private life his deep tenderness and convictions were such as were rarely

met with in any person whatever. He might say with truth, that happy as he had been in the friendship of many eminent men—and he thought it was a reason for speaking with thankfulness that he had been the intimate friend of Canon Slade, and of Dr. Arnold—yet he believed that Hugh Stowell had been equal to either of them in his conviction and deep earnestness of feeling. In all the stations which he occupied during the forty years of his ministerial office, he had been a true and anxious advocate of the cause which he took upon him, and spread amongst them. He had found the other day, amongst his papers, a private letter from Canon Stowell, which he confessed he had read with the deepest interest. He had the letter with him now, but he would not read it, as it was strictly private. It was highly characteristic of the late Canon, and was written at a time of great excitement. He, however, would refer to one or two points in it. The letter was written while Canon Stowell was travelling in Switzerland; and after expressing his desire that some of his friends were with him to share his raptures, he spoke of the scenery with a tender and imaginative ardour, and described the appearance of the Jungfrau, and then passed on to the business of his life, in which he remarked that it was a comfort to him, even in moments of relaxation, and even at a time when he was enjoying the beauties of Switzerland, that he had had an opportunity, which he greatly prized, of having attended the death-bed of a young man who had died a truly pious Christian.

The Canon then described the funeral of the youth, and how deeply affecting it was; now all this showed that his heart was in his work. He (the Bishop) had been particularly struck as he looked at the passages in the letter the other day, for it reminded him of what occurred to himself on one occasion in Scotland. As he was passing Ben Nevis, his attention was arrested by that mountain lying on his right in all the dignity and majesty which it possessed. It was a bright autumn day, and a mass of clouds had assembled, which hid the middle and top of the mountain. They soon afterwards cleared away, and the whole mountain appeared to view. So it was with Canon Stowell, who in his admirable work had been assailed by ignorance and obloquy, but he had always stood firm, looking to heaven as his source of support. After the clouds cleared away from the mountain, there soon came another change, of thunder and lightning; and here he might say that his friend was imaged by the mountain—for, when assailed by ignorance and obloquy, he stood unmoved and unshaken. Soon after there came another change. The thunder ceased, and rain descended; a filagree of net-work spread over and covered the surface of the mountain, carrying as it went along fertilising dews and comfort to the fields below. This he compared with the grace and power of God, from which the late Canon derived that support which enabled him to carry to those who had need of it—encouragement, healing, hope, and consolation. He (the Bishop) could only imagine one scene,

still speaking of the mountain, more impressive. He could imagine the mountain hidden by snow—hidden to all except to those who looked forward with hope; those to whom the sun in its radiance would rise, and heal their sickness, even as the mountain reappeared under the influence of the sun, and stood as a pillar in the temple of God. He had spoken longer than he had intended, but he had only thought it right to say a few words to the memory of the late Canon, and he thanked those present for the kindness with which they had listened to him.

The Bishop then pronounced the benediction, and the ceremony terminated.

Tributes, which apparently were those of sincere regard, and even of warm affection, were paid to the memory of Canon Stowell from the pulpits of Dissenters and Wesleyans. All seemed to have lost a friend and brother; differing in externals, they were one at heart. They had one Lord, one God, one Saviour. They abandoned no principle; they exhibited no unholy rivalry. It seemed, for once, as if the glorious prophecy was about to receive its accomplishment:—"I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and box tree together: that they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it."

The glorious prospect here unfolded will, ere long, receive its full accomplishment. The one army of the living God, still wearing, it may be, their different uniforms, but still all one in Christ, shall move onward to a glorious and eternal triumph; and it shall be known in that day, that the promotion of a spirit of cordial affection was not the least of the services which Hugh Stowell had been permitted to render to the glory of his Lord.

We add a letter from Mr. Gill, Canon Stowell's nephew; it reveals a delightful picture of the tenderness and beauty of our departed friend's character in all the relations of private and social life.

The Rectory, Hertinfordbury;
Dec. 26, 1867.

My dear Sir,—I am very thankful that you are engaged in preserving to the Church a memorial of the life of my beloved uncle. I was his godson, and I love to tell, in these days when the office of sponsor is lightly esteemed, how my godfather used to lose no opportunity of strengthening the hands of my parents by inquiring about my spirit and conduct; giving me a lesson in my Catechism at one time, at another setting me a passage of Scripture to commit to memory for him, encouraging me or gently chiding me; in short, he had a special care for his godson when he visited the house. This took very little time from him; but the manifest welling up of interest in the object of his charge was quickly discerned by the child, and a *word* spoken in season how good was it.

As I grew to man's estate, I conceived a sort of prejudice against him for what appeared to me a rather *grand* manner and bearing. But on a more intimate acquaintance with him, in the intervals of my college life, this prejudice went to the winds. I became more able to understand him, and I saw that his manner was only the natural expression of one who, through the grace of God hallowing a lofty nature, was *grand in himself*. This impression deepened with years, until I regarded him as, of all men I knew, *heaven's nobleman*. In private, no less than in public, the aspect of his spirit was always upwards, as though he *felt* that through the riches of Divine love he had been instituted one of heaven's peers, and was in very truth joint heir with Christ. I never knew him to trifle. It was not duty which forbad this, but his well-cultivated, heaven-born nature. He loved a joke, and was full of anecdote; but there was *point* in what he told, and it was *told* to the point. An illustration of this occurs to me at the moment: he had come to London to rejoice with me, and to stand by me at the opening of some large school buildings which God had enabled me to erect there, just off Tottenham Court Road. There was a large assemblage of my parishioners. The work we proposed to carry on in the rooms by day and by night was great. I was young, and could only express my sense of inadequacy for the enterprise. Mr. Stowell, who was of course the life of our assembly, with his fine beaming countenance, was evidently casting about in his mind for a word of enlivenment. His

eye twinkled: he rose and said,—"A short time ago, there was a fire in Manchester of a many-storied house, and before the fire-escapes had time to reach the spot a crowd had collected, and a woman was seen in danger at an upper window. A common ladder was raised—it proved too short; a fine stalwart young man seized the ladder, raised it against the wall, placed the first round upon the back of his neck. 'Now,' said he, '*stick to him—stick to him.*' And so, whilst they all supported the young man bearing upon his shoulders the means of rescue, one ascended, and the woman was saved.

"Now," said Mr. Stowell, "here is your young minister rearing up in your midst the ladder of life. The work to be carried on in these buildings is one means by which he would bring his energy to bear for this end. Don't let him stagger under the burden. *Stick to him—stick to him.*" This was said with such a gusto, that of course the whole company was convulsed with laughter, and the right impression was made in the happiest way possible.

But it was in the pulpit that he most honoured his God. For myself I may say, I never heard him preach but I wept, for the pathos with which he melted one down with the grace of his subject. You will have heard, from my dear mother, of his honoured father, who was the Apostle of the Church of Sodor and Man. He may be said to have caught from his father that peculiar exalted and yet gracious tone in the pulpit which so arrested every one.

The Rector of Ballaugh used to cut himself off from all communication with man from Friday night till after Sunday ministrations. His meals were quietly served in his study on Saturday, and on Sunday morning. He was not to be disturbed except the hand of Providence should require his presence amongst his fellow men. He was alone with God, not composing his sermons—this had been done; but bathing his own soul in the sentiments which he was to utter, acquiring a sense of their all-importance, and assuring himself before God that what he was to preach was the very mind of Christ.

The impression of my boyhood adheres to me, how he used to flit past me on a Saturday, to breathe the air in his retired walk in the garden. There would be just the smile of recognition, but the abstract ethereal bearing of one who, whilst in the world, was not of the world, and which plainly said, "Touch me not, for I am engaged in communion with my God." There was the same thing exactly observable on Sunday morning, as he passed through his doorway and silently mounted his pony, just bowing thanks to his servant. He would choose, invariably, not the highway, but the retired, though round-about lane to his church, a mile and a-half from the Rectory; and really it was a sight most uncommon if one had a chance to see him, his pony with a measured pace just off the walk, and his master looking up with half-closed eyes, plainly full of divine breathings, as he inhaled

the air of heaven. He reached the church, his pony was quietly led away, he entered his vestry; there was a fire, a chair, a table. The Pastor was alone. The flock had not yet begun to assemble. An elderly woman, who understood the Rector well, sat at the vestry door. Presently the church began to fill, and all were solemnized by the knowledge that Christ's servant was already in prayer for them within the vestry. I can never forget how he would come forth from that vestry—how he prayed in the desk, as seeing God face to face—how he preached with a "Thus saith the Lord" stamped upon every utterance, as one who had just come out freshly from the presence of the Lord, with a message delivered to him for that very congregation—how, absorbed in the truth he had to tell, and permeated with it, he would gradually roll up, as if unconsciously, the MS. before him, and use it to give emphasis to his appeal, with a naturalness and grace of action all his own.

There are two things which appear to me very important to bring out respecting my honoured uncle.

1. That he was essentially a family man. He looked well to the ways of his household, and knew all about them. His absences from home were always short, and he was seldom absent on a Sunday. I have been surprised to see how quickly, on his return from a public engagement, he was *in medias res* as to his family. In ten minutes he had fairly acquainted himself with all that had gone on. He told in a few

words what he had been about. And then the quiet easy flow of family intercourse would proceed as though they were the most private family.

2. Though it was not so much by his stirring eloquence on the platform that his influence was felt, as by that continual upward bearing of his mind and heart which I have alluded to, yet he was almost the ideal of a standard-bearer for his God. It was impossible not to feel the force of his unwavering faith, his unswerving fidelity, his unfaltering bravery, and yet withal his generous, large-hearted sympathy with those who were weak.

These are points in which we may all imitate him, if we do but lean absolutely—as he did—on the arm of God the Holy Ghost.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

With sincere esteem, yours truly,

WILLIAM GILL, jun.

And here we close our memoir. Our aim throughout has been, not to exalt man, but to magnify the Saviour. Thus our departed friend and brother would have had us to write, could he have been acquainted with our purpose; and thus only could we have ventured to undertake the work. We present it as our parting legacy to the whole Church of Christ; but especially to the Church of England, and to that portion of it which holds the doctrines called—whether in reproach or as a most honourable distinction, which in truth it is—Evan-

gelical; the doctrines of the Bible; the doctrines of the Reformation; those which sustained our martyrs in the flames, and which only we can look to for comfort in a dying hour, and for an "inheritance among the saints in light.'

FINIS.

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